

11355, 2.5

Books Printed for the Assigns of JOSEPH DAVIDSON, and sold by D. BROWNE without *Temple-Bar*, R. MANBY on *Ludgate-Hill*, and J. WHISTON and B. WHITE in *Fleet-street*.

I. **T**HE Works of *Horace*, translated into English Prose, as near the Original as the different Idioms of the Latin and English Languages will allow. With the Latin Text and Order of Construction in the opposite Page, and critical, historical, geographical, and classical Notes, in English; from the best commentators both antient and modern. And a Preface to each Ode, Satire and Epistle illustrating their Difficulties, and shewing their several Ornaments and Design. For the Use of Schools as well as of private Gentlemen. In two Vols. The fourth Edition.

II. A New Translation of *Ovid's* *Metamorphoses* into English Prose, as near the Original as the different Idioms of the Latin and English Languages will allow. With the Latin Text and Order of Construction on the same Page; and critical, historical, geographical, and classical Notes, in English, from the best Commentators, both antient and modern; beside a great Number of Notes entirely new. For the Use of Schools as well as of private Gentlemen.

III. The Fables of *Phædrus* translated into English Prose, as near the Original as the different Idioms of the Latin and English Languages will allow. With the Latin Text and Order of Construction in the opposite Page; and critical, historical, geographical, and classical Notes in English. For the Use of Schools, as well as of private Gentlemen,

— *Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.*

HON.

11355, 2.5

Books Printed for the Assigns of JOSEPH DAVIDSON, and sold by D. BROWNE without *Temple-Bar*, R. MANBY on *Ludgate-Hill*, and J. WHISTON and B. WHITE in *Fleet-street*.

I. **T**HE Works of *Horace*, translated into English Prose, as near the Original as the different Idioms of the Latin and English Languages will allow. With the Latin Text and Order of Construction in the opposite Page, and critical, historical, geographical, and classical Notes, in English; from the best commentators both antient and modern. And a Preface to each Ode, Satire and Epistle illustrating their Difficulties, and shewing their several Ornaments and Design. For the Use of Schools as well as of private Gentlemen. In two Vols. The fourth Edition.

II. A New Translation of *Ovid's* *Metamorphoses* into English Prose, as near the Original as the different Idioms of the Latin and English Languages will allow. With the Latin Text and Order of Construction on the same Page; and critical, historical, geographical, and classical Notes, in English, from the best Commentators, both antient and modern; beside a great Number of Notes entirely new. For the Use of Schools as well as of private Gentlemen.

III. The Fables of *Phædrus* translated into English Prose, as near the Original as the different Idioms of the Latin and English Languages will allow. With the Latin Text and Order of Construction in the opposite Page; and critical, historical, geographical, and classical Notes in English. For the Use of Schools, as well as of private Gentlemen,

— *Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.*

HON.

THE
EPISTLES
OF
OVID

TRANSLATED into

Ovidius Naso
Tr. G. Her.

ENGLISH PROSE,

As near the ORIGINAL as the different Idioms of the
LATIN and ENGLISH LANGUAGES will allow.

WITH

The LATIN TEXT and ORDER OF CONSTRUCTION in the
opposite Page; and CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, GEO-
GRAPHICAL, and CLASSICAL NOTES, in ENGLISH,
from the best COMMENTATORS both Antient and Mo-
dern, beside a very great Number of Notes entirely New.

For the Use of SCHOOLS as well as of PRIVATE GENTLEMEN.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the Assigns of JOSEPH DAVIDSON, and sold by
D. BROWNE without *Temple-Bar*, R. MANBY on *Lud-*
gate-Hill, and J. WHISTON and B. WHITE in *Fleet-street*.

MDCCLIII.

THE EPISTLES OF JAMES

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH



As near the Original as the present Edition of the
Latin and

The Latin Text and Order of Composition is
copied from the original, and the English
translation is from the best Commentators
and a very great Number of Manuscripts.

For the Use of Scholars as well as of Private Gentlemen.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the Assigns of Joseph Davidson, and
D. Brown, without Newgate, M. Moxon
and J. Whiston and J. White in
Middlesex.

P R E F A C E.

AS the Reader is here presented with Part of Ovid's Works in a new Form, he will perhaps expect some Account of his Life and Writings, with a Criticism upon his Poetry. But as that will come in better before his *Metamorphoses*, I shall for the present content myself with observing, that he flourished in the Reign of Augustus Cæsar, when Poetry was much encouraged, and had been carried in many Branches to a very great Degree of Perfection. He was of Equestrian Rank, born to a splendid Fortune, and in his Youth applied to the Study of the Law. But soon quitting that Profession for the Amusements of Poetry, to which his Genius naturally led him, and which the Taste and Manners of that Age numbered among the Accomplishments of a Gentleman, he succeeded so happily, as to distinguish himself eminently at a Court abounding in the best Models of every Species of good Writing; nor have even such powerful Rivals as Virgil and Horace, been able to eclipse his Fame, or hinder him from being accounted by Posterity, one of the brightest Ornaments of the Age in which he lived. I mean not by this to put him on a Level with these immortal Poets, whose Productions were of a higher Kind, and in their several Ways arrived nearer to the Standard of Perfection; but to show, that his Reputation, tho' somewhat inferior to their's, was nevertheless very great, and such as will in all Probability entitle him to that Immortality, which he with a becoming Confidence challenges as his Due, at the End of his *Metamorphoses*.

And indeed, as Mr. Dryden judiciously observes, if the Imitation of Nature be the Business of a Poet, no Author can be compared with our's, especially in the Description of the Passions. This nowhere appears more evidently than in his Writings upon the Subject of Love; and as there are few Men but some Time or other in their Lives have had Experience of this Passion, so I may appeal to almost all his Readers, whether his Representations of the various Emotions and Feelings of the Mind when under the Influence of it,

it, have not a real Foundation in Nature and Truth. Ovid was himself much addicted to Gallantry, and all the fashionable Vices of a Court; he had thoroughly studied the Windings and Mazes of the Passions in himself, and well attended to the Language and Results of them in others; and hence it is, that his Sentiments are for the most part such, as naturally arise from the Passion he describes, and seem so truly to a Reader the Language of the Heart, that he can hardly forbear fancying the Poet's feign'd Characters to be real. This therefore we may lay down as a sure Criterion, whereby to judge of the Merit of an Author; for he infallibly succeeds in his Descriptions, and copies Nature truly, when the Thoughts are such as seem unavoidably to arise from the Circumstances of the Person, and leave a Conviction upon the Mind, that it was impossible for him to think or express himself otherwise, than as the Poet has represented him in his Descriptions.

But as Ovid is universally allowed to excel in the Description of the Passions, so have his Epistles been always accounted the most perfect of his Works. They relate to a Subject extremely well suited to his Genius, and are finished with so much Art and Correctness, that it is easy to perceive he bestowed more Labour upon them, than any other of his Compositions. And this was probably owing, not more to his own natural Inclination, than an Ambition to distinguish himself in a Way of writing, that no one had attempted before him. For Ovid, in the third Book of his Art of Love, expressly asserts this Work to be his own Invention.

Vel tibi composita cantetur epistola voce :

Ignotum hoc aliis ille novavit opus.

The first Poets among the Latins commonly borrowed from the Greeks, whose Manner they imitated, considering them as their Masters in Learning. But it appears not from their Writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this Way, and therefore our Poet has justly claimed it to himself. Hence, as I have hinted above, there is good Reason to believe that this might be one Cause of his polishing these Epistles with so great Care. And yet I will not pretend to say that they are wholly without Faults; for Ovid had a copious and fruitful Imagination, and was apt sometimes to give too much

Way

Way to the Redundancy of his Fancy; insomuch that he is often witty out of Season, and at other Times lavish of his Embellishments. But I shall not here enlarge farther upon this, having done it abundantly in the ensuing Work.

And now to quit my Author, and come to the present Translation: The Reader will perceive, that it is done upon the Plan of Horace and Virgil, which being the most useful and comprehensive of any I have yet seen, and moreover well received by the Publick, I thought I could not follow a better. I would only observe with regard to the Version, that a little more Liberty has been taken, than may perhaps to some appear consistent with the Nature of a literal Translation. Yet this was unavoidably necessary in the present Case, as will be evident upon a little Reflection, to any one acquainted with Ovid's Manner of Writing. He deals much in Repetitions, and often takes a Pleasure in running Changes upon Words, and varying the same Sense a hundred Ways. This Humour is push'd so far, as to be sometimes tedious and distasteful, even in the Latin, and must have appeared quite intolerable in a literal Translation. For this Reason I found it requisite in some Cases to retrench the Poet's Expressions a little, and in others, where there was a too frequent Repetition of the same Word in the Original, to vary it in the Translation, where the Idiom and Frame of our Language would not bear a literal Version; by which Means I have been enabled to preserve, in some Measure, the Vivacity of the Poet, and that Art and Ingenuity of Expression, for which he is so justly admired. And yet I flatter myself, I have no where so far receded from my Author, but that, with the Help of the Ordo and Notes, he may be as easily understood, as from the most scrupulous and servile Translation.

As for the Notes, besides those that are Geographical and Classcal, I have added a great many critical Remarks, tending to illustrate the Poetical Beauties and Faults of the Author. This was a Thing greatly wanted; nor has it hitherto been attempted upon this Part of Ovid's Works, most of the Commentators employing themselves wholly in the Surface, serving only to help out a School-boy in the construing Part; or, if they go out of their Way, as Mr. Addison well observes, it is only to mark out the Gnomæ of the Author, as
they

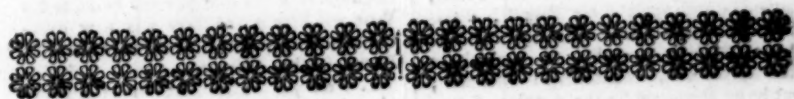
they call them, his moral Sayings, and sententious Observations, which are generally the heaviest Pieces of a Poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian Characters. The best of Ovid's Expositors is Helvetius, who wrote for the Use of the Dauphin, and has very well shewn the Meaning of the Author, but seldom reflects on his Beauties or Imperfections; for in most Places he rather acts the Geographer than the Critick; and instead of pointing out the Fineness of the Description, only tells you in what Part of the World the Place is situated. But as it is the Aim of the following Work, not only to illustrate the Meaning of the Original, but also to form the Taste of the young Reader, by making him attend to the Beauties and Defects of the Author, considered under the Character of a Poet, I have endeavoured to point out these impartially, without the usual Prejudices of a Translator. It is the Way of most Criticks, to praise all they meet with indifferently in some of the ancient Poets, and scarce any thing in others; nor can it be denied, that many of the Authors they explain are of a Character that will go near to justify the Practice. But Ovid, as the above-named Writer judiciously observes, is confess'd to have a Mixture of both Kinds, to have something of the best and worst Poets, and by Consequence to be the fairest Subject for Criticism. It was this Consideration that determined me to dwell more particularly upon those Parts of his Works that seemed to lie most open to the Animadversions of a Critick; and as I have taken a Pleasure to point out the fine and natural Strokes in a Description, or where there was any remarkable Liveliness of Fancy, or Happiness of Expression; so have I not scrupled to censure our Poet, where I thought he run counter to the Rules of his Art, or suffered himself to be carried too far by an Affectation of Wit and Ornament. If some of my Observations seem too obvious, let it be considered, that I write chiefly for those who still stand in Need of Instruction; and if others are thought studied, and to ascribe more to the Poet than he ever intended, I shall only say, that where real Beauties appear in any Work, it were an Injustice to the Author, not to suppose them there by Design.





OVID's
EPISTLES,

TRANSLATED into
ENGLISH PROSE.



P. OVIDII NASONIS
EPISTOLÆ HEROIDUM.

EPISTOLA I.

PENELOPE ULYSSI.

ORDO.

O Ulyffe, tua Penelope mittit hanc Epistolam tibi lento. Attamen rescribas nil mihi: sed tu ipse veni. Troja invisa puellis Danaïs certe jacet: Priamus totaque Troja vix fuit tanti. O utinam adulter tunc esset obrutus infanis aquis, cum petebat Lacedæmona classe! Ego non jacuissem frigida deserto lecto, nec relicta quererer dies ire tardos: nec tela pendula lassaret viduas manus mibi quærenti fallere noctem spatiosam.

HANC tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulyffe.
Nil mihi rescribas attamen: ipse veni.
Troja jacet certè Danaïs invisa puellis:
Vix Priamus tanti, totâque Troja fuit.
O utinam tunc, cùm Lacedæmona classe petebat,
Obrutus infanis esset adulter aquis!
Non ego deserto jacuissem frigida lecto,
Nec quererer tardos ire relicta dies:
Nec mihi, quærenti spatiosam fallere noctem,
Lassaret viduas pendula tela manus.

10 Quando

NOTES.

This Epistle is supposed to be written by *Penelope* to her Husband *Ulysses*, upon occasion of his long Absence from her after the taking of *Troy*. This War had been first kindled by the Perfidy of *Paris*, who being sent into *Greece* by his Father *Priam* upon some Embassy, carried off *Helen* the Wife of *Menelaus* King of *Sparta*. The *Greeks*, having in vain apply'd for Redress, determined to right themselves by Force of Arms. *Ulysses*, unwilling to embark in this Expedition, counterfeited Madness; but being discovered by the Artifice of *Palamedes*, he went with the rest of the *Greeks* to *Troy*, where his Valour and Prudence contributed chiefly to the Overthrow of that City. The *Grecian* Fleet in its Return was overtaken by a Storm, in which the greater Part were dispersed, and driven upon unknown Coasts. Among others *Ulysses* wander'd through different Regions and Climes for above ten Years, exposed to numberless Hazards, and unable

in all that Time to regain his own Country. *Penelope*, his Wife, whom he had married a little before his Departure for *Troy*, ignorant of the Cause of his long Absence, but very solicitous for his Return, writes him this Epistle, in which she chides him for his long Stay, and by the most persuasive Arguments urges him to come home to his Wife and Family, as *Troy* was now overthrown, and he could form no reasonable Excuse for his Absence.

1. *Penelope*. The Daughter of *Icarus*, who, during the long Absence of her Husband, preserved an inviolable Chastity, and resisted the earnest Importunities of a Croud of Lovers, who were constantly soliciting her to a Compliance. At last her Husband returning, delivered her from this insupportable Persecution.

Ib. Ulysses. *Ulysses* was the Son of *Laertes* and *Anticlea*, and King of *Ithaca* and *Dulichium*. He was famous for his Valour and Prudence, of impenetrable Sagacity and Cunning,

O V I D's

E P I S T L E S.

E P I S T L E I.

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

DEAR Ulysses, your Penelope sends this Epistle to you, *so slow in your Return Home*; write me Nothing back, but come yourself. Troy is no more, that City so justly odious to the Grecian Dames: Scarce was Priam and all his Kingdom worth such a mighty Stir. Would to Heaven the infamous Adulterer, when he sail'd for Lacedemon with his Fleet, had been swallowed up by the raging Seas! I had not then lain cold in a solitary Bed, nor thus forlorn complain'd of the tedious Days; the pendulous Web would not then have tir'd my tender Hands, while by this Means I sought to elude the lingering Nights. How often has my

Appre-

N O T E S.

Cunning, and is proposed by *Homer* as a Model for all Princes and Rulers to copy after.

3. *Troja*. A celebrated City of *Asia Minor*, so called from *Tros*, one of its Kings. It had formerly been called *Teucria* from *Teucer*, and *Dardania* from *Dardanus*. The *Greeks*, after a Siege of ten Years, utterly destroy'd it.

Ib. Danaï. *Danai*, the *Greeks* so call'd from *Danaus* King of the *Argives* in *Peloponnesus*.

4. *Priamus*. The Son of *Laomedon*, and King of *Troy* at the Time it was overthrown by the *Greeks*.

Ib. Tanti totaque Troja fuit. Commentators differ as to the Meaning of this Passage. The most general Opinion will have it thus: *Tota jactura, quam Priamus caterique Trojani acceperunt, non fuit tanti, quanti mea, quod te marito ob bellum Trojanum carui*. The Reader will see however that I have given somewhat of a different Turn to it in the Translation.

5. *Lacedaemona*. *Lacedemon*, the most remarkable City of *Peloponnesus*, call'd also *Sparta*, where *Menelaus* reign'd. It derived its Name from *Lacedemon* the Son of *Jupiter* and *Taygete*.

6. *Adulter*. *Paris* the Son of *Priam*, who carried off *Helen* the Wife of *Menelaus*, which gave rise to the *Trojan War*. Her Resentment would not suffer her to call him by his proper Name, but suggested one, which, while it sufficiently distinguish'd him, reproach'd him at the same time with his Crime.

10. *Lassaret viduas pendula tela manus*. 'Tis related of *Penelope*, that being greatly importuned by her Lovers, and some threatening to carry her away by Force, she begg'd so much Respite till she had finish'd the Web she had in Hand; and that to lengthen out the Time, the undid in the Night what she had woven in the Day. Hence the Proverb, *Penelope telam texere To do and undo*.

Quando ego non timui
pericula graviora veris?
Amor est res plena sol-
liciti timoris. Fingebam
Troas violentos viros in-
ter: semper eram pallida
in nomine Hectoris. Sive
quis narrabat Antilochum
victum fuisse, ab Hectore,
Antilochus erat causa no-
stri timoris. Sive quis
narrabat Menætiaden ce-
cidisse sub falsis armis,
flebam dolos posse carere
successu. Tlepolemus tepe-
fecerat hastam Lyciam san-
guine; mea cura novata
est leto Tlepolemi. Deni-
que quisquis erat jugulatus
castris Achivis, pectus a-
mantis erat frigidius gla-
cie. Sed Deus æquus bene
consultuit casto amoris: Troja
versa est in cinerem viro
sospite. Argolici duces re-
diere: altaria fumant: præ-
da barbara ponitur ad Deos
patrios. Nymphæ ferunt
grata dona pro maritis
salvis: Illi mariti canunt
fata Troja victa suis fatis.
Iustique senes puellæque
trepidæ mirantur: con-
jux pendet ab ore viri
narrantis. Atque aliquis
posita mensa monstrat fera
prælia, et pingit tota Per-
gama exiguo metro. Si-
mois, inquit, ibat hæc, hic
est tellus Sigeia: Hic re-
gia celsa senis Priami ste-
terat. Æacides tendebat
illic: Ulysses illic: hic lacer Hector terruit equos admissos. Namque senior Nestor retulerat
omnia tuo nato misso querere te: et ille retulit tibi. Et retulit Rhesumque Dolonæque cæfos
ferro, utque hic sit proditus somno, ille dolo.

Quando ego non timui graviora pericula veris?
Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.
In te fingebam violentos Troas ituros:
Nōmine in Hectoreo pallida semper eram.
Sive quis Antilochum narrabat ab Hectore victum;
Antilochus nostri causa timoris erat. 16
Sive Menætiaden falsis cecidisse sub armis;
Flebam successu posse carere dolos.
Sanguine Tlepolemus Lyciam tepefecerat hastam;
Tlepolemi leto cura novata mea est. 20
Denique, quisquis erat castris jugulatus Achivis,
Frigidius glacie pectus amantis erat.
Sed bene consultuit casto Deus æquus amoris.
Versa est in cinerem sospite Troja viro.
Argolici rediere duces: altaria fumant: 25
Ponitur ad patrios barbara præda Deos.
Grata ferunt Nymphæ pro salvis dona maritis:
Illi victa suis Troia fata canunt.
Mirantur iustique senes trepidæque puellæ.
Narrantis conjux pendet ab ore viri. 30
Atque aliquis posita monstrat fera prælia mensa;
Pingit & exiguo Pergama tota mero.
Hæc ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
Illic Æacides, illic tendebat Ulysses: 35
Hic lacer admissos terruit Hector equos.
Omnia namque tuo senior, te querere misso,
Retulerat nato Nestor: at ille mihi.
Retulit & ferro Rhesumque Dolonæque cæfos:
Utque sit hic somno proditus, ille dolo. 40
Aufus

NOTES.

14. Hectoris. Hector, the Son of Priam, and most valiant of all the Trojans. 'Twas by his Bravery chiefly that Troy held out so long against the Greeks.

15. Antilochum. He was the Son of Nestor, and not slain by Hector, as is here said, but by Memnon. We may easily fancy a Woman, ignorant of the minute Circumstances of War, and taking Things by Report, mistake one Person for another.

17. Menætiadem. Patroclus, the Son of Menætius, greatly beloved by Achilles. This

Hero, offended at Agamemnon, who had unjustly taken his Captive Briseis from him, retired from the Grecian Camp. Patroclus, appearing in his Armour to terrify the Trojans, was slain by Hector. Hence he is here said to have fallen sub falsis armis.

19. Tlepolemus. The Son of Hercules and Astyoche, slain by Sarpedon King of the Lycians, a People between Caria and Pamphylia.

25. Argolici. The Grecian Chiefs, so called from Argolis, a Region of Peloponnesus.

Apprehension magnified your Dangers? Love is a Passion full of Anxiety and Fear: I often fancied you to myself assaulted by furious Trojans, and on hearing the Name of Hector, always turn'd pale. When told that Antilochus had been slain by that Hero, the Fate of Antilochus proved the Cause of fresh Disquiet to me: or if inform'd that Patroclus had fallen in counterfeit Armour, I lamented that that Stratagem should fail of Success. Tlepolemus had stain'd the Lycian Spear with his Blood; my Anxiety was again renew'd by the Death of Tlepolemus. In fine, as often as any fell in the Grecian Camp, my fond Heart was chill'd with icy Fear. But the righteous Gods had Regard to my chaste Flame; my Husband lives, and Troy is reduced to Ashes. The Grecian Chiefs are return'd, our Altars smoke, and the Spoils of these Barbarians are offered up to our Gods. The Matrons present grateful Gifts for the safe Return of their Husbands; they in their turn sing the Fate of Troy, forced to yield to their better Fortune. The good old Men and timorous Maids are struck with Admiration, and the eager Wife hangs upon her Husband's Tongue as he relates. Some ordering a Table to be brought, describe upon it the fierce Battles in which they were engaged, and with a little Wine trace out the Whole of Troy. This Way flow'd Simois, here is the Sigæan Field; here stood the lofty Palace of old Priam. There was the Tent of Achilles, yonder that of Ulysses, here mangled Hector frightened the foaming Horses: For old Nestor related all to your Son, whom I sent to enquire after you, and he again to me. He told me likewise, that Rhesus and Dolon had been slain; how the one was surpriz'd in his Sleep, the other betray'd by Guile. You also, my dear

NOTES.

26. *Barbara præda.* That is, the Spoils taken from the Trojans; for the Grecians look'd upon all other Nations as barbarous.

28. *Troia fata.* As every Thing that happens is by the Order and Decree of Fate, the Poets have sometimes taken the Liberty of using the Word *fata* for the Things done by Fate, as in the Passage now before us. By Fate the Ancients understood a Succession of Events which must unavoidably take Place, and which gave Rise always the one to the other. Thus the whole Train of Events that preceded and occasioned the Destruction of Troy, were said to be the Trojan Fates.

32. *Pergama.* Properly the Towers and Citadel of Troy; here taken for the whole City.

33. *Simois.* A River of Troas that runs into the Scamander, and fills all the neighbouring Ground with Marshes. *Sigæa tel-*

lus. The Trojan Fields, so called from *Sigeum*, a Promontory of Troas, where *Achilles*, *Patroclus*, and *Antilochus*, &c. had their Sepulchres.

35. *Æacides.* Achilles the Son of *Peleus*, and Grandson of *Æacus*.

36. *Lacer Hector.* He here refers to *Achilles's* Behaviour to *Hector* after he had slain him; whom he fasten'd to his Chariot, and dragg'd thrice round the Walls of Troy.

38. *Nestor.* King of *Pylus*, and Son of *Nelus*. He was particularly remarkable for his great Age, being almost three hundred Years old at the Siege of Troy. By his long Acquaintance with Life and Mankind he arrived at the most consummate Wisdom and Experience.

39. *Rhesus.* The Son of *Eioneus*, and King of the *Thracians*. Coming to the Assistance of *Priam* in the Night, he was obliged

O nimium nimiumque oblite
 tuorum, ausus es tangere
 Thracia castra nocturno
 dolo; adjunctusque ab uno,
 mactare tot viros simul.
 At sine dubioerastene cau-
 tus, et ante memor mei. Si-
 nus micuere metu usque dum
 dictus es isse victor per a-
 micum agmen Ismariis equis:
 Sed quid prodest mihi Ilius
 disiecta vestris lacertis, et
 solum quod ante fuit murus:
 si maneo qualis manebam
 Troja durante; virque
 abest mihi carendus dempto
 sine? Pergama quæ vic-
 tor incola arat captivo bo-
 ve diruta sunt aliis, res-
 tant mihi uni. Jam
 seges est ubi Troja fuit,
 humusque pinguis Phrygiæ
 sanguine, refecanda falce
 luxuriat. Semisepulta ossa
 viram feriantur curvis a-
 ratris: Herba occultit rui-
 nosas domos. Quamvis
 victor abes, nec licet mihi
 scire quæ sit causa morandi,
 aut in quo orbe tu ferreus
 lateas. Quisquis vertit
 peregrinam puppim ad hæc
 littora, illa abit rogatus
 multa mihi de te. Char-
 taque notata meis digitis
 traditur huic, quam reddat
 tibi, si modo viderit te us-
 quam. Nos misimus Py-
 lon, arva Neleia antiqui
 Nestoris: incerta fama
 remissa est nobis Pylo. Mi-
 simus et etiam Sparten.

Sparte quoque nescia erat veri; quas terras habitas, aut ubi tu lentus abes. Maenia Phœbi
 etiam nunc starent utilius pro me. Heu levis ipsa irascor meis votis! Scirem ubi pugnaret, et
 timerem tantum bella; et mea querela juncta foret cum multis.

Ausus es, ô nimium nimiumque oblite tuorum,
 Thracia nocturno tangere castra dolo;
 Tôtque simul mactare viros adjunctus ab uno.
 At bene cautus eras, & memor antè mei.
 Usque metu micuere sinus; dum victor amicum
 Dictus es Ismariis isse per agmen equis. 46
 Sed mihi quid prodest vestris disiecta lacertis
 Ilios? &, murus quod fuit antè, solum:
 Si maneo, qualis Trojâ durante manebam;
 Virque mihi demto sine carendus abest? 50
 Diruta sunt aliis, uni mihi Pergama restant;
 Incola captivo quæ bove victor arat.
 Jam seges est, ubi Troja fuit, refecandaque falce,
 Luxuriat Phrygio sanguine pinguis humus.
 Semisepulta virum curvis feriuntur aratris 55
 Ossa: ruinosas occultit herba domos.
 Victor abes; nec scire mihi, quæ causa morandi,
 Aut in quo lateas ferreus orbe, licet.
 Quisquis ad hæc vertit peregrinam littora puppim,
 Ille mihi de te multa rogatus abit. 60
 Quamque tibi reddat, si te modò viderit usquam,
 Traditur huic digitis charta notata meis.
 Nos Pylon, antiqui Neleia Nestoris arva,
 Misimus: incerta est fama remissa Pylo.
 Misimus & Sparten. Sparte quoque nescia veri, 65
 Quas habitas terras, aut ubi lentus abes.
 Utilius starent etiam nunc moenia Phœbi.
 Irascor votis heu levis ipsa meis!
 Scirem, ubi pugnaret; & tantum bella timerem;
 Et mea cum multis juncta querela foret. 70
 Quid

N O T E S.

obliged to pitch his Camp without the City. Ulysses hearing of it, went accompanied with Diomedes, and surprizing the Guards, who by reason of the Fatigue of their March had fallen asleep, slew Rhesus, and carried off the Horses white as Snow, and compared to the Wind for Fleetness, before they had tasted the Trojan Pastures, or drank of the Xanthus,

39. Dolonage. Dolon was a Trojan by Birth, the Son of Eumedes. He was sent by Hector a Spy into the Grecian Camp, and promised the Horses of Achilles as a Reward, provided he succeeded in the Enterprize he undertook. But being discovered by Diomedes and Ulysses, he was promised his Life on condition that he would reveal the Counsels of the Trojans; which when

dear Husband, alas too too forgetful of your Family at Home, adventured to enter the Thracian Camp by Stratagem in the Night, and assisted by Diomedes alone, to kill so great a Number of Men. No doubt you was wonderous cautious, and did not forget your Penelope before the dangerous Attempt. My Heart never ceas'd beating till I heard how you rode victorious through the Army of your Friends upon Thracian Horses. But what does it avail me that Troy has fallen by your Hands, and that where formerly its Walls stood is now a level Plain, if I still continue forlorn as when Troy flourished, and my Husband is absent never to return? Troy remains to me alone; to others it is destroy'd, and the victorious Inhabitant tills it with the captive Ox. Now Corn grows where once Troy stood; and the Ground, fattened by Phrygian Blood, produces a rich Crop that tempts the Hand of the Reaper. The half-buried Bones of Heroes are plough'd up by the crooked Share, and rising Grass covers the Ruins of the Houses. Tho' victorious, you are still absent, nor can I possibly know the Cause of your long Stay, or in what Corner of the World my cruel Ulysses lurks. Whatever Stranger touches upon these Coasts, is sure to be teaz'd with a thousand Questions about you, and when he departs is charged with a Letter to deliver to you, in whatever Region of the World he may chance to see you. We sent to Pylos, the Neleian Kingdom of old Nestor, but received no Account from thence beside uncertain Report. We sent likewise to Sparta, but Sparta also ignorant of the Truth, left us uncertain what Lands you might be wandering over, or where you could make so long a Stay. 'Twere better for me, did the Walls of Troy still stand. Alas! unstable and unhappy, I am offended at my own Wishes. I should know in what Part of the World you fought, and dread only the Dangers of War; nor should I be without Companions to join in my Complaint.

Now

N O T E S.

when he had done, they treacherously slew him.

46. *Ismariis equis.* Thracian Horses, from *Ismarus* a Mountain of Thrace.

54. *Pbrygio sanguine.* Phrygian or Trojan Blood; for Troy was a City of Phrygia Minor, or Troas.

63. *Pylon.* *Telemachus*, unknown to his Mother, went to Pylos, to enquire of Nestor concerning his Father. There were three Cities of this Name in Peloponnesus. 'Tis uncertain which of them belong'd to Nestor; most are of Opinion it was that

situated between the other two, to the South of the River *Alpheus*.

Ib. Neleia arva. The same as Pylos; because there *Neleius* the Father of Nestor reign'd.

65. *Sparten.* Sparta or Lacedemon, where *Menelaus* reign'd.

67. *Maenia Phœbi.* Troy. 'Tis related that *Apollo* and *Neptune* assisted in building the Walls of Troy, being promised a Reward by *Laomedon*; but that after the Work was finished, he refused to make good his Word.

Nunc ignoro quid timeam, tamen demens timeo omnia, et area lata patet in meas curas. Quæcunque pericula æquor habet, quæcunque tellus; suspicor ea causas esse tam longæ moræ. Dum ego stulte meditor hæc, tu potes esse captus peregrino amore (quæ est vestra libido.) Forsitan et etiam narres quam rustica conjux sit tibi; quæ tantum non finat lanas esse rudes. Fallar, et hoc crimen vanescat in tenuis auras: nevis liber revertendi velis abesse. Icarus pater meus cogit me discedere viduo lætæ, et usque increpat immensas moras. Licet usque increpet: sum tua; oportet dicar tua: ego Penelope ero semper conjux Ulyssis. Ille tamen pater frangitur mea pietate precibusque pudicis, et ipse temperat vires suas. Proci Dulichii Samiique, et quos alta Zacynthos tulit, turba luxuriosa, ruunt in me, regnantque in tua aula nullis prohibentibus. Opes tuæ nostra viscera, dilaniantur. Quid referam tibi Pisandrum, Polybūmque, Medontaque dirum, manusque avidas Eurymachi, Antinoique, atque alios; quos omnes ipse tu absens turpiter alis rebus partis tuo sanguine? Irus egens Melanthiusque actor pecoris edendi, accedunt ultimus pudor in tua damna. Sumus numero tres imbelles; uxor sine viribus, Laertesque senex, Telemachusque puer. Ille nuper pene est adeptus mihi per insidias, dum omnibus invitis, parat ire Pylon. Precor Dii jubeant hoc, ut fatis euntibus ordine, ille comprimat meos oculos, ille comprimat etiam tuos. Custosque boum, nutrixque longæva;

Quid timeam, ignoro: timeo tamen omnia demens;

Et patet in æuras area lata meas.

Quæcunque æquor habet, quæcunque pericula tellus;

Tam longæ causas suspicor esse moræ.

Hæc ego dum stultè meditor, (quæ vestra libido est)

75

Esse peregrino captus amore potes.

Forsitan & narres, quàm sit tibi rustica conjux;

Quæ tantum lanas non finat esse rudes.

Fallar; & hoc crimen tenuis vanescat in auras:

Nève revertendi liber abesse velis.

80

Me pater Icarus viduo discedere lætæ

Cogit, & immensas increpat usque moras.

Increpet usque licet: tua sim, tua dicar oportet.

Penelope conjux semper Ulyssis ero.

Ille tamen pietate meâ precibusque pudicis

85

Frangitur, & vires temperat ipse suas.

Dulichii, Samiique, & quos tulit alta Zacynthos,

Turba ruunt in me luxuriosa, proci:

Inque tuâ regnant, nullis prohibentibus, aulâ:

Viscera nostra tuæ dilaniantur opes.

90

Quid tibi Pisandrum, Polybūmque, Medontaque dirum,

Eurymachique avidas Antinoique manus,

Atque alios referam, quos omnes turpiter absens

Ipse tuo partis sanguine rebus alis?

Irus egens, pecorisque Melanthius actor edendi,

95

Ultimus accedunt in tua damna pudor.

Tres sumus imbelles numero; sinè viribus uxor,

Laertesque senex, Telemachusque puer.

Ille per insidias penè est mihi nuper adeptus;

Dum parat invitis omnibus ire Pylon.

100

Dii, precor, hoc jubeant, ut, euntibus ordine fatis,

Ille meos oculos comprimat, ille tuos.

Hoc faciunt custosque boum longævaque nutrix;

Tertius

NOTES.

76. *Peregrino amore.* Penelope here only intimates the Suspicions that were sometimes apt to rise in her Mind. As she was ignorant of what had happened to *Ulysses* since his leaving *Troy*, so we can in no wise

suppose that she alludes here to *Calypso* and *Circe*, as some have injudiciously imagined.

81. *Icarus.* Penelope was the Daughter of *Icarus* and *Polycaste*. Her Father concluding from *Ulysses*'s long Absence that he would

Now I know not what to fear most. I am apt to fancy you exposed to every kind of Hazard, and find myself bewild'ed in a wide Field of Care. Whatever Dangers arise either from Sea or Land, these I suspect may be the Causes of so long a Delay. While I thus fondly revolve these Things within myself, you, 'tis possible, are the Slave of some foreign Beauty, (such is the Inconstancy of Man.) Perhaps too you divert her by telling what a homely Wife you have got, who minds only the Spindle and Distaff. But I may be deceived, and this imaginary Crime vanish into mere Air and Conceit; nor can I persuade myself, that, if free to return, you would be absent from me. My Father Icarus urges me to leave this widow'd State, and never ceases chiding me for my continued Delays: Let him chide on, I am yours, and must be called yours: Penelope will ever remain the Wife of Ulysses. He at length is softened by my Piety and chaste Prayers, and forbears to use his Authority. A prodigal Set of Woers from Dulichium, Samos, and lofty Zacynthos tease me without Intermision. They reign uncontroll'd in your Palace, and devour your Wealth; our very Life and Support. Why should I mention Pisander, Polybus, ugly Medom, and covetous Eurymachus and Antinous, besides many others, who all in your Absence live upon the Means gain'd at the Hazard of your Life? Indigent Irus, and your Goat-herd Melanthius serve to finish your Disgrace. We are but three in number, unable to defend ourselves. Your Wife weak and helpless, Laertes an old Man, and Telemachus a Child. Him we were lately in danger of losing, as, against all our Wills, he prepar'd to go in quest of you to Pylos. Grant Heaven, that by the Order of Fate he may be appointed to close my Eyes; to close also yours. The Neat-herd, Hog-

N O T E S.

would never return, importun'd her incessantly to give over all Thoughts of him, and marry Eurymachus, whom he favoured most of all her Suitors.

87. *Dulichii*. *Dulichium*, an Island to the West of *Peloponnesus*: It belong'd to *Ulysses*, and made a Part of his Kingdom.

Is. Samii. *Samos*, or *Samus*, a Name common to diverse Islands, but here meant of one adjacent to *Ithaca*, call'd more frequently *Cephalenia*. In it there was a City named *Same*.

Is. Zacynthos. An Island South of *Cephalenia*.

1. *Quid tibi Pisandrum*. Here she names a few of her Suitors, to raise his Indignation, and hasten his Return to deliver her from their Persecution.

95. *Irus*. An indigent Wretch of *Ithaca*, of a prodigious Size but no Strength, whom *Ulysses* slew in Fight.

Is. Melanthius. The Son of *Dorilus*. He had the Care of *Ulysses*'s Sheep, whom he destroyed in Conjunction with the other Suitors.

98. *Laertes*. The commonly reputed Father of *Ulysses*, though some give out that he was the Son of *Sisyphus*. For while his Mother *Anticlea* was on the Way to *Laertes*, she was ravish'd by *Sisyphus*, of which Rape *Ulysses* was born. *Ajax* reproaches him with this in the 13th Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

100. *Invitis omnibus*. *Telemachus*, at the Instigation of *Pallas*, who assum'd the Character of *Mentor*, went privately to

C

Sparta

Et tertius, cura fidelis
 immundæ haræ, fu-
 ciunt hoc. Sed neque La-
 ertes, ut qui sit inutilis
 armis, valet tenere regna
 in hostibus mediis. For-
 tior ætas veniet Telemacho
 modo vivat, nunc illa
 præsens ætas erat tuenda
 auxiliis patris. Nec vires
 sunt mihi pellere inimicos
 testis. Tu portus et ara
 tuis venias citius. Est
 tibi, precorque ut sit, na-
 tus qui erudiendus erat
 mollibus annis in artes pa-
 tris. Respice Laertem,
 ut jam condas sua lumina:
 ille sustinet diem extremum
 fatis. Ego certe, quæ te discedente fueram puella, protinus ut redeas, videbor facta anus.

Tertius, immundæ cura fidelis haræ.
 Sed neque Laertes, ut qui sit inutilis armis, 105
 Hostibus in mediis regna tenere valet.
 Telemacho veniet (vivat modò) fortior ætas:
 Nunc erat auxiliis illa tuenda patris.
 Nec mihi sunt vires inimicos pellere testis.
 Tu citius venias, portus & ara tuis. 110
 Est tibi, sitque precor, natus; qui mollibus annis
 In patrias artes erudiendus erat.
 Respice Laerten, ut jam sua lumina condas,
 Extremum fati sustinet ille diem.
 Certè ego, quæ fueram te discedente puella, 115
 Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus.

NOTES.

Sparta and Pylos in quest of his Father, letting none into his Design but his Nurse.

103. *Custisque bovm.* Philetus of Cephalonia, the Neat-herd. *Longævaque nutrix.* Eutyelia the Daughter of Pisenor. *Cura fidelis.* The faithful *Eumæus*.

105. *Sed neque Laertes.* She still continues to use the most persuasive Arguments for his Return. She lays before him the many Inconveniencies arising from his Absence, all which he could easily redress. *Laertes* was old and unfit for Arms, *Telemachus*

EPISTOLA II.

PHYLLIS DEMOPHOONTI.

ORDO.

O Demophoon, ego Rhodopeia Phyllis tua hospita, queror te abesse ultra tempus promissum. Anchora tua pacta est nostris littoribus, cum cornua Lunæ semel coissent pleno orbe. Luna latuit quater, recrevis quater toto orbe; nec Sithonis unda vehebatur Actæas rates.

HOSPITA, Demophoon, tua te Rhodopeia Phyllis
 Ultra promissum tempus abesse queror.
 Cornua cum Lunæ pleno semel orbe coissent,
 Littoribus nostris anchora pacta tua est.
 Luna quater latuit; toto quater orbe recrevit; 5
 Nec vehit Actæas Sithonis unda rates.

Tem-

NOTES.

Demophoon, the Son of Theseus King of Athens and Phædra, as he was returning from the Trojan War, being attack'd by a Tempest, was oblig'd to put into Thrace, at that Time governed by Phyllis the Daughter of Lycurgus and Crisumena. He met with

a very hospitable Reception from her, and after some Time was admitted to share her Bed. But hearing of the Death of Menestheus, who, after the Expulsion of Theseus, had taken Possession of the Government at Athens, and urg'd by a Desire of Rule, he took

Hog-herd, and aged Nurse all join in this Prayer. Laertes, now unfit for Arms, is unable to maintain your Right against such a Crowd of Enemies. Telemachus, 'tis true, if spar'd, will arrive at a more vigorous Age, but at present stands in need of his Father's Protection. Nor can it be supposed, that I am able to drive away this hostile Crowd: Come then speedily, you who are our only Defence and Sanctuary. You have (whom Heaven preserve) a Son, whose tender Years should have been form'd to his Father's Virtue and Prudence. Think of Laertes, and that it is your Duty to close his Eyes; he now languishes on the extreme Verge of Life. Sure I, who, when you left me, was but a Girl, when you return must appear old and decay'd.

NOTES.

machus young, and standing in need of the Attention and Instructions of a Father. Her Lovers were numerous, and threaten'd to use Force; 'twas only from him therefore that they could hope for Relief.

115. *Certe ego*. Here she endeavours to move his Compassion from a Regard to herself. He had married her when young, and soon after Marriage left her: She had

languish'd the Flower of her Life in his Absence; now Age was growing upon her, her Bloom and Beauty began to fade; so that she must appear very different from what she was, when he returns. *Hasten then, my dear Ulysses, before all the Remains of what formerly recommended me to you are lost.*

EPISTLE II.

PHYLLIS to DEMOPHOON.

O Demophoon, Phyllis, your Thracian Hostess, complains of your Absence beyond the promised Time. You engaged to drop Anchor on our Coast, by that time the Moon should have completed her Orb. Already she hath four Times wan'd, four Times renew'd her full Orb; nor as yet do your Athenian Ships

NOTES.

took a Resolution to sail for *Athens*, promising *Phyllis* that he would return in a Month. But when he had reach'd *Athens*, forgetting his Promise, *Phyllis*, after a four Months Absence, wrote him the above Epistle, complaining of his Breach of Faith, and threatening herself with a violent Death if he continued to neglect her.

1. *Rhodopeia Phyllis*. *Phyllis* of *Thrace*, in which was a Mountain named *Rhodope*. Some give out that *Rhodope*, a Queen of *Thrace*, for her Contempt of the immortal

Gods, was changed into this Mountain, and that thence it had its Name. Others say she was only buried in it.

3. *Cornua cum Luna*. She here puts him in Mind of the promised Time of his return, when the Horns of the Moon, both increasing and decreasing, should have completed their Round; i.e. after one Month.

6. *Atticas*. That is, *Atticas*, *Athenienfes*, *naves Demophoontis*; from the Greek Word *Ἀττική*; because *Attica* is a Region on the Sea Coast, much beaten by the Waves.

Si numeres tempora, quæ nos amantes bene numeramus; nostra querela non venit ante suum diem. Spes quoque fuit lenta, tardè credimus ea, quæ credita lædunt; et nunc nocent amante invita. Sæpe fui mendax mihi pro te; sæpe putavi notos procellosos referre alba vela. Devovi Theſea, quia nollet dimittere te; nec ille forsitan tenuit cursus tuos. Interdum timui ne dum tendis ad vada Hebri, puppis naufraga mersa foret cana aqua. Sæpe supplex devenerata sum Deos focis thuricremis, et petivi prece ut tu, O scelerate, valeres. Sæpe videns ventos faventes cælo pelagique, ego ipsa dixi mihi, certe ille si valet, venit. Denique, amor meus fœus finxit quicquid obstat properantibus, et fui ingeniosa ad causas excogitandas. At tu lentus abes; nec numina jurato reducant te, nec redis motus nostro amore. O Demophoon, dedisti et verba, et vela ventis: ego quæror vela carere reditu, verba fide. Dic mihi quid feci, nisi quod amoris non sapienter; potui demeruisse te meo crimine. Hoc unum scelus est in me, quod recepi te, O scelerate; sed hoc scelus habet pondus et est instar meriti. Ubi nunc sunt jura, fides, dexteraque commissa dextræ? Plurimusque Deus qui erat in falso ore? Ubi nunc Hymenæus promissus in socios annos, qui erat mihi obſes et sponſor conjugii?

Tempora si numeres, bene quæ numeramus amantes;

Non venit ante suum nostra querela diem.
Spes quoque lenta fuit. tardè, quæ credita lædunt,
Credimus: invitâ nunc & amante nocent. 10
Sæpe fui mendax pro te mihi: sæpe putavi
Alba procellosos vela referre notos.
Theſea devovi, quia te dimittere nollet;
Nec tenuit cursus forsitan ille tuos.

Interdum timui, ne, dum vada tendis ad Hebri, 15

Merſa foret canâ naufraga puppis aquâ.
Sæpe Deos supplex, ut tu, scelerate, valeres,
Sum prece thuricremis devenerata focis.
Sæpe videns ventos cælo pelagique faventes,
Ipsa mihi dixi; Si valet, ille venit. 20
Denique fidus amor, quicquid properantibus obſtat,

Finxit; & ad causas ingeniosa fui.
At tu lentus abes: nec te jurata reducant
Numina; nec nostro motus amore redis.
Demophoon, ventis & verba & vela dedisti: 25
Vela quæror reditu, verba carere fide.
Dic mihi, quid feci; nisi non sapienter amavi?
Crimine te potui demeruisse meo.
Unum in me scelus est; quòd te, scelerate, recepi,
Sed scelus hoc meriti pondus & instar habet. 30
Jura, fides, ubi nunc, commissaque dextera dextræ?

Quique erat in falso plurimus ore Deus?
Promissus focios ubi nunc Hymenæus in annos,
Qui mihi conjugii sponſor & obſes erat?

Per

N O T E S.

10. Sitbonis unda. The Waves that beat the Thracian Coast. We learn from *Gallius* that *Sitbon* was an ancient Name of *Thrace*, whence the frequent Use of *Sitbonis* and *Sitbonius* among the Poets when speaking of that Kingdom. Thus *Horace*, speaking of the Snow of *Thrace*, calls it *Sitbonia nix*.

9. Spes quoque lenta fuit. The Sentiment here, and in the following Lines, is extremely natural. *Ovid* had a Genius turn'd to Love Matters; and indeed it was in this

chiefly that he excell'd. How unwilling is one to believe the contrary of what he wishes! how ready to form a thousand Excuses in Behalf of those whom we are desirous should appear innocent!

13. Theſea. *Theſeus* the Father of *Demophoon*, whom she suspected as the Cause of his long Absence.

15. Hebri. A River which separates the *Peantes* and *Dolongi*, People of *Thrace*, from each

stem the Thracian Tide. If you reckon Time in the minute Manner we Lovers do, this Complaint will not appear to have come before its Day. Hope forsook me slowly too; we are unwilling to believe what is to our Hurt; but now I feel it, and in spite even of Love and myself must believe. Often have I lyed to myself for your Sake; often flatter'd myself that the raging South Winds would drive hither your swelling Sails. *In my Resentment* I have cursed Theseus, imagining he would not suffer you to depart; yet he perhaps was no Cause of your Stay. Sometimes I dreaded lest, in making towards the Shallows of Hebrus, your Ship might have been swallowed up by the foaming Deep. Oft before the Altars with Offerings of Incense have I, in a suppliant Manner, implored the Gods for your Safety, O perfidious Man! Oft seeing the Winds favourable, the Heaven serene, and the Sea calm; *sure*, said I with myself, *if alive he comes*. In fine, my indulging Love represented to me all the Obstacles that might hinder a speedy Return, and I grew ingenious at finding out Excuses for you. But still you linger; the Gods you invoked have not restored you to me, nor mov'd by a Sense of my Love do you return. O Demophoon, you have given both your Words and Sails to the Winds. Your Sails, alas! have fail'd to bring you back, and your Words were unsincere. What have I done, unless perhaps I may have lov'd you to Excess? But sure this Crime might have rather endear'd me to you. My only Fault is, to have lov'd and entertain'd you, faithless Man. Yet this Fault with you ought to be a Merit. Where is now your Honour, your Oaths, and plighted Troth? Where the many Gods that dwelt on your perjured Tongue? Where's now your Marriage Vow of Constancy, which was to me the Pledge and Security of my *pleasing* conjugal Hopes? You swore by the tempest-beaten Main;

NOTES.

each other. It also touches upon the Territories of the *Ciconæ*.

18. *Touricremis focis. Id est, Apud aras ubi thura cremantur.* Before the Altars on which Incense was offered to the Gods.

25. *Demophoon.* Some think that this Word expresses the Indignation and Resentment of *Phyllis*: But if we consider it more nearly we shall find, that it implies rather Softness, and a strong inward Tenderness. It begins a mournful Expostulation with him for disappointing her, and creating so much Trouble to one who regarded him with the greatest Sincerity, and whose only Crime was an unbounded Love.

30. *Sed scelus hoc.* The Sentiments here are so natural and tender, that the Reader

feels a sensible Concern for *Phyllis*, and can't forbear pitying her hard Fate. This is the true Art of writing, to interest the Reader in the Story; to set his Passions at work, and make him in a manner feel what is described or represented. When Writings produce this Effect, 'tis a Sign they are done by a masterly Hand.

33. *Hymeneus.* The Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus*, and God of Marriage. The Meaning of the Passage is this: Where is now your Regard for that conjugal Tie by which you engaged for an Union of our Years never to be broken? 'Twas to this that I, too credulous, trusted, innocently believing that you knew not how to deceive.

Jurasti mihi per mare, quod totum agitur ventis et undis; per quod sæpe ieras, per quod eras sturus: perque tuum avum (nisi et ille fictus est) qui mulcet æquora concita ventis: per Venerem, telaque nimium facientia mihi; per arcus altera tela, per faces ista altera; perque Junonem, quæ alma præsidet toris maritis, et per sacra mystica tædiferæ Deæ. Si quisque Deorum de tot læsis vindicet sua numina; tu unus (solus) non eris satis in pœnas. At ego furiosa, refeci etiam laceras puppes, ut foret firma carina qua defereretur. Deditque remigium, quo abires fugiturus me. Heu patior vulnera facta meis telis! Credidimus blandis verbis quorum est tibi copia: credidimus generi, tuisque nominibus: credidimus lacrymis; an et hæc docentur simulare? Hæc quoque habent artes, vultque qua jubentur? Credidimus quoque diis. Quod jam tot pignora nobis? Potui satis copi qualibet parte inde. Nec moveor quod juvi te portuque locoque. Hoc debuit fuisse summa meriti mei. Pœnitet turpiter cumulasse hospitium lecto jugali, et conseruisse latus lateri. Mallet ut nox quæ fuit ante illum, qua te recepi, fuisset suprema mihi; dum ego Phyllis potui mori honesta. Speravi melius, quia putavi me meruisse. Quæcumque spes venit ex merito, venit æqua. Non est gloria sperosa fallere credentem puellam; simplicitas mea fuit digna favore. Et amans, et scæmina, decepta sum tuis verbis; Dii faciant ut ista sit summa laudis tuæ; et statuaris inter Ægidas in media urbe; pater magnificus suis titulis stet ante.

Per mare, quod totum ventis agitur & undis; 35
Per quod sæpe ieras, per quod iturus eras:
Pérque tuum mihi jurásti, (nisi fictus & ille est)
Concita qui ventis æquora mulcet, avum:
Per Venerem, nimiúmque mihi facientia tela,
Altera tela arcus, altera tela faces: 40
Junonémque, toris quæ præsidet alma maritis,
Et per tædiferæ mystica sacra Deæ.
Si de tot læsis sua numina quisque Deorum
Vindicet; in pœnas non satis unus eris.
At laceras etiam puppes furiosa refeci:
Ut, quâ defereretur, firma carina foret.
Remigiúmque dedi, quo me fugiturus abires.
Heu patior telis vulnera facta meis!
Credidimus blandis, quorum tibi copia, verbis:
Credidimus generi, nominibúque tuis: 50
Credidimus lacrymis. an & hæc simulare docentur?
Hæc quoque habent artes, quæque jubentur,
eunt?
Dīs quoque credidimus. quò jam tot pignora
nobis?
Parte satis potui qualibet indè capi.
Nec moveor, quòd te juvi portúque locóque, 55
Debuit hoc meriti summa fuisse mei.
Turpiter hospitium lecto cumulasse jugali
Pœnitet, & lateri conseruisse latus.
Quæ fuit ante illam, malletem suprema fuisset
Nox mihi; dum potui Phyllis honesta mori. 60
Speravi melius, quia me meruisse putavi.
Quæcumque ex merito spes venit, æqua venit.
Fallere credentem non est operosa puellam
Gloria. simplicitas digna favore fuit.
Sum decepta tuis & amans & scæmina verbis. 65
Dī faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ.
Inter & Ægidas mediâ statuaris in urbe:
Magnificus titulis stet pater antè suis.

Cùm

NOTES.

40. *Altera tela, &c.* The frequent Repetition of *tela* here seems superfluous, and has a bad Effect. Some Copies in the preceding Line read, *bello, Arcus, faces*. The Arrow and Torch were each by the Ancients look'd upon as the Darts of Cupid; for

he was not only said to strike with the Arrow, but also to kindle Love with the Torch, to inflame the Heart. The same Weapons are also sometimes ascribed to Venus.

41. *Junonemque.* *Juno*, the Daughter of *Saturn*,

Main; which before you had often cross'd, and on which you was again to hazard yourself; you swore too by your Grandfire (if he also is not falsely call'd so) who sooths the boisterous Waves; by Venus doubly arm'd with her Torch and Bow; too successful alas with both against me: By Juno, who presides over the Marriage Bed, and the sacred Mysteries of the torch-bearing Goddess. Were each of these wronged Powers to take Vengeance for the Dishonour of invoking them falsely, you alone would be insufficient for the deserved Punishment. Fool that I was! I even repair'd your leaky Ships, that you might have a trusty Fleet wherein to desert me; I supplied you too with Rowers to help forward your Flight. Wretched beyond Expression, to be thus wounded by my own Darts! Alas! I foolishly gave Credit to your deluding Words, of which you have such Command. I confided in your Race and kindred Gods: I trusted your Tears; are these too taught to dissemble? Yea, even they have their Artifices, and often conspire to delude. In fine, I believed your false Protestations. Why so many Perjuries to gain Credit with me, who unhappily was but too willing to trust you? Nor do I repent that I received you into my Harbour and Kingdom; this ought to have been the utmost Bound of my Indulgence. I am only ashamed of having crown'd my Hospitality with the Present of my Bed, and yielded myself up to your Embraces. O had the Night preceding that fatal one been my last, Phyllis had then died chaste and honest. I hoped the best, because I was conscious I deserv'd well of you. Hope founded upon Desert, is just and unblameable. Sure 'tis no mighty Glory to deceive a credulous Maid; my innocent Simplicity merited a kind Return. You have by your flattering Words deluded a Woman, and one that lov'd you: Heaven grant this may be your greatest Boast. May you stand in the midst of the City among the Posterity of Ægeus. May the Statue of your Father grac'd with Inscriptions and Trophies stand first, When

N O T E S.

Saturn, and Sister and Wife of *Jupiter*. She presided over the Marriage Bed, whence she is sometimes called *Pronuba*. She was also called *Lucina*, as having the Care of Women in Childbed, and assisting at the Birth: *Quod infantes in Lucem proferat*. Thus *Terence* in his *Andrian*: *Juno Lucina fer opem, serva me obsecro*.

42. *Et per tedifera mystica sacra Deæ. Ceres*, whose sacred Rites were celebrated in the Night with Torches, in remembrance of her going in search of her Daughter *Proserpine* (ravish'd by *Pluto*) in the Night, with Torches that had been lighted in Mount *Ætna*.

49. *Credimus*. 'Tis a great Solace to us in Trouble, to think that our Misfortunes are not brought upon us by any Fault of our own. *Phyllis* endeavours here to justify herself, and throw the whole Blame upon *Demophoon's* Perfidy. Her Innocence and Simplicity plead for her. She gave Credit to his Oaths and Protestations, his fine Speeches and well-dissembled Tears. She herself was a Stranger to Deceit, and apprehended no such Thing in him.

67. *Ægidas*. Your Father and Brothers descended from *Ægeus*. *Media statuaris in urbe*. *Urbs* from *orbis*; because, of old, Cities were built in form of a Circle; or from *urbus*.

Cum Scyron fuerit lectus,
torvusque Procrustes, et Si-
nis, formaque mista tauri et
viri, et Thebæ domitæ bello,
bimembresque fusi, et cæca
regia nigri Dei pulsata:
post illum imago tua sig-
netur hoc titulo: Hic est
ejus dolo hospita amans
rapta est. De tanta tur-
ba rerum, factisque pa-
rentis, Cressa relicta sedit
in ingenio tuo. Miraris so-
lum in illo quod solum ex-
cusat. O perfide, agis hæ-
redem patriæ fraudis. Illa
fruitur meliore marito (nec
invideo) seditque alta in
tigribus capistratis. At
Thracen despecti fugiunt
mea connubia, quod ferar
præposuisse externum meis.
Atque aliquis inquit: jam
nunc eat doctas Athenas:
erit alter qui regat Thra-
cen armiteram. Exitus
probat acta. Quisquis pu-
tot facta notanda ab e-
vertu, opto ut coreat suc-
cessibus. At si nostra æ-
quora spumescant tuo remo,
jam dicar consuluisse mibi,
jam meis. Sed neque con-
sului, nec mea regia tanget
te, neque lavabis sessa
membra aqua Bistonis. Illa
species tui abeuntis inhæret
oculis meis, cum classis itura
premeret meos portus. Ausus es amplecti me: infususque collo amantis, jungere oscula pressa per
longas moras:

Cum fuerit Scyron lectus, torvusque Procrustes,
Et Sinis, & tauri mistaque forma viri: 70
Et domitæ bello Thebæ, fusique bimembres,
Et pulsata nigri regia cæca Dei:
Hoc tua post illum titulo signetur imago:
Hic est, cujus amans hospita capta dolo est.
De tantâ rerum turbâ, factisque parentis, 75
Sedit in ingenio Cressa relicta tuo.
Quod solum excusat, solum miraris in illo.
Hæredem patriæ, perfide, fraudis agis.
Illa (nec invideo) fruitur meliore marito;
Inque capistratis tigribus alta sedit. 80
At mea despecti fugiunt connubia Thraces,
Quod ferar externum præposuisse meis.
Atque aliquis, Doctas jam nunc eat, inquit, A-
thenas:
Armiferam Thracen qui regat, alter erit.
Exitus acta probat. careat successibus opto, 85
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.
At si nostra tuo spumescant æquora remo,
Jam mihi, jam dicar consuluisse meis.
Sed neque consului: nec te mea regia tanget,
Fessaque Bistonis membra lavabis aquâ. 90
Illa meis oculis species abeuntis inhæret,
Cum premeret portus classis itura meos.
Ausus es amplecti; colloque infusus amantis
Oscula per longas jungere pressa moras:
Cúmque

N O T E S.

urbus, a Part of the Plough wherewith was
mark'd the Place for the Walls.

Optavitque locum regno, et concludere sulco.

Id. L. 15. c. 2. ' Qui urbem novam
' condit, tauro et vacco aret; ubi araverit
' murum faciat, ubi portam vult esse ara-
' trum sustollat, et portet, et portam vo-
' cet. Ideo autem urbs aratro circundatur,
' dispari sexu juvencorum propter commis-
' sionem familiarum, et imaginem serentis,
' fructumque reddentis. Urbs autem ara-
' tro conditur, aratro vertitur. Unde Hor.

Imprimeretque muris hostile aratrum.

69. Scyron. The Son of Canetbus and
Hemioche. He liv'd somewhere in Megara;
was infamous for his Robberies; and great-
ly dreaded by Travellers, whom he spoil'd,
and tumbled headlong from the Top of some

Rock. Theseus, in his Way to Athens, at-
tack'd and slew him.

Ib. Procrustes. Another famous Robber
in the Time of Theseus, who liv'd in that Part
of Attica which was call'd Corydalus. It was
his usual Custom to measure such Travellers
as fell into his Hands by his Bed, and if too
long, cut them shorter; but if too short,
stretch'd them till they were of an equal
Length with it. He was at last slain by
Theseus, as Diodorus has it.

70. Sinis. A cruel Robber in the Isthmus
of Corinth. He bent together the Boughs of
Trees with great Force, and making fast Tra-
vellers to them, untied them, upon which
they endeavouring to recover their former
Places with great Violence, tore the un-
happy Wretches to Pieces.

When the Stories of Scyron shall be read, and dire Procrustes; Sinis, and the Minotaure; Thebes brought under Subjection, the Centaurs disperfed, and the dark Palace of the infernal God alarm'd, may thy hated Image bear this Infcription: *This is He, who betray'd his innocent believing Hostess.* Of all the mighty Acts of your Father, Ariadne deserted seems to please you most. You admire only in him what alone seems to want an Excuse, and are the perfidious Heir of your Father's Treachery. She, (nor do I envy her) enjoys a better Match, and rides in State drawn by harness'd Tigers. But the Thracian Youths whom I scorned before, now shun my Embraces, because I prefer'd a Stranger to my own Subjects. Some in Derision say, *Let her now repair to learned Athens; we'll find another to rule over warlike Thrace: The End proves all Things.* Heaven deny him Success in every Thing, who presumes to judge of Actions by the Event: For were your Vessels to plough the Thracian Waves, I should still be said to have studied my own and my People's Good. But alas! I have consulted neither: You think no more of my Palace, nor will you ever again bathe your weary'd Limbs in the Thracian Lake. Our parting Scene still presents itself to my Fancy: Your Fleet in readiness to sail, you embraced me, and falling upon my Neck, oft repeated the long-breath'd Kisses: You mix'd your Tears

NOTES.

Th. Mifraque forma. The Minotaur, a Monster whose Form was partly that of a Man, and partly of a Bull. It was kept in the Cretan Labyrinth, and slain at last by Theseus. Others explain this of Taurus the Commander of Minos's Fleet, who was vanquished in a Sea-Fight by Theseus.

71. Thebes. A City of Boeotia, built by Cadmus. Theseus overturn'd it, and slew Creon their King, because he had denied the Rites of Sepulture to the Argives.

Th. Bimembres. The Centaurs, Sons of Ixion and Juno, or rather of a Cloud put by Jupiter in her Place. At the Marriage of Pirithous, offering Violence to Hippodamia the Bride, and some other Ladies, they were attack'd by Theseus and the Lapithæ, who partly slew, and partly put them to Flight. They were called Bimembres, because in the upper Part of their Body they resembled a Man, in the lower a Horse. The Explanation of these and such like Fables is to be had from the Mythologists.

72. Regia cæca Dei. Theseus broke into the Realms of Pluto, that he might carry off Proserpine, whom his Friend Pirithous desired to Wife. Pirithous was slain by Cerberus, and Theseus detained in Hell, till after some Time he was set at Liberty by Hercules.

77. Quod solum excusat. The Meaning is, You admire that only in your Father which he seeks to excuse; that is, which he acknowledges as wrong and blameable.

79. Ula. Ariadne, the Daughter of Minos King of Crete. It was by a Clue which Theseus received from her, that he was enabled to extricate himself so happily out of the Labyrinth. He carried her with him as far as the Isle of Naxos, and then perfidiously left her. Bacchus afterwards made her his Wife; carried her in his Chariot drawn by harness'd Tigers; and presented her with a Diadem sparkling with seven Stars.

90. Bistonis. Bistonius is the Name of a Lake in Thrace.

93. Ausus es amplecti. She puts him in Mind of his soft insinuating Way at parting, and the Hopes he had raised in her of seeing him again. The Poet had a fine Imagination, and was singularly happy at painting out all the tender and affecting Circumstances of a Story. 'You hung upon my Neck, and almost stifled me with your Embraces: You even blamed the Winds for being so favourable, and charg'd me to expect you back soon.'

confundereque lacrymas nostras tuum tuis lacrymis: querique, quod aura foret secunda velis: et discedens dicere mihi supremam voce; Phylli, face expectes tuum Demophoonem. Expectem, te, qui abisti nunquam visurus me? Expectem vela negata meo pelago? Et tamen expecto, redeas modo serus amanti; ut tua fides lapsa sit solo tempore. Infelix quid precor? Jam forsitan altera conjux tenet te, et amor qui male fovit nobis. Utque excidimus tibi, puto nostri nullam Phyllida. Hei mihi! si rogas quæ ego Phyllis sim et unde: quæ dedi Threicios portus, hospitiumque tibi, O Demophoon, acto longis erroribus. Cujus opes, meæ opes auxere: cui egenti ego dives dedi multa munera, datura fui multa: quæ subjecti tibi regna latissima Lycurgi, vix satis apta regi scæmineo nomine; qua glacialis Rhodope patet ad umbrosum Hæmum, et Hebrus fœcerat exigit admissas aquas. Cui mea virginitas libata est avibus sinistris, castaque zona recincta fallaci manu. Tisiphone pronuba ululavit in illis thalamis, et avis devia cecinit carmen mæstum. Alecto adfuit torquata brevibus colubris; luminæque mota sunt facie sepulchrali. Tamen mæsta calco scopulos fruticososque littora, quaque æquora lata patent meis oculis. Sive humus laxatur die, seu sidera frigida lucent, prospicio quis ventus agat freta; et quæcunque lintea vidi venientia procul, protinus auguror illa esse meos Deos. Procurro in freta, undis vix retinentibus me, quæ mobile æquor porrigit primas aquas.

Cumque tuis lacrymis lacrymas confundere nostras; 95

Quodque foret velis aura secunda, queri:

Et mihi discedens supremam dicere voce;

Phylli, face expectes Demophoonem tuum.

Expectem, qui me nunquam visurus abisti?

Expectem pelago vela negata meo? 100

Et tamen expecto, redeas modo serus amanti:

Ut tua sit solo tempore lapsa fides.

Quid precor infelix? jam te tenet altera conjux

Forsitan, & nobis qui male favit, amor.

Utque tibi excidimus, nullam, puto, Phyllida nostri. 105

Hei mihi! si, quæ sim Phyllis, & unde, rogas.

Quæ tibi, Demophoon, longis erroribus acto

Threicios portus, hospitiumque dedi.

Cujus opes auxere meæ: cui dives egenti

Munera multa dedi, multa datura fui. 110

Quæ tibi subjecti latissima regna Lycurgi,

Nomine scæmineo vix satis apta regi:

Quæ patet umbrosum Rhodope glacialis ad Hæmum,

Et facer admissas exigit Hebrus aquas.

Cui mea virginitas avibus libata sinistris, 115

Castaque fallaci zona recincta manu.

Pronuba Tisiphone thalamis ululavit in illis,

Et cecinit mæstum devia carmen avis.

Adfuit Alecto brevibus torquata colubris;

Suntque sepulchrali lumina mota face. 120

Mæsta tamen scopulos fruticosæque littora calco,

Quæque patent oculis æquora lata meis.

Sive die laxatur humus, seu frigida lucent

Sidera; prospicio, quis freta ventus agat.

Et quæcunque procul venientia lintea vidi, 125

Protinus illa meos auguror esse Deos.

In freta procurro, vix me retinentibus undis,

Mobile quæ primas porrigit æquor aquas.

Quo

procurro in freta, undis vix retinentibus me, quæ mobile æquor porrigit primas aquas.

NOTES.

103. *Altera conjux.* A Suspicion very common to Women, when they find themselves in any Degree slighted. *Penelope*, in the preceding Letter, suspects the same Cause for her Husband's long Absence.

Ovid was a great Master in the Art of Love, and writes as if the Case of those who are supposed to dictate the Letter had been his own.

Tears with mine, and complain'd that the Wind was favourable; then parting, cry'd, *Be sure Phyllis to expect your Demophoon.* Can I expect him who left me never to return any more? Can I expect Ships never designed to visit these Coasts? And yet I still expect you; return, tho' late, that your only Crime may be too long a Stay. Unhappy Phyllis, what do you pray for? He perhaps is detain'd by another Mistress, and a Love that banishes all Remembrance of thee. Alas! I am afraid that since you left me, you never once thought of Phyllis. Cruel Fate! should you be at a Stand to know who I Phyllis am, and whence. I who admitted you, after a long Course of Wandering, into our Thracian Harbours, and entertain'd you in so hospitable a Manner; who encreased your Wealth from my own Stock, supplied your Wants by my many Gifts, and design'd to have enriched you still more: Who subjected to your Rule the spacious Kingdom of Lycurgus, too war-like and fierce to be aw'd by a Female Name; even from Rhodope covered with eternal Snow, to shady Hæmus, and where gentle Hebrus rolls his sacred Stream: On whom in an unlucky Hour I bestow'd my Virgin Love, and suffer'd you with treacherous Hands to untye my chaste Girdle. Doubtless Tisiphone howl'd over us in that fatal Night, and the wandering Owl complain'd in mournful Notes. Alæto too was present, her Hair wreath'd with curling Snakes; and lighted the Tapers with infernal Flame. Disconsolate, I tread the Rocks and Shore o'ergrown with Shrubs, wherever the wide Sea lies open to my Eyes. Whether by Day, when Earth relenting feels the genial Heat, or by Night when the Stars shine, and cold Damps fall, I am anxious in observing the Course of the Winds. If by chance I can espy any distant Sail, forthwith I divine it to be my Demophoon. I run towards the Shore whither the inconstant Billows flow, and can scarce be restrain'd even by the Waves. The nearer they approach,

N O T E S.

111. *Lycurgi.* The Father of Phyllis, and King of Thrace. This is he of whom the Poets fable so much about his Contempt of Bacchus, and the Punishment inflicted on him by that God.

113. *Hæmus.* A Description of the Extent of her Kingdom. It takes in, says she, Mount Rhodope, and reaches as far Hæmus and the River Hebrus, called here sacred, because of Orpheus, who inhabited upon the Borders of it.

116. *Zona.* The Bride was always girded round with a Girdle, which the Bridegroom untied in Bed.

117. *Tisiphone.* One of the Furies, which are three in Number, *Alæto*, *Tisiphone*, and *Megæra*, the Offspring of Achæron and Nox. *Pronuba* supplied the Place of *Juno* at our Wedding. *Ululavit. Non cecinit, sed feralem vocem Hymenæi loco protulit.*

118. *Devia avis.* The Owl, whose plaintive Cry was accounted a bad Omen. *Virg. Æneid. 4.*

Solæque culminibus feræ carmine bubo

Sæpe queri, et longas in siletum ducere voces.

119. *Alæto.* One of the Furies spoken of before. *Sepulcrali.* 'Sepulcrales dicuntur facies quæ accenduntur in funere, aut

Quo accedunt magis, asto minus et minus utilis, linquor, et cado excipienda ancillis. Est sinus modice falcatus in adductos arcus, ultima cornua rigent prærupta mole. Mens fuit mihi immittere hinc corpus in undas suppositas, et erit mens, quoniam pergis fallere. Fluctus portent me projectam ad tua littora, intumultuque occurram tuis oculis. Ut superes ferrum, adamantaque, teque duritia, tamen dices Phylli, non sic eram sequendus tibi. Sæpe est mihi sitis venenorum: sæpe juvat trajectam gladio perire morte cruenta. Libet quoque implicuisse colla laqueis, quia præbuerunt se nectenda infidis lacertis. Stat pensare tenerum pudorem matura necesse: parva mora futura est in electu necis. Tu inscribere causa invidiosa meo sepulcro: notus eris aut hoc aut simili carmine: Demophoon hospes tradidit letho Phyllida amantem: ille præbuit causam neci, ipsa manum.

Quo magis accedunt, minùs & minùs utilis asto:
Linquor, & ancillis excipienda cado. 130
Est sinus adductos modicè falcatus in arcus,
Ultima præruptà cornua mole rigent.
Hinc mihi suppositas immittere corpus in undas
Mens fuit; &, quoniam fallere pergis, erit.
Ad tua me fluctus projectam littora portent, 135
Occurrámque oculis intumulata tuis.
Duritia ferrum ut superes, adamantaque, téque;
Non tibi sic, dices, Phylli, sequendus eram.
Sæpe venenorum sitis est mihi: sæpe cruentà
Trajectam gladio morte perire juvat. 140
Colla quoque, infidis quia se nectenda lacertis
Præbuerunt, laqueis implicuisse libet.
Stat nece maturâ tenerum pensare pudorem:
In necis electu parva futura mora est.
Inscribere meo causa invidiosa sepulcro: 145
Aut hôc, aut simili carmine notus eris.
Phyllida Demophoon leto dedit, hospes amantem:
Ille neci causam præbuit, ipsa manum.

NOTES.

‘manium sacris, unde et aras sepulcrales, dicimus. Sunt facies nuptiarum aut Deorum superum: Funeraria vero mortuorum, aut Deorum manium.’ *Plut.*
131. *Est sinus.* Phyllis is at last reduced to Despair, and declares her Resolution of putting an End to her own Life, if he still

continues to slight her. This Passage is wrought up with all the Beauty and Delicacy imaginable. Phyllis revolves in her Mind several Kinds of Death, and at last fixes upon throwing herself into the Sea. Her Love extended even beyond the last Period of Life; she could collect into her Thoughts

approach, the more my Fears encrease, till at last fainting away I am carried Home by my Train. Hard-by there is a Bay, bent in the Manner of a Bow, whose Sides running out into the Sea form a Precipice of Rocks. Hence my Despair has often urg'd me to throw myself headlong into the raging Flood; and I am still resolved upon it, because you continue to deceive me. The friendly Waves may perhaps waft me over to the Athenian Shore, and my unburied Carcass there meet your unexpected Eyes. Though more hard-hearted than Iron or Adamant, yea even than yourself, you will in pity say; *Alas, Phyllis, you ought not to have followed me thus.* Oft I thirst after Poisons, oft resolve to pierce my Heart, and perish by a bloody Death. Sometimes I think of tying a filken Knot upon that Neck, round which you have so often twin'd your treacherous Arms. 'Tis fix'd; I must repair my ruin'd Honour by a speedy Death; when the Mind is once determin'd, 'tis then easy to chuse the Way to die. You shall be mark'd upon my Tomb as the cruel Cause of my Death, and handed down to Posterity in these or some such Lines: *Phyllis died by the Cruelty of Demophoon; a faithful Mistress by a perfidious Guest. He was the barbarous Cause, she herself gave the fatal Blow.*

N O T E S.

Thoughts Circumstances that might excite Demophoon's Pity to her, even when dead, and sooth her troubled Mind with such Reflections: 'Some favourable Wind may carry me to the Athenian Shore. There, if perhaps my breathless Carcass meets your Eyes, it will, even in spite of yourself, draw Compassion from you.' What can be more tender or moving?

144. *In necis electu.* When once the Resolution is fixt, it is easy to determine the Method of dying. According to some she

hang'd herself; others say that she dy'd of Grief, and was changed into an Almond-Tree.

147. *Demophoon hospes.* Of all Things, she seems to think that most apparently base in Demophoon, that he had in so daring a Manner violated the Laws of Hospitality, and by his Treachery occasioned the Death of his Hostess and Mistress. She imagines, therefore, that this will adhere to his Memory as an eternal Reproach, which no future Behaviour will be able to efface.

EPISTOLA III.

BRISEIS ACHILLI.

O R D O.

Littera quam legis, vix bene Græca, notata manu barbarica venit a raptâ Briseide. Lacrymæ fecere lituras quasunque aspicias, sed tamen et lacrymæ habent pondera vocis. Si fas est mihi queri pauca de te dominoque viroque, querar pauca de domino viroque. Culpa non est tua quod ego sum cito tradita regi poscanti, quamvis hoc quoque est tua culpa. Nam simul ac Eurybates Talthybiusque vocarunt me, data sum comes Eurybati Talthybioque; Jactantes lumina alter in vultum alterius, quærebant taciti ubi amor noster esset. Potui differri: mora pœnæ fuisset grata. Hei mihi! discedens dedi nulla oscula. At dedi lacrymas sine fine, rupique capillos. Infelix visa sum mihi iterum capi. Sæpe ego volui reverti decepto custode; sed erat hostis qui prenderet me timidam. Timebam ne si forem progressa forte caperer itura munus ad quamlibet murum Priami. Sed data sum, quia fui danda; absum tot noctibus, nec repeto; cessas, iraque tua est lenta.

QUAM legis, à raptâ Briseide littera venit,
Vix bene barbaricâ Græca notata manu.
Quasunque aspicias, lacrymæ fecere, lituras;
Sed tamen & lacrymæ pondera vocis habent.
Si mihi pauca queri de te dominoque viroque
Fas est; de domino pauca viroque querar.
Non, ego poscenti quòd sum citò tradita regi,
Culpa tua est: quamvis hoc quoque culpa
tua est.
Nam simul Eurybates me Talthybiusque vocârunt;
Eurybati data sum Talthybióque comes. 10
Alter in alterius jactantes lumina vultum,
Quærebant taciti, noster ubi esset amor.
Differri potui. pœnæ mora grata fuisset.
Hei mihi! discedens oscula nulla dedi.
At lacrymas finè fine dedi, rupique capillos. 15
Infelix iterum sum mihi visa capi.
Sæpe ego decepto volui custode reverti;
Sed, me qui timidam prenderet, hostis erat.
Si progressa forem, caperer ne fortè, timebam,
Quamlibet ad Priami munus itura nurum. 20
Sed data sum, quia danda fui: tot noctibus absum,
Nec repeto. cessas, iraque lenta tuâ est.

Ipse

NOTES.

Upon the Arrival of the Greeks in Phrygia, they attack'd in a hostile Manner all the Cities in the Neighbourhood of Troy, particularly those over-against Lesbos. Among the rest Achilles the Son of Peleus and Thetis, invaded Cilicia, Thebana, and Lyncestia, and carried off two beautiful Virgins; the one Astynoe, Daughter of Chryses Priest of Apollo Smintheus, the other Hippodamia Daughter of Brises, who were both afterwards named from their Parents. Chryseis was

given by Achilles to Agamemnon, Briseis he reserved for himself. But Agamemnon being afterwards oblig'd, in Compliance with the Will of the Gods, to restore Chryseis to her Father, he violently and unjustly depriv'd Achilles of his other Captive. The Hero, enrag'd at this Insult, withdrew his Forces, and refus'd to assist his Country against the Trojans. The Greeks, upon this, being several Times worsted, Agamemnon sent Deputies to Achilles to appease him, with Offers

EPISTLE III.

BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

THE Letter you now read in broken Greek, written by a foreign Hand, comes from captive Briseis. Whatever Blots you observe, were occasion'd by my Tears; but even Tears are often more prevalent than Words. If it may be allowed to complain a little of my Lord and Husband, I have a few Causes of Complaint against you, who are both. I don't blame you that I was so tamely deliver'd up to the King when demanded; and yet even here you are not altogether without Blame: For no sooner was I demanded by Eurybates and Talthybius, than immediately I was delivered to be carried away by these two Heralds. Each regarding the other with a Look of Surprize, enquired in Whispers, *Where is their so famed Love?* I might have been detain'd somewhat longer; Delay of Misery had been grateful. Alas! when torn from you I gave no parting Kisses: But my Tears flow'd without ceasing; I tore my Hair, and hapless seem'd to myself a second time taken Captive. I have often thought to deceive my Keeper and escape, but trembled at the Apprehension of falling into the Hands of the Enemy. I dreaded lest upon leaving the Grecian Camp, I might again perhaps be taken Captive, and presented to some of the Daughters-in-Law of Priam. But I was deliver'd up, because so it must be. Though absent many Nights, I am not demanded back; you linger, and are slow of resenting.

Patro-

NOTES.

fers of *Briseis*, and considerable Presents; all which he rejected. Upon this *Briseis* wrote him the following Epistle, blaming his over-violent Resentment, entreating him to accept of the Offers made him by *Agamemnon*, and take up Arms against the *Trojans*.

1. *A rapta Briseide.* *Hippodamia* the Daughter of *Brises*, made captive by *Achilles* at the sacking of *Lyrnessus*. She begins by a Representation of her unhappy Condition as a Slave, thereby the more to excite his Compassion.

2. *Barbarica manu.* For the *Greeks* accounted all Nations beside themselves barbarous. As *Hippodamia* was a Foreigner, and

probably knew nothing of the *Greek* Tongue till after her Captivity, her Knowledge of Consequence in it must have been very imperfect.

3. *Hoc quoque culpa tua est.* She seems here to contradict herself. The Meaning is, that *Achilles* was not to be blamed for delivering her up to the King, since that could not have been avoided; but he might justly be charged with delivering her up too quickly, as it would have been easy to create Delays, and Delays in such Cases are grateful.

9. *Eurybates, Talthybius.* The Deputies of *Agamemnon*, to whom *Patroclus*, by *Achilles's* Order, delivered *Briseis*.

Ipse Menætiades tunc cum tradebar, dixit in aurem : Quid fles ? eris hic parvo tempore. Parum est nec repetisse ; pugnas, Achille, ne reddar : I nunc, et babe nomen cupidi amantis. Nati Telamone et Amyntore venerunt ad te ; illa propior gradu sanguinis, ille comes : satusque Laerta, per quos ego comitata rediretm : blandæ preces auxerunt grandia dona : viginti fulvos lebetas ex ære operos, et septem tripodas pares pondere et arte. Bis quinque talenta auri addita sunt illis : item bis sex equi assueti semper vincere. Quodque supervacuum erat, puellæ Lesbides forma præstante, corpora capta domo eversa. Cumque bis tot (sed non opus est tibi conjuge) puella una conjux ex tribus Agamemnoniis. Negas accipere illa quæ debueras dare, si redimenda fuisset tibi ab Atrida pretio. Qua culpa, O Achille, merui fieri vilis tibi ? Quo levis amor fugit tam cito a nobis ? An tristis fortuna tenaciter urget miseros, nec mollior aura venit meis inceptis ? Vidi Lyrnesia maenia diruta tuo Marte : et ego fueram magna pars patriæ meæ. Vidi tres consortes pariter generisque necisque accidisse, quibus tribus eadem erat mater quæ mibi. Vidi virum quantus erat, fufum cruenta tellure, jactantem pectora sanguinolenta. Tamen compensavimus te unum tot amissis. Tu eras mibi dominus, tu vir, tu frater. Tu ipse juratus per numina aquosæ matris, dicebas mibi fuisse utile capi.

Ipse Menætiades, tunc, cum tradebar, in aurem, Quid fles ? hic parvo tempore, dixit, eris. Nec repetisse parum est ; pugnas, ne reddar, Achille.

I nunc, & cupidi nomen amantis habe. Venerunt ad te Telamone & Amyntore nati ; Ille gradu propior sanguinis, ille comes : Laërtæque fatus ; per quos comitata redirem.

Auxerunt blandæ grandia dona preces : Viginti fulvos operoso ex ære lebetas ; Et tripodas septem, pondere & arte pares. Addita sunt illis auri bis quinque talenta ; Bis sex assueti vincere semper equi.

Quodque supervacuum, formâ præstante puellæ Lesbides, eversâ corpora capta domo.

Cumque tot his, (sed non opus est tibi conjuge) conjux

Ex Agamemnoniis una puella tribus. Si tibi ab Atridâ pretio redimenda fuisset, Quæ dare debueras, accipere illa negas ?

Qua merui culpâ fieri tibi vilis, Achille ? Quò levis à nobis tam citò fugit amor ? An miseros tristis fortuna tenaciter urget ? Nec venit inceptis mollior aura meis ?

Diruta Marte tuo Lyrnesia moenia vidi : Et fueram patriæ pars ego magna meæ.

Vidi consortes pariter generisque necisque Tres cecidisse : tribus, quæ mihi, mater erat.

Vidi, quantus erat, fufum tellure cruentâ, Pectora jactantem sanguinolenta, virum.

Tot tamen amissis te compensavimus unum. Tu dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eras.

Tu mihi, juratus per numina matris aquosæ, Utile dicebas ipse fuisse capi.

Scilicet

NOTES.

23. Menætiades. Patroclus the Son of Menætiades, and intimate Friend of Achilles.

27. Telamone. Ajax the Son of Telamone, Pænix of Amyntor, and Ulysses the Son of Laertes, were sent Ambassadors by Agamemnon to Achilles, to settle their Differences. They were empowered to promise that Briseis should be restored, and to offer him rich Presents from the King ; but all was to no Purpose ; he remained inflexible.

32. Tripodas. Tripods, Tables supported by three Feet. *Pondere et arte pares.* *Alite in Weight and Workmanship.* Some translate it, *No less valuable for their Workmanship than the Finesse of the Metal.*

34. Bis sex. The greater Number of Copies have *bis septem*. But as this contradicts Homer's Account, from whom our Poet borrows the whole Story, the other Reading is to be preferred.

36. Les-

Patroclus himself when I was carried away whisper'd in my Ear, *Why do you weep? your Stay with Agamemnon will be but short.* But your Neglect to require me again of the King is the least of your Crime; you even strive against my Return: Weigh now with yourself what Right you have to the Name of a Lover. The Sons of Telamon and Amyntor came *Embassadors from Agamemnon*; the first related to you by Blood, the other your Friend and Guardian: The Son also of Laertes; by whom I might have return'd attended. Softening Entreaties were added to their costly Presents. Twenty shining Vessels curiously wrought in *Corinthian* Brass. Seven Tripods, alike in Weight and Workmanship. To these were added twice five Talents of Gold, and twelve mettled Steeds, matchless in the Race. And what might have well been spar'd, Lesbian Girls of exquisite Beauty, Captives of that sack'd Island. Along with these (but what need of this?) your Choice of Agamemnon's three Daughters to Wife. You refuse to accept of *me* with Gifts, which, had Agamemnon consented to my Ransom, you ought with Joy to have carried to him. What have I done thus to merit your Neglect, Achilles? Whither is your changeable Love so soon fled? Does cruel Fortune incessantly pursue the Wretched? Shall no propitious Gales favour my chaste Hopes? I saw the Walls of Lyrnessus give Way to your irresistible Attack; nor was I an inconsiderable Part of my native Country. I saw three fall, Brethren in Blood as well as Fate, and all three sprung from the same Womb that gave me Birth. I saw my Husband too stretch'd upon the bloody Plain, and tossing with Anguish his Breast drench'd in Gore. Yet all these Losses were recompens'd in you alone; you was to me instead of a Husband, a Lord, a Brother. You swore to me by the sacred Deity of your Sea-green Mother, that it should be my Happiness to have fallen a Captive into your Hands. For Instance; to refuse me though offered

N O T E S.

36. *Lesbides*. Captive Virgins from the Isle of *Lesbos*, not far from *Troy*.

39. *Atrida*. *Agamemnon* the Son of *Atreus*.

43. *Tenaciter*. Here she endeavours to raise his Pity by a Detail of her Calamities, and laments her hard Fate, and the perpetual Succession of Misfortunes she was doom'd to. She had seen the Ruin of her native Country, and the Destruction of her nearest Relations: She had seen herself Captive to a foreign Prince, and at the Mercy of a Conqueror; and when she flatter'd herself at last with the Hope of some Respite, new Obstacles arise, so that she can see no End of her Miseries.

45. *Lyrnessia*. Commentators are divided about this *Lyrnessus*, some pretending that it was a City of *Cilicia*, others, with more Probability, placing it in the greater *Myfia*, over-against the Isle of *Lesbos*.

54. *Utile capi*. This Expostulation is strong and pathetick. She had hoped to find in *Achilles* a Recompence for all her Misfortunes. He himself had told her that her Captivity should turn to her Advantage: And yet so little did he regard her, that he prefer'd gratifying his Resentment to her Quiet; and rather than bend to *Agamemnon*, had refused to take her back, though accompanied with rich Presents; yea even intended to return home without her.

Scilicet, ut repellas me
quamvis veniam dotata;
et mecum fugias opes quæ
tibi dentur. Quin etiam
est fama te dare linea vela
notis nubiferis, cum crastina
Eos fulserit. Quod scelus
ut contigit pavidas aures
mibi miseræ, pectus fuit
inane sanguinis atque ani-
mi. Ibis! et O violente
cui relinques me miseram?
Quis erit mite levamen
mibi desertæ? Precor ut
ante devorer subito biatu
telluris, aut cremer rutilo
igne missi fulminis: quàm
æquora canescant Phœbiis
remis sine me, et relicta
videam tuas puppes ire.
Si reditusque, patriique
penates jam placent tibi;
ego non sum magna sarcina
tuæ classi: ego caproa se-
quar victorem, non nupta
maritum; est mihi manus
apta, quæ molliat lanas.
Conjux longe pulcherrima
inter matres Achæiadas,
ibit (eatque) in tuos tha-
lamus. Est nurus digna
socero nepote Jovis Ægi-
næque, cuique senex Nereus
velit esse profocer. Nos
humiles famulæque tuæ,
trahemus data pensa, et
nostra stamina minuent ple-
nas coles. Deprecor tan-
tum ne tua uxor, quæ nescio
quo modo non erit æqua
mibi, me exagitet; neve
patiari meos capillos scindi
coram te; et dicas leviter,
hæc quoque fuit nostra
Licet vel patiari, dum ne
relinquar contempta. Væ
mibi miseræ hic metus con-
cutit ossa. Tamen qui
expectas? Pœnitet Aga-
memnona iræ, et Græcia
mœsta jacet ante tuos pedes.
Vince animos tuamq; iram,
tu qui vincis cætera. Quid
impiger Hector lacerat Danaas opes? Æacida cape arma, sed tamen me ante recepta: et preme
favente Marte viros turbatos. Ira mota est propter me, desinat etiam propter me: si quinque ego
causa modique tuæ tristitiæ.

Scilicet ut, quamvis veniam dotata, repellas; 55
Et mecum fugias, quæ tibi dentur, opes.
Quin etiam fama est, cum crastina fulserit Eos,
Te dare nubiferis linea vela notis.
Quod scelus ut pavidas miseræ mihi contigit
aures,
Sanguinis atque animi pectus inane fuit. 60
Ibis: & ô miseram cui me, violente, relinques?
Quis mihi desertæ mite levamen erit?
Devorer antè, precor, subito telluris hiatu,
Aut rutilo missi fulminis igne cremer:
Quàm sinè me Phthiis canescant æquora remis, 65
Et videam puppes ire relicta tuas.
Si tibi jam reditusque placent, patriique penates;
Non ego sum classi sarcina magna tuæ.
Victorem captiva sequar, non nupta maritum:
Est mihi, quæ lanas molliat, apta manus. 70
Inter Achæiadas longè pulcherrima matres
In thalamos conjux ibit (eatque) tuos.
Digna nurus socero, Jovis Æginæque nepote;
Cuique senex Nereus profocer esse velit.
Nos humiles famulæque tuæ data pensa trahemus:
Et minuent plenas stamina nostra coles. 76
Exagitet ne me tantum tua deprecor uxor,
Quæ mihi nescio quo non erit æqua modo.
Nève meos coram scindi patiari capillos:
Et leviter dicas, Hæc quoque nostra fuit. 80
Vel patiari licet; dum ne contempta relinquir.
Hic mihi væ miseræ concutit ossa metus.
Quid tamen expectas? Agamemnona pœnitet
iræ,
Et jacet ante tuos Græcia mœsta pedes.
Vince animos iramque tuam, qui cætera vincis. 85
Quid lacerat Danaas impiger Hector opes?
Arma cape, Æacida, sed me tamen antè recepta:
Et preme turbatos Marte favente viros.
Propter me mota est, propter me desinat ira:
Sinique ego tristitiæ causa modusque tuæ. 90
Nec

N O T E S.

57. Ea. A Word often used by the
Latin Poets instead of Aurora.

61. Cui me. Briseis by this expresses her
great Love to Achilles, Agamemnon the

King had no Share in her Heart, and if left
by Achilles, by whomsoever she might be
addressed beside, she would still look upon
herself as abandoned,

offered to you with a large Dowry, and reject the Riches which you are urg'd to accept of with me. Yea, 'tis reported, that when returning Aurora gilds the Mountains, you will open your flaxen Sails to the cloud-bearing South Winds: Which cruel Resolve, how soon it reach'd my trembling Ears; the Blood forsook my Breast; I was without Life or Soul. You will then abandon me! O barbarous Man, what Misery are you preparing for hapless Briseis! What Solace can I hope for in my forlorn State? Sooner may the gaping Earth swallow me up, or the missive Bolts of Jove overwhelm me, than I, abandoned, be doom'd to behold the Sea foaming after your Thessalian Oars, and your Ships deserting my distracted View. If you are determined to return, and visit again your native Fields, I can be no very cumbersome Load to your Fleet. I submit to follow you as a Captive subject to her Conqueror, not as a Spouse accompanying her Husband. My Hand will not disdain the meanest Office. May the fairest of the Grecian Dames become the happy Partner of your Bed, one worthy such a Father-in-law as the Grandson of Jupiter and Ægina, to whom old Nereus will not disdain to be related, I her humble Handmaid will diligently ply my Task, and the twisted Threads shall lessen the loaded Distaff. Grant only that your Wife, who I fear will regard me as a Rival, be not suffered to use me cruelly. Let her not tear my Hair in your Presence, while you unconcerned say, *This Girl was once dear to me*. Nay, I will submit to bear even this, rather than be left behind helpless and neglected. The dread of that shakes my wretched Frame. What can you wish for more? Agamemnon repents of his Anger, and disconsolate Greece falls at your Feet. You who are Conqueror every where else, be Master also of yourself and Passions. Why is insulting Hector allowed to triumph over the Grecian Troops? Take Arms, valiant Son of Æacus, after first receiving me to your Embraces, and urge their vanquish'd Troops with a victorious Spear. Your Resentment was first kindled for my Sake; let it cease also for my Sake; May I be both the Cause and Measure of your Disgust:
Nor

N O T E S.

65. *Phthiis remis*. Achilles's Followers were of *Phthia* in *Thessaly*.

71. *Achaiadas*. So called from *Achaia*, a Region of Greece. Hence also the Greeks themselves were called *Achivis*.

73. *Socero Jovis Æginaque nepote*. *Peleus* the Father of *Achilles*: He was the Son of *Æacus*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Ægina*.

74. *Nereus*. A Sea God, the Father of *Thetis* Mother to *Achilles*.

75. *Nos humiles*. Nothing can affect the Heart more strongly than what *Briseis* here writes to *Achilles*. No Condition of Life

appear'd to her more cruel than that of being separated from the Man she lov'd. She'll consent to see him in the Arms of another, and do the meanest Service in his House, if so be she is but near his Person. Yea, she'll submit to be ill used by her whom he shall make Choice of as Partner of his Bed, rather than live wholly from him. What Idea can we frame of a stronger Affection? or what could be able to bend his stubborn Soul, if this were without Effect?

86. *Quid lacerat*. She had before endeavour'd to move *Achilles* by Arguments ta-

Nec puta turpe tibi succumbere nostris precibus ; Oenides versus est in arma prece conjugis. Res audita est mihi, tibi nota. Parens orba fratribus, devovit spemque caputque nati. Bellum erat : ille ferox secessit ab armis positus, et negavit opem patriæ rigida mente. Conjux sola flexit virum : illa felicit ! At verba mea cadunt pro nullo pondere. Tamen nec indignor, nec serva vocata sæpius in torum domini gessi me pro conjuge. Captiva quædam (memini) vocabas me dominam : dixi, addis onus nominis servitio. Juro tamen per ossa viri male tecta subito sepulchro ; ossa semper veneranda meis iudiciis : perque fortes animas trium fratrum, mea numina, qui bene jacent pro patria, cumque patria ; perque tuum nostrumque caput, quæ junximus una ; perque tuos enses, tela cognita meis ; Mycenæum sociasse nulla cubilia mecum : velis deseruisse fallentem. Si nunc dicam tibi ; fortissime, jura tu quoque nulla gaudia facta tibi sine me : neges. At Danaï putant te morere ; plectra moventur tibi ; mollis amica tenet te in tepido sinu. Et si quis quærat quare recuses pugnare :

Nec tibi turpe puta precibus succumbere nostris : Conjugis Oenides versus in arma prece est. Res audita mihi, nota est tibi. fratribus orba Devovit nati spemque caputque parens. Bellum erat : ille ferox positus secessit ab armis, 95 Et patriæ rigida mente negavit opem. Sola virum conjux flexit. felicitior illa ! At mea pro nullo pondere verba cadunt. Nec tamen indignor : nec me pro conjuge gessi, Sæpius in domini ferva vocata torum. 100 Me quædam (memini) dominam captiva vocabat : Servitio, dixi, nominis addis onus. Per tamen ossa viri subito male tecta sepulchro, Semper iudiciis ossa verenda meis, Perque trium fortes animas, mea numina, fratrum, 105 Qui bene pro patriâ cum patriâque jacent, Perque tuum nostrumque caput, quæ junximus unâ ; Pérque tuos enses, cognita tela meis ; Nulla Mycenæum sociasse cubilia mecum Juro : fallentem deseruisse velis. 110 Si tibi nunc dicam : Fortissime, tu quoque jura, Nulla tibi sinè me gaudia facta ; neges. At Danaï mœrere putant. tibi plectra moventur : Te tenet in tepido mollis amica sinu. Et si quis quærat, quare pugnare recuses : 115 Pugna nocet : citharæ nœxque Venusque juvant.

Tutius

NOTES.

ken from her own Love and Affection to him ; here she studies to rouse his Courage, and awaken him to a Sense of Glory. He alone was able to resist the Impetuosity of Hector : Was it possible that he could stand still and tamely behold the Victories of his Enemy, see him triumph over his Country, and carry off the Prize of Valour ?

92. *Oenides.* Meleager the Son of Oeneus King of Calydonia, and Althea. Diana incensed against his Father, who in a general Sacrifice to the Gods had neglected her, sent a prodigious Boar to destroy his Lands. Meleager hunted the Boar, killed him, and presented his Head to Atalanta

Daughter of Jasius, King of the Argives, which raising a Jealousy and Indignation in Toxeus and Plexippus, his Mother's Brothers, he slew them both. Upon this a War arising between the Curetes and Calydonians, Meleager terrified by the Imprecations of his Mother, would neither drive away the Enemy, nor assist his Country, though in the most imminent Danger. At length by the Prayers and Entreaties of Cleopatra his Wife, he was prevail'd upon to take Arms.

93. *Fratribus orba.* The Sons of Thestus, and Uncles of Meleager by the Mother's Side. They endeavouring to take away

Nor think it dishonourable to yield to my Intreaties. Meleager took up Arms at the Request of his Wife. I have it only by Hearsay; but you are acquainted with the whole Story. Althæa's Brothers being slain by her Son, the unhappy Parent devoted him with many Imprecations. A War ensued: He disgusted laid down his Arms, retired, and obstinately refused to assist his native Country. His Wife alone had Power to move him: Thrice happy she! But my Words alas have no Weight with you. Yet do I not repine; nor, tho' often called to my Lord's Bed, did I ever boast that I was your Wife. One of the Captives, I remember, call'd me Mistress. You but encrease, said I, the Weight of my Servitude by that Name. I swear by the slightly-buried Bones of my Husband, those Remains which must ever appear venerable to me; by the sacred Ghosts of my three undaunted Brothers, who bravely died for and with their Country; by your Lips and mine, which we have often joined in Love; and by your conquering Sword, but too well known to my House; that Agamemnon has shared none of the Joys of my Bed. If I lye, may I be eternally forsaken by you. Were I now to say, Do you too, great Hero, swear that you have tasted no Joys apart from me, must you not refuse? And yet the Greeks fancy you plung'd in Grief. You, mean while, solace yourself with the Harp, resign'd to the soft Embraces of a fond Mistress. Should any one ask why you so obstinately refuse to fight: *War is become hateful; Night, Love, and Musick only charm.* 'Tis safer to take up with home Pleasures, to cherish

NOTES.

way the Head of the Boar which Meleager had presented to Atalanta, were opposed by him and slain in the Conflict.

94. *Devoit.* When Meleager was newly born, his Mother by accident overheard the Fates in Discourse about him. One of them holding a Stick in her Hand, said, The Child should live till that was consumed, putting it into the Fire round which they 'ate. Upon their Departure she presently extinguished the Stick and laid it up carefully. But after he had slain his Uncles, as above related, his Mother, enraged to the highest Degree, burn'd the Billet; and presently Meleager, seized with a burning Fever, died.

97. *Sola virum conjux.* Her Name was Alcione, according to Hyginus. Antoninus Liberalis and Homer call her Cleopatra, the Daughter of Appareus and Mirpissa. The same is asserted by Apollodorus; who farther adds, that after the Death of Meleager she put violent Hands in herself.

99. *Nec me pro conjuge gessi.* Your Goodness did not encrease my Presumption: I did not boast that I was your Wife, but was willing to undergo all the Rigours of Servitude.

107. *Perque tuum caput.* It was the Custom among the Greeks to swear by each other's Head. *Juv. Nondum Græcis jurare paratis: per caput alterius. Junximus una; jungere capita.* A Phrase usual among the Romans to denote an amorous Commerce.

113. *Tibi plectra moventur.* That is; I languish in your Absence, while you pass away the Time with Musick and other Diversions; for the *Plectrum* was that where-with they touch'd the Strings of the Harp.

114. *Mollis amica.* She means probably Diomeda the Daughter of Ptochus, with whom, as we are told by Homer, Achilles was wont to pass the Time in the Absence of Briseis.

Tutius est jacuisse toro, tenuisse puellam, Threiciam lyram digitis; increpuisse quam sustinuisse clypeos manibus, et hastam acutæ cuspidis, et galeam pressâ sustinuisse comâ. Sed pro tutis facta insignia placebant tibi, gloriæque parva bellando erat dulcis. An tantum probabas fera bella dum caperes? Lauque tua jacet victa cum mea patria? Dii melius dent: precorque ut hastâ Pelias vibrata valido tuo lacerto transeat Hectorum latus. O Danaï, mitte me; legata rogabo dominum; feramque multa oscula mista mandatis. Creâte, ego agam plus quam Plænix, plus quam Ulysses facundus, ego agam plus quam frater Teucri. Est aliquid tetigisse collum solitis locertis, admonuisseque oculos sui præsentis. Licet sis immitis, ferociorque undis matris; ut taceam, comminuere meis lacrymis. Nunc quoque (sic pater Peleus impleat omnes annos, sic Pyrrhus eat in arma tuis auspiciis) O fortis Achilles, respice Briseida sollicitam, nec ferreus ure miseram lenta mora. Aut si amor tuus versus est in tædia nostri, coge illam mori quam cogis vivere sine te. Utque facis coges; corpusque colorque abiit; tamen spes una tui sustinet hoc animæ. Quia si destituor, repetam fratresque virumque: nec sæmina iussa mori erit magnificum tibi. Autem cur jubeas? Pete corpora stricto ferro. Est mihi sanguis qui eat fosso pectore. Ensis ille tuus, qui iturus erat in pectus Atridæ si Dea passa fuisset, petat me. Ab serves potius nostram vitam tua munera.

Tutius est jacuisse toro, tenuisse puellam,
Threiciam digitis increpuisse lyram:
Quam manibus clypeos, & acutæ cuspidis hastam,
Et galeam pressâ sustinuisse comâ. 120
Sed tibi pro tutis insignia facta placebant:
Partaque bellando gloria dulcis erat.
An tantum, dum me caperes, fera bella probabas?
Cumque meâ patriâ laus tua victa jacet?
Dî melius: validoque, precor, vibrata lacerto 125
Transeat Hectorum Pelias hasta latus.
Mittite me, Danaï; dominum legata rogabo:
Multaque mandatis oscula mista feram.
Plus ego quam Phœnix, plus quam facundus
Ulysses,
Plus ego quam Teucri (credite) frater agam. 130
Est aliquid collum solitis tetigisse lacertis,
Præsentisque oculis admonuisse sui.
Sis licet immitis, matrisque ferocior undis;
Ut taceam, lacrymis comminuere meis.
Nunc quoque (sic omnes Peleus pater impleat
annos, 135
Sic eat auspiciis Pyrrhus in arma tuis)
Respice sollicitam Briseida, fortis Achille;
Nec miseram lentâ ferreus ure morâ.
Aut, si versus amor tuus est in tædia nostri;
Quam sinè te cogis vivere, coge mori. 140
Utque facis, coges. abiit corpusque colorque.
Sustinet hoc animæ spes tamen una tui.
Quâ si destituor, repetam fratresque virumque:
Nec tibi magnificum sæmina iussa mori.
Cur autem jubeas? stricto pete corpora ferro. 145
Est mihi, qui fosso pectore sanguis eat.
Me petat ille tuus, qui, si Dea passa fuisset,
Ensis in Atridæ pectus iturus erat.
Ah potius serves nostram tua munera vitam.

Quod

118. *Threiciam lyram.* Such as was of old used by Orpheus in Thrace.

126. *Pelias hasta.* The Thessalian Spear, so call'd from Mount Pelius. Homer tells us of Achilles's Spear, that it was of that Weight as to be wielded only by himself; and that when Patroclus put on his other Armour he was obliged to leave this.

127. *Mittite me Danaï.* This whole Passage is inexpressibly beautiful. Briseis fancied that she could have more Influence over her Lord than the Deputies, and prevail where they were repulsed. The Remembrance of past Endearments, the Presence of the Person he loved, and those tender Sentiments which the Sight of her must

N O T E S.

cherish a beloved Mistress, and exercise the Fingers upon a Thracian Harp, than to grasp a Target and sharp-pointed Spear, and load the Head with a weighty Helmet. Heretofore you prefer'd the Glory of illustrious Actions to Ease; and the Fame acquired in War was all your Aim. Could martial Deeds then only please till I was made a Captive? Is your Thirst of Praise extinguished in the Fall of my Country? Heaven forbid! May the Pelian Spear, urg'd by your victorious Arm, pierce the Loins of Hector. Send me, O ye Greeks, your Ambassador to solicit my Lord: I will enforce your Requests with a thousand melting Kisses. Trust me, I can do more with him than Phoenix, more than the Brother of Teucer, yea even than eloquent Ulysses. There is Rhetorick in throwing my *once* familiar Arms round his Neck, and putting him in mind that it is his Briseis who urges the Request. Though cruel and more hard-hearted than the Waves of the Sea, my Silence and Tears must prevail. Now then (so may your Father Peleus measure out his full Term of Years, and Pyrrhus enter upon War with your propitious Fortune) brave Achilles, have respect to your Briseis, oppress'd with a Load of Anxiety, nor kill her with your cruel Delays. Or if your former Love is turn'd to Disdain, rather hasten my Fate, than force me thus to live without you. And even as it is, you hasten it; my Beauty and Bloom are fled; and the remaining faint Hope of your Love alone supports Life; which, if it also fails me, my hard Destiny will soon join me to the Shades of my Brothers and Husband; nor will it add to your Fame, to have been the Death of her who lov'd you. But why thus torment me by a lingering Death? Plunge into my Breast your naked Poniard; I have still Blood enough left to stream from the gaping Wound. Let your Sword, which (had not Minerva interposed) would have reached the Heart of Atreides, find its Way to mine. Ah rather preserve a Life that is your own Gift: I ask no more from my Lover than what he formerly granted me when an Enemy. The Walls of Troy, built by Neptune, will afford more ample Matter for your Resentment. Hunt Ruin in the

NOTES.

must raise in him, would, she flatter'd herself, make him incapable of resisting her Suit. From this she falls very naturally into an Expostulation with him as present, chides him for his Obstinacy and Neglect, and tells him that it were less cruel to deprive her of Life at once, than thus make her languish in Uncertainty and Fears. The whole is concluded in the most simple and

natural Manner imaginable. *Better deprive me of Life altogether, than keep me in this cruel Uncertainty; but better still to preserve my Life and Happiness together, and prolong those Days which are your own Gift. Troy will afford Objects whereupon to wreak your Vengeance. Restore me then to my former Place in your Affections,*

Ego amica tua rogo
quod victor dederas hosti.
Neptunia Pergama præbent
quos possis melius perdere.
Pete materiam cædis ab
hoste. Modo sive paras
impellere classem remige,
sive manes, jube me jure domini venire.

Quod dederas hosti victor, amica rogo. 150
Perdere quos melius possis, Neptunia præbent
Pergama. materiam cædis ab hoste pete.
Me modò, sive paras impellere remige classem,
Sive manes, domini jure venire jube.

NOTES.

136. *Pyrrhus*, The Son of *Achilles* by
Deidamia, Daughter of *Lycomedes*. After
his Father's Death he came over to the Gre-

cian Camp, and distinguish'd himself by his
Valour.

147. *Si Dea passa fuisset. Minerva*,

EPISTOLA IV.

PHÆDRA HIPPOLYTO.

O R D O.

Phædra, puella Cressa,
mittit Amazonio viro sa-
lutem, qua ipsa est caritura
nisi tu dederis. Quodcum-
que est perlege. Quid epistola
lecta nocebit? Potest esse
aliquid in hac quod juvet
te quoque. Arcana serun-
tur terra pelagique his
notis. Hostis inspicit no-
tas acceptas ab hoste. Ter
conata sum tecum loqui;
ter lingua hæsit inutilis,
ter sonus destitit in primo
ore. Pudor est miscendus
amori, qua (quantum) li-
cet et sequitur. Amor jus-
sit scribere quæ puduit di-
cere. Non tutum est con-
temnere quidquid Amor
jussit; ille regnat, et habet jus in dominos Deos.

QUA, nisi tu dederis, caritura est ipsa; sa-
lutem
Mittit Amazonio Cressa puella viro.
Perlege, quodcumque est. quid epistola lecta no-
cebit?
Te quoque, in hac aliquid, quod juvet, esse
potest.

His arcana notis terrâ pelagóque feruntur: 5
Inspicit acceptas hostis ab hoste notas.
Ter tecum conata loqui, ter inutilis hæsit
Lingua, ter in primo destitit ore sonus.
Quæ licet, & sequitur, pudor est miscendus amor.
Dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit Amor. 10
Quidquid Amor jussit, non est contemnere tutum.
Regnat, & in dominos jus habet ille Deos.

Ille

NOTES.

The *Athenians* having basely murdered
Androgeas, the Son of *Minos* King of *Crete*,
he made War upon them, and compell'd
them to give Seven of the Sons of their
Nobility yearly, to be devoured by the *Min-
otaur*. The Lot among others falling at
last upon *Theseus* the King's Son, he went
into *Crete*, where he slew that Monster, and
at the same Time hapily escap'd the La-

byrinth by means of a Clue, which he re-
ceived of *Ariadne*, *Minos's* Daughter. For
this signal Piece of Service he engaged to
marry her, and upon leaving *Crete* took her
and her Sister *Phædra* along with him. But
having afterwards, by the Admonition of
Bacchus, left *Ariadne* at *Naxos*, or as others
will have it, at *Chios*, he married *Phædra* her
Sister. *Theseus* had a Son nam'd *Hippolytus*,
whom

the hostile Field. Let me only request, whatever be your Design, whether to remain here, or sail your Fleet home, that, in Right of Master, you command me to attend you.

NOTES.

who when (as *Homer* relates) *Achilles* drew his Sword against *Agamemnon*, check'd him. the Fables of the Poets, assisted in building the Walls of *Troy*.
151. *Neptunia*. *Neptune*, according to

EPISTLE IV.

PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS.

PHædra of Crete wishes to *Hippolytus*, born of an Amazon, that Health, which if thou givest not, she herself must want. Read it at least; how can the reading of a Letter hurt you? Perhaps too you may meet with some Things in it that will be agreeable. In this manner Secrets are convey'd over Land and Sea. Even Enemies look at the Letters sent from each other. Thrice I essay'd to speak with you, thrice my Tongue fail'd; thrice the Words forsook me at my Tongue's End. Modesty is to be join'd with Love, as far as is possible and convenient. Love commands me to write what I was ashamed to speak. 'Tis not safe to slight the Commands of Love, he reigns uncontroll'd, and has Power even over the Sovereign

NOTES.

whom he had begotten on *Hippolyte* the Amazon. With him *Phædra* afterwards fell in Love, in her Husband's Absence. He fond of a single Life, and delighted only with Hunting and such like Exercises, made no Returns to her Passion. Upon this she writes him the following Epistle, in which she confesses her Love to him, and endeavours by all the Ways of Art and Persuasion to inspire him with a mutual Tenderness, and efface the Horror which their being so nearly related might create against that infamous Commerce.

1. *Amazonio*. For *Hippolytus* was the Son of *Theseus* by *Hippolyte* Queen of the Amazons.

2. *Cressa*. *Phædra* the Daughter of *Minos* King of Crete.

3. *Quodcumque est*. She was probably by this Time no Stranger to the Genius of *Hippolytus*. He was naturally fond of a single Life, and regardless of the fair Sex. His

chief Delight was in Hunting and manly Exercises. She may be suppos'd to have remark'd some Coldness in his Behaviour, whence she not only doubted of Success, but had Reason to fear that he would scarce peruse her Letter.

6. *Inspicit*. She endeavours to persuade him by Arguments, to what she knew he would naturally be averse to. First by raising his Curiosity, and making him believe he would find Things in it that would be agreeable; then by telling him that it was what an Enemy would not refuse, much less ought he whom she lov'd so tenderly, and who in Humanity could not but make some Return.

8. *Desistit*. Some read *restitit*, others *constitit*; but *Heinsius*, with Reason, thinks that the common Reading ought to be retain'd. "My Tongue fail'd, and refus'd "to perform its Office."

*Ille dixit mihi dubitanti
 primo scribere, scribe; ille
 ferreus dabit victas man-
 us. Utinam adsit, et
 ut foveat nostras medullas
 avido igne, sic figat
 tuos animos in mea vota.
 Non ego rumpam fœdera
 socialia nequitia; fama
 nostra (velim quæras) *vacat*
crimine. Amor
quo serius, venit gravius.
Urimur intus; urimur, et
pectora habent cæcum vul-
nus. Scilicet ut juga pri-
ma lædunt teneros juven-
cus, equisque captus de
grege vix patitur fræna:
sic rude pectus male vixque
ubiq; primos amores, hæc-
que sarcina non sedet apta
meo animo. Fit ors, ubi
crimen condiscitur a teneris
annis: quæ venit ad ama-
rem exacto tempore, amat
pejus. Tu capies nova
libamina famæ servatæ,
et uterque nostrum fiet pa-
riter nocens. Est aliquid
carpere pomaria plenis ra-
mis, et deligere primam
rosam tenui ungue. Si ta-
men ille prior, cinior quo
gesti me sine crimine notan-
das erat ab insolita labe;
at (equidem) successit bene,
quod adurimur digno igni:
turpis adulter, quid pejus
adulterio abest. Si Juno
concedat mihi fratremque,
virumq; videor præposi-
tura Hippolytum Jovi.
Jam quoque (vix forte
credas) nitor (sum propen-
sa) in ignotas artes: est
impetus mihi ire per sævas
feras. Jam Dea Delia
præsignis arcu adunco est
prima mihi; ego ipsa subsequor tuum judicium. Lilet ire in nemus, cervisque pressis in retia,
hortari celeres canes per summa juga; aut vibrare tremulum jaculum excusso lacerto, aut ponere
corpus in humo graminea. Sæpe juvat me torquentem ora equi fugacis frænis, versare leves
*currus in pulvere.**

Ille mihi primo dubitanti scribere, dixit,
 Scribe; dabit victas ferreus ille manus.
 Adsit, &, ut nostras avido foveat igne medullas, 15
 Figat sic animos in mea vota tuos.
 Non ego nequitia socialia fœdera rumpam.
 Fama (velim quæras) crimine nostra vacat.
 Venit Amor gravius, quo serius. urimur intus,
 Urimur; & cæcum pectora vulnus habent. 20
 Scilicet ut teneros lædunt juga prima juvencos,
 Frænâque vix patitur de grege captus equus:
 Sic malè vixque subit primos rude pectus amores;
 Sarcinâque hæc animo non sedet apta meo.
 Ars fit, ubi à teneris crimen condiscitur annis. 25
 Quæ venit exacto tempore, pejus amat.
 Tu nova servatæ capies libamina famæ;
 Et pariter nostrum fiet uterque nocens.
 Est aliquid, plenis pomaria carpere ramis,
 Et tenui primam deligere ungue rosam. 30
 Si tamen ille prior, quo me sine crimine gesti,
 Candor ab insolita labe notandus erat;
 At bene successit, digno quod adurimur igni:
 Pejùs adulterio turpis adulter abest.
 Si mihi concedat Juno fratremque virumque; 35
 Hippolytum videor præpositura Jovi.
 Jam quoque (vix credas) ignotas mutor in ar-
 tes:
 Est mihi per sævas impetus ire feras.
 Jam mihi prima Dea est, arcu præsignis adunco
 Delia. judicium subsequor ipsa tuum. 40
 In nemus ire libet, pressisque in retia cervis,
 Hortari celeres per juga summa canes:
 Aut tremulum excusso jaculum vibrare lacerto;
 Aut in gramineâ ponere corpus humo.
 Sæpe juvat versare leves in pulvere currus, 45
 Torquentem frænis ora sequacis equi.

Nunc

Nunc
prima mihi; ego ipsa subsequor tuum judicium. Lilet ire in nemus, cervisque pressis in retia,
hortari celeres canes per summa juga; aut vibrare tremulum jaculum excusso lacerto, aut ponere
corpus in humo graminea. Sæpe juvat me torquentem ora equi fugacis frænis, versare leves
currus in pulvere.

NOTES.

10. Dicere quæ pudit, &c. This contains an Excuse for her Forwardness. Shame would not allow her to speak her Mind openly, and Love fertile in Expedients, had put her upon this way of applying to him. She argues from the great Power of that

Deity, who was in a Manner irresistible, and from whose Darts even the great Gods themselves were not exempted. It was therefore less blameable in a weak Woman to give Way to him.

reign Gods. He first commanded me, when full of Doubts and Fears, to write; *Write, says he, though hard as Steel, he will yield his captive Hands.* Be present Love, and as you nourish in my Bones a wasting Fire, fix also in his Breast a Dart that may soften it towards me. Yet will I not by any Crime stain my Wedlock Vows. My Fame (search into it) you'll find fair and spotless: Love, the later it seizes us, rages the more. I burn inwardly; I burn, and my Breast feels the hidden Wound. As the tender Bull is at first impatient of the Yoke, and the young Courser with Difficulty render'd obedient to the Rein: So my unconquered Heart resists the first Attacks of Love, and this *unusual* Burden sits heavy on my unpractis'd Mind. When Love is habitual from our Cradle, we may learn by Art to manage it; but in our riper Years it assaults us with Violence. You will taste the first Offerings of my spotless Fame, and the Guilt will be the same in both. There is a Pleasure in plucking the ripe Apples from loaded Branches, and gathering with an industrious Hand the earliest Roses. If yet my Chastity, hitherto unstain'd, must be blotted by an unusual Crime, it has happily fallen out that I burn with a noble Flame. A worthless Partner of my Crime, something still worse than the Crime itself, cannot be objected here. Were Juno to resign her Brother and Husband in my Favour, even Jupiter would be disregarded in Competition with Hippolytus. Nay, (what you will scarce believe) my Inclinations carry me after new and unaccustom'd Delights. I long to assault *with you* the savage Breed; already the Delian Goddess, distinguish'd by the crooked Bow, presides in my Thoughts; your Judgment in this determines also mine. I am impatient to range the Woods, to pursue the Stag into the Toils, and cheer the nimble Hounds along the rocky Cliffs: Or launch the trembling Dart with a vigorous Arm, and stretch my *wearied* Limbs on a grassy Bank. Oft I am pleas'd to drive the nimble Chariot involv'd in Dust, and guide the panting Steeds with steady Rein. Now wild, I rave

N O T E S.

25. *Art fit.* She still goes on to plead her own Cause, with all the Address she is Mistress of. Love has seiz'd her late, and therefore is the more raging and hard to be removed. Had she been accustomed to it from her younger Years, she might have known how to suppress it; but her unpractis'd Heart unable to oppose, suffered itself to be wholly possess'd by the Passion.

29. *Est aliquid.* This Passage is very artful, she here applies to the weak Side of Mankind; for nothing is more common than to set a Chimerical Value upon some Things,

and pursue in that Light what otherwise we would despise, or perhaps reject with Horror.

31. *Si tamen.* *Phædra* begins here to reason with herself, and take a View of the Crime she was going to commit. When we have once resolv'd upon a Thing, we are never at a Loss to find out plausible Pretences to justify ourselves by. Such was *Phædra's* Case; as she had given herself up to this fatal Passion, she can be satisfied with Reasons, that in other Circumstances would have appear'd of no Weight.

Nunc feror ut Eleleides
actæ furiis Bacchi, quæ-
que (et ut illæ quæ) mo-
vent tympana sub colle Idæo.
Aut ut illæ quas semideæ
Dryades, Fauniquæ bicor-
nes attonuere contactas suo
numine. Namque cum fu-
ror ille se remisit, referunt
omnia mihi. Conscius a-
mor urit me tacitam, Forfi-
tan reddamus hunc amorem
fato generis, et Venus pe-
tat tributa e tota gente.
Jupiter dilexit Europen
(ea est prima origo gentis)
tauro, dissimulante Deum.
Pasiphaë mater mea, sub-
dita decepto tauro, enica est
crimen onusque suo utero.
Perfidus Ægides secutus
fila ducentia, fugit curva
tectâ ope meâ sororis. En
nunc ego, ne forte credar
parum Minoia, eo ultima
in socias leges meâ gentis.
Hoc quoque est fatale: una
domus placuit duabus. Tua
forma capit me, soror cap-
ta est parente. Theſides
Theſeusque rapuere duas so-
rores. Ponite bina tro-
pæa de nostrâ domo. Vel-
lem Gnosia humus detinuiſ-
set me, eo tempore quo E-
leusin cerealis inita est vo-
bis. Tunc præcipue (nec non tamen placebas ante) acer amor hæſit mihi in extremis offibus.

Nunc feror, ut Bacchi furiis Eleleides actæ,
Quæque sub Idæo tympana colle movent.
Aut quas semideæ Dryades, Fauniquæ bicornes,
Numine contactas attonuere suo. 50
Namque mihi referunt, cum se furor ille remisit,
Omnia. me tacitam conscius urit Amor.
Forſitan hunc generis fato reddamus amorem ;
Et Venus è totâ gente tributa petat.
Jupiter Europen (prima est ea gentis origo) 55
Dilexit, tauro dissimulante Deum.
Pasiphaë mater decepto subdita tauro
Enixa est utero crimen onusque suo.
Perfidus Ægides, ducentia fila secutus,
Curva meâ fugit tectâ sororis ope. 60
En ego nunc, ne fortè parum Minoia credar,
In socias leges ultima gentis eo.
Hoc quoque fatale est : placuit domus una dua-
bus.
Me tua forma capit, capta parente soror.
Theſides Theſeusque duas rapuere foreres. 65
Ponite de nostrâ bina tropæa domo.
Tempore, quo vobis inita est Cerealis Eleusin,
Gnosia me vellem detinuiſſet humus.
Tunc mihi præcipuè (nec non tamen antè) pla-
bas :
Acer in extremis offibus hæſit amor. 70
Candida

NOTES.

Yea, tho' she is forc'd to own that her Designs are criminal, she yet thinks it some Excuse that she was to offend with a Man of Merit, and if one may be allow'd the Expression, disdain'd to commit but a glorious Crime.

35. *Fratremque.* Jupiter, who was both the Brother and Husband of Juno.

37. *Jam quoque.* According to Ovid's own Rules in his Art of Love, one in Love ought to take Delight in the same Exercises, Pursuits and Diversions, as the Person beloved. Agreeable to this Notion, *Pædra* here addresses *Hippolytus*, and as his chief Delight was in Hunting, professes herself to be in Love with the same Exercise.

40. *Delia.* *Diana*, so call'd because born in the Isle of *Delos* ; her chief Delight was in the Forests and Hunting.

47. *Bacchi furiis.* This Rage of the *Bacchantes* is often mentioned by the Poets ; *Horace* mentions *Pentheus* and *Lycurgus*, as Instances of it.

Id. Eleleides. The *Votaries of Bacchus*, so called after that God, who was nam'd *Eleleus* from *Helus* a City of *Helicon* or *Ætolia*, where his *Orgies* were celebrated.

48. *Quæque.* She speaks here of the *Galli* or *Idæi Daëtyli*, who were the Priests of *Cybele*, and all Eunuchs. *Mycillus* thinks we ought to read *quique*. But all ancient Copies establish the first Reading ; besides, it was humorous in *Ovid* to describe them as Women. *Catullus* in like Manner calls them *Gallas*. *Lucian* tells us, that Women often join'd in the Chorus with them, and that they were commonly clad in Women's Apparel. These, as *Euripides* testi-

I rave as a Bacchanal when full of the inspiring God, or those who on the Idean Hill urge with redoubled Strokes the sounding Brass; yea more wild than whom the Dryads half Divine, and horned Satyrs, strike with Terror and Amaze. For when this Fury abates I am told of all; and silent feel that conscious Love rages in my Breast. Perhaps, I am urg'd to this Love by the Fate of my Blood, and Venus exacts this Tribute of all our Race. Jupiter lov'd Europa (hence the first Rise of our Family) disguising the God under the Form of a Bull. Pasiphae my Mother, enjoy'd by a deluded Bull, was in Time deliver'd of her guilty Load. Perfidious Theseus, guided by the faithful Thread, escap'd by my Sister's Help the winding Labyrinth. Lo, I too, that I might not belie the Race of Minos, yield the last to the powerful Laws of my Blood. Sure it was our Destiny; one House gain'd the Inclinations of both. I am taken with your Shape and Appearance, my Sister yielded to the Charms of your Father. Theseus and his Son have triumph'd over two Sister Nymphs; raise Trophies of your Victory over our Race. Would to Heaven I had been wandering in the Fields of Crete, when first I saw you enter Eleusis the City of Ceres. 'Twas then chiefly (and yet even before that you had charm'd me) that the subtle Flame of Love rag'd in my Bones. White was your Robe, your Hair adorn'd with a Garland, a modest Blush had o'er-spread

NOTES.

fies, sacrificing to the Mother of the Gods, and inspired by her, run in a wild Profession from Ida, a Mountain in Phrygia, to Olympus.

49. *Aut quas semideæ Dryades.* She speaks here of those that were call'd *Lymphatics* by the Ancients. They were Persons said to have seen some Species of Divinity, as either some rural Deity or Nymph, which threw them into such Transports as overcame their Reason. The Extasies express'd themselves outwardly in Quakings, Tremblings, Tossings of the Head and Limbs, Agitations; and as *Livy* calls them, fanatical Throws and Convulsions, extemporary Prayer, Prophecy, Singing, and the like.

Ib. Faunique bicornes. Some were said to be influenc'd by Nocturnal Divinities, such as those in *Latium*, who were us'd to consult in the Night-time the *Fauns*. For, as we learn from *Caius Bassus*, *Faunus* the Son of *Picus*, first instituted sacred Rites to his Grandfather *Saturn*, and got his Father *Picus*, and Sister *Fauna* receiv'd among the

Gods. *Fauna* was consecrated a Wife to *Faunus*, and is the same whom *Varro* tells us, was worshipp'd under the Name of the *Bona Dea*. She was consulted by the Women. The Men applied to *Faunus*.

54. *Et Venus e tota.* To understand this right, we must look back to the Story of *Venus* and *Mars*. They were caught together in a Net by *Vulcan*, *Venus*'s Husband, who had been inform'd of their Intercourse by *Phæbus*. *Venus* highly provok'd at the injurious Discovery made by *Phæbus*; in Revenge, kindled a Fire of Love in all his Race, which rag'd to that Degree, that not a Woman descended from him was able to keep her Chastity. Thus *Seneca* in his *Hippolyt*.

*Stirpem perosa suis inuisti genus,
Per nos catenas vindicat Martis sui,
Suasque: probris omne Phæbeum genus,
Onerat nequandis. Nulla Minois leui,
Defuncta amore est.*

55. *Jupiter European.* The Story of *Jupiter* and *Europa* is well known; that God having transform'd himself into a Bull, under that

Vestis tua erat candida,
capilli præcincti flore;
verecundus rubor tinxerat
flavia ora. Vultusque
quem aliæ vocant vultum
rigidumque truceque;
Phædra iudice, pro ri-
gido erat fortis. Juve-
nes compti ut fœmina, sint
precul a nobis. Forma vi-
nilis amat coli modico sine.
Iste tuus rigor, capillique
positi sine arte, et levis
pulvis in egregio ore decet.
Sive recurvas luctan-
tia colla ferocis equi, mi-
ror pedes equi flexos in
exiguo orbe. Seu torques
lentum hastile valido lacer-
to, feror tuus lacertus ha-
bet mea ora versa in se.
Sive tenes cornea venabula
lato seruo. Denique quic-
quid agas, juvat nostra lu-
mina. Tu modo depone du-
ritiam sylvis iugosis: non
sum digna perire tua ma-
teria. Quid juvat ex-
ercere studia incinctæ Di-
anæ: et eripuisse suos
numeros Veneri? Quod ca-
ret alterna requie non est
durabile: hæc reparat vi-
res, novatque membra fessa.
Arcus (et arma tuæ Dianæ
sunt imitanda tibi,) si nun-
quam cesses tendere eum
erit mollis. Cephalus erat
clarus sylvis, multæque
feræ conciderant per her-
bam, illo percutiente. Nec
tamen male præbebat se
amandum Auroræ. Dea
sapiens ibat a fene viro ad hunc. Sæpe verba quælibet sustinuit duos, Venerem creatumque
Cinyra positos sub ilicibus.

Candida vestis erat, præcincti flore capilli:
Flava verecundus tinxerat ora rubor.
Quémque vocant aliæ vultum rigidumque tru-
cémque,
Pro rigido, Phædrâ iudice, fortis erat.
Sint procul à nobis juvenes, ut fœmina, comiti. 75
Fine coli modico forma virilis amat.
Te tuus iste rigor, positique sinè arte capilli,
Et levis egregio pulvis in ore decet.
Sive ferocis equi luctantia colla recurvas;
Exiguo flexos miror in orbe pedes. 80
Seu lentum valido torques hastile lacerto;
Ora ferox in se versa lacertus habet.
Sive tenes lato venabula cornea ferro.
Denique nostra juvat lumina, quicquid agas.
Tu modo duritiem sylvis depone jugolis: 85
Non sum materiâ digna perire tuâ.
Quid juvat incinctæ studia exercere Dianæ:
Et Veneri numeros eripuisse suos?
Quod caret alternâ requie, durable non est.
Hæc reparat vires, fessæque membra novat. 90
Arcus, (& arma tuæ tibi sunt imitanda Dianæ,)
Si nunquam cesses tendere, mollis erit.
Clarus erat sylvis Cephalus, multæque per her-
bam
Conciderant, illo percutiente, feræ.
Nec tamen Auroræ malè se præbebat aman-
dum. 95
Ibat ad hunc sapiens à fene Diva viro.
Sæpe sub ilicibus Venerem, Cinyrâque creatum,
Sustinuit positos quælibet herba duos.
Arist

NOTES.

that Shape, deceived her and carried her off.
The true History is thus. This Europa was
the Daughter of Agenor King of Phœnicia.
Jupiter at that Time reign'd in Crete, who
falling in Love with Europa, and not able
to obtain her any other way, sail'd for
Phœnicia in a Ship, which had on its Stern
the Figure of a Bull, and carried her off
by Stealth. Hence the Fable took its
Rise.

57. Pasiphaë. She was the Daughter of
Phæbus, and Wife to Minos King of Crete,
who by her had Phædra. This Pasiphaë
enamoured of a Bull, applied to Dædalus a

famous Artificer, who making a Cow of
Wood, shut her up in it, and by this Means
deceiv'd the Bull. This gave Birth to the
Minotaur, a Monster, the one half of
whose Body resembled a Man, and the o-
ther a Bull.

59. Perfidus Egides. She gives another
Instance in her Sister Ariadne, who falling
in Love with Theseus the Son of Ægeus,
instructed him how he might overcome the
Minotaur, and at the same Time gave him
a Clue, by Means whereof, he was enabled
to extricate himself out of the winding La-
byrinth. 61. En

spread your comely Face. That Countenance which to others appears stern and fierce, was in Phædra's Eyes noble and full of Bravery. I hate Youths fond of Dress and a female Nicety; a manly Form requires but little Fashioning. That Sternness, those careless Locks, and noble Face stain'd with Dust, are becoming. Whether you bend in the fiery Steed's reluctant Neck, I wonder to behold him wheel in the narrow Ring; or if with vigorous Arm you dart the heavy Spear, still my Eyes watch the manly Throw. Or do you brandish the Hunting-Spear of broad-pointed Steel? In fine, every thing you do gives me Delight. Leave but your Cruelty to the Woods and Mountains, nor let me undeserving perish for your Sake. What Pleasure can it give to be wholly taken up in the Exercises of Diana, and deny Venus the Vows and Engagements due to her? What admits of no Interval of Rest cannot subsist long. Rest renews our Strength, and refreshes our wearied Limbs. The Bow (and sure the Arms of your favourite Goddesses may furnish an Example for your Imitation) if always bent will lose its Force. Cephalus was fam'd in the Woods, by his Hand were many wild Beasts slain, yet he was no Enemy to the Delights of Love. Aurora wisely forsook old Age for him. Oft under a spreading Oak, were Venus and Adonis seated on the yielding Grass

N O T E S.

61. *En ego.* She had before spoken of *Europa*, as the first of her Race, who gave Way to this fatal Passion; here she names herself as the last. *Parum Minia*, lest I should be suspected not of the Race of *Minos*, all so remarkable for this Weakness.

67. *Eleusin.* *Eleusin* or *Eleusis*, a City of *Attica*, Westward of *Athens*. Here was a Temple sacred to *Eleusinian Ceres*, where her solemn Mysteries were celebrated. It was at the Celebration of these sacred Rites, that *Phædra* first fell in Love with *Hippolytus*.

71. *Candida.* She mentions what she saw and admir'd in him. His Dress, his Air, his Manner; in a Word, every thing about him was full of Charms. If he was mounted on Horseback, she was delighted with the Skill and Art of the Rider. If he launch'd the flying Spear, she was taken with his Strength and Agility. His Dress was negligent and graceful, such as became a Hero; his Looks, whatever they might appear to others, spoke him in her Eyes brave and courageous. This is very natural, and what every one who knows what it is to be in Love, has felt.

93. *Cephalus.* *Phædra* endeavour'd to gain over *Hippolytus* to her Wishes, by shewing that others before him, addicted to the same Way of Life, of which he was so fond, had yielded to the Passion of Love. The first she instances in, is *Cephalus*. He was the Son of *Deionius*, or, according to others, of *Mercury* and *Hære* the Daughter of *Cecrops*. He married *Procris* the Daughter of *Hyphilus* King of *Athens*, whom he lov'd in the highest Degree. *Aurora* falling in Love with him, endeavour'd to gain him over, by making him jealous of his Wife *Procris*. For this Purpose she sent him Home to her in the Shape of a Merchant. He by offering her Presents, at last brought her to yield to him, upon which resuming his own Shape, he reproach'd her with her Baseness. Being afterwards reconcil'd to him, she gave him a Dart which should never miss its Aim. With this he afterwards slew her by Mistake in a Thicket, to which she had retir'd to watch him. We are not therefore to suppose, when the Poet says,

Nec tamen Aurora mater se præbet d-mandum,

that

*Et Oenides arsit in Atalanta
Mænaliâ; illa habet spoli-
um feræ pignus amoris.
Nos quoque jam primum
numeremur in ista turba. Si
tollas Venerem, sylva tua
est rustica. Ego ipsa ve-
niam comes: nec salebrofa
faxa movebunt me, nec a-
per timendus obliquo dente.
Bina æquora oppugnant
Isthmon suis fluctibus, et
tellus tenuis audit utrum-
que mare. Hic colam te-
cum Træzæna, regna Pit-
theia. Illa jam nunc gra-
tior est mea patria. Heros
Neptunius abest tempore,
aberitque diu. Ora sui
Pirithoi detinet illum.
Theseus (nisi si negamus
manifesta) præposuit Piri-
thoum Phædræ, præpo-
suique Pirithoum tibi.
Nec hæc injuria sola venit
nobis ab illo, uterque læsi
sumus in magnis rebus.
Sparsit humi ossa fratris
mei perfracta clava tri-
nodi: soror mea est relicta
præda feris. Parens dig-
na vigore nati, et prima
virtute inter puellas secu-
rigeras, peperit te. Si
quæras ubi sit, Theseus
peregit latus ense: nec fuit
mater tuta tanto pignore.
At nec quidem nupta fuit,
neque accepta tæda jugali.
Cur? nisi ut tu no-
tius ne caperes regna pa-
terna. Addidit et fratres
tibi ex me; quos omnes ta-
men ego non fui causa tol-
lendi, sed ille fuit. O pul-
cherrime rerum, utinam
viscera nocitura tibi forent
rupta in medio nisu. I
nunc, reverere lætum parentis sic meriti; tu quem ille fugit, et abdicat suis factis. Nec vana
nomina terruerint animos tuos, quia videar noverca coitura privigno. Ista vetus pietas, moritura
futuro ævo, fuit Saturno tenente regna rustica.*

Arfit & Oenides in Mænaliâ Atalantâ.

Illâ feræ spoliū pignus amoris habet. 100

Nos quoque jam primum turbâ numeremur in istâ.

Si Venerem tollas, rustica sylva tua est.

Ipsa comes veniam: nec me salebrofa movebunt Saxa, nec obliquo dente timendus aper.

Æquora bina suis oppugnant fluctibus Isthmon, 105

Et tenuis tellus audit utrumque mare.

Hic tecum Træzæna colam, Pittheia regna.

Jam nunc est patriâ gratior illa meâ.

Tempore abest, aberitque diu Neptunius heros, Illum Pirithoi detinet ora sui. 110

Præposuit Theseus (nisi si manifesta negamus)

Pirithoum Phædræ, Pirithoumque tibi.

Sola nec hæc nobis injuria venit ab illo.

In magnis læsi rebus uterque sumus.

Ossa mei fratris clavâ perfracta trinodi 115

Sparsit humi: soror est præda relicta feris.

Prima securigeras inter virtute puellas

Te peperit, nati digna vigore parens.

Si quæras, ubi sit; Theseus latus ense peregit:

Nec tanto mater pignore tuta fuit. 120

At nec nupta quidem, tædâque accepta jugali.

Cur, nisi ne caperes regna paterna nothus?

Addidit & fratres ex me tibi: quos tamen omnes

Non ego tollendi causa, sed ille fuit.

O utinam nocitura tibi, pulcherrime rerum, 125

In medio nisu viscera rupta forent!

I nunc, sic meriti lætum reverere parentis;

Quem fugit, & factis abdicat ille suis.

Nec, quia privigno videar coitura noverca,

Terruerint animos nomina vana tuos. 130

Ista vetus pietas, ævo moritura futuro,

Rustica Saturno regna tenente fuit,

Jupiter

that he return'd *Aurora's* Love, for this were contrary to the Truth of History; but only that though fond of Hunting and such like Exercises, he was yet no Enemy to the Pleasures of Love.

67. *Cinyras creatum, Adonis*, a most beautiful Youth, whom *Venus* greatly lov'd: He was the Son of *Cinyras* King of *Cyprus*, by his own Daughter *Myrrha*.

99. *Oenides. Meleager* the Son of *Oeneus*, of

NOTES.

Grafs. Meleager too burned for Arcadian Atalanta; she as a Pledge of his Love enjoyed the Spoils of the Calydonian Boar. Let us also be now first joined to this glorious Croud. If you banish Love, the Forest will be turned into a Desert. I will be the Partner of your Toils; neither the Rocks hideous with Dens and Caves, nor the fierce Aspect of the threatening Boar shall terrify me. There is an Isthmus seated between two Seas, the rising Billows beat against either Shore. Here will I meet thee at Træzen, once the Kingdom of Pitheus: Already it is dearer far than my native Country. The Hero of Neptune's Race is happily absent, and will be so long: He is now in the Country of his dear Piritheus. Theseus (unless we dispute what is manifest) prefers Piritheus, both to his Phædra and to thee: Nor is this the only Injury he has offered us, we have each been wrong'd in the greatest Matters. The Bones of my Brother broken with a knotted Club, he hath scatter'd on the bloody Ground: My Sister was left a Prey to wild Beasts. You boast of a Mother worthy of the Bravery of her Son, of distinguish'd Valour among the Amazonian Maids. If you ask after her, Theseus inhumanely run her through with his Sword, nor could so great a Pledge protect the unhappy Mother. Nor was she wedded, or receiv'd with the Nuptial Torch. Why all this, but to exclude you from your Father's Throne? He has added moreover Brothers to you by me, who have been bred up by his Command rather than mine. I could wish, loveliest of Men, that the Child who may stand in Competition with you, had died in the Birth. What Reverence after all this can be due to your Father's Bed, which he even shuns himself, and has deserted? Nor let vain Fears alarm you, that the Commerce between a Son and Mother-in-Law, is infamous. This old-fashioned Piety, which could not subsist long, suited only the rustick Age of Saturn. Jupiter has made

Plea-

N O T E S.

of whom already in the Epistle of *Briseis*. *Mænalia*. Arcadian, from *Mænalus* a high Mountain of *Arcadia*.

105. *Æquora bina*. *Phædra* tells *Hippolytus* that she is willing to share every Fate with him, and can be deterr'd by no Dangers. She is contented to live with him, whether he chuses the Woods or the Cities. If the Woods, she will accompany him in all his Diversions, and chearfully submit to the Fatigues of the Chace. If the Cities, she is willing to live with him in *Træzen*, a Place of his own Choice. This *Træzen* was a City of *Argolis* in *Peloponnesus*, in

the Isthmus of *Acbaia*, where was also *Corinth*. Here *Pitheus* reign'd, who was Father to *Æthra* the Mother of *Theseus*.

109. *Tempore abest*. All Things conspire to our Wishes, *Theseus* is absent, and will be so for some Time; he has greatly injur'd us both, and has no Tribute of Gratitude or Fidelity to expect from us. *Nepotunius heros*: See the Epistle to *Demophoon*.

110. *Ora Pirithei sui*. The Region where *Piritheus* dwelt, *Thessaly*, viz. that Part of it which was near to the River *Pereus*, where, according to *Diodorus*, *Ixion* the Father of *Piritheus* held the supreme

*Jupiter stotuit quodcunque
juvaret esse pium: et soror
marita fratre, facit omne
esse fas. Illa junctura
generis, cui Venus ipsa im-
posuit suos nodos, coit fir-
ma catena. Nec labor est,
licet celare. Pete ab illo
munus. Culpa poterit te, i
cognato nomine. Viderit
aliquis nos amplexos; am-
bo laudabimur. Dicar no-
verca suo meo privigno.
Non janua duri mariti
erit referenda tibi per te-
nebras; non custos erit de-
cipiendus. Ut una domus
tenuit duos, una domus te-
nebit. Dabas aperta of-
cula, dabis aperta oscula.
Eris tutus mecum, mere-
berique laudem culpa; licet
tu conspiciare in lecto
meo. Tantum tolle moras,
jungeque properata fœdera:
sic amor, qui nunc sævit
mihi, parcat tibi. Ego sup-
plex humilisque non dedig-
nor precari. Heu! ubi
nunc fastus, verbaque alta
jacent? Fui certa, et pug-
nare diu, nec summittere
me culpa; si amor habere-
ret quid certi. Vincta pre-
cor, tendoque regalia bra-
ebia tuis genibus; ullus
amans non vidit quid de-
ceat. Depudit, pudorque
profugus relinquit sua fig-
na. Da veniam fassæ, do-
maque dura corda. Quo
mihi quod genitor sit Mi-
nos, qui possidet æquora?
quod fulmina veniant tor-
ta manu proavi? quod sit
avus vallatus quod ad
frontem acutis radiis, qui
mouet tepidum diem purpu-
reo axe? Nobilitas jacet
sub amore. Miserere prio-
rum: et si non vis parcere
mihi, parce meis. Crete insula Jovis, est mihi dotalis tellus. Tota regia serviat Hippolyto
meo.*

Jupiter esse pium statuit, quodcunque juvaret:
Et fas omne facit fratre marita soror.

Illa coit firmâ generis junctura catenâ, 135

Imposuit nodos cui Venus ipsa suos.

Nec labor est; celare licet. pete munus ab
illâ:

Cognato poterit nomine culpa tegi.

Viderit amplexos aliquis; laudabimur ambo.

Dicar privigno fida noverca meo. 140

Non tibi per tenebras duri referenda mariti

Janua, non custos decipiendus erit.

Ut tenuit domus una duos, domus una tenebit.

Oscula aperta dabas, oscula aperta dabis.

Tutus eris mecum, laudémque merebere
culpâ; 145

Tu licet in lecto conspiciare meo.

Tolle moras tantum, properatâque fœdera junges.

Qui mihi nunc sævit, sic tibi parcat Amor.

Non ego dedignor supplex humilisque precari.

Heu! ubi nunc fastus, altâque verba ja-
cent? 150

Et pugnare diu, nec me summittere culpâ,

Certa fui: certi si quid haberet Amor.

Vincta precor, genibusque tuis regalia tendo

Brachia. quid deceat, non videt ullus amans.

Depudit, profugusque pudor sua signa relin-
quit. 155

Da veniam fassæ, durâque corda doma.

Quò mihi, quòd genitor, qui possidet æquora,
Minos?

Quòd veniant proavi fulmina torta manu?

Quòd sit avus, radiis frontem vallatus acutis,

Purpureo tepidum qui movet axe diem? 160

Nobilitas sub Amore jacet. miserere priorum:

Et, mihi si non vis parcere, parce meis.

Est mihi dotalis tellus Jovis insula Crete.

Serviat Hippolyto regia tota meo.

Flecte

NOTES.

preme Command. The memorable Friend-
ship between Theseus and Pirithous has been
taken Notice of before.

117. Prima. After mentioning the In-

juries done to herself, viz. his killing the
Minotaur her Brother, and deserting her
Sister Ariadne; she observes, that the
Wrongs done to Hippolytus deserv'd equally
to

Pleasure the Test of Piety, and given us an Example in wedding his own Sister. That Tye of Blood is firmest, which is strengthened by the Bonds of Venus. 'Twill be an easy Matter to conceal it, the Name of Relation will justify our Freedoms. Whoever sees our mutual Embraces will praise us; I'll be thought a Step-Mother, tender of my Husband's Son. No stubborn Gates are to be forc'd open in the Night; no watchful Keeper to be deceiv'd. One House serv'd us both, one House will still serve us. You carest'd me openly, and may do so still. Here you will be in safety; and our Freedoms, far from exposing us to Blame, will gain us Praise. Only banish Delay, and hasten to consummate our mutual Loves; so may the Tyrant that rages in my Breast, prove gentle to you. I submit to address you by Prayers and Entreaties; where is now my Pride and wonted Boasts? I had resolv'd to hold out long, and not easily yield to a Crime, were Love capable of any steady Resolution. But subdued by its Power, I turn to Prayers, and with my Royal Hands suppliant clasp your Knees: Lovers, alas! are seldom awed by a Sense of Decency: Shame and Modesty are fled. Think favourably of my fond Confession, and pity my Sufferings. What though my Father holds the Empire of the Seas, and my Great Grandfire darts the rapid Thunder? What tho' my Grandfather, crown'd with pointed Rays, guides the resplendent Chariot of the Day? Nobility gives place to Love; have some Regard to my Race, and if you undervalue me, yet shew Respect to them. The famous Island of Crete falls by Inheritance to me, here shall my Hippolytus reign supreme. Conquer that stubborn Soul. My Mother

NOTES.

to be resent'd, He had for his Mother *Hippolyte*, Queen of the *Amazons*, whom *Theseus* cruelly murdered: She had not been received as a lawful Wife, by which he was excluded the Succession; and as if all that had not been sufficient, to remove him yet farther from the Throne, and cut off all Hopes of Rule, he had given him Brothers.

126. *Viscera rupta forent.* *Hubertinus*, without Dispute, one of the best Commentators upon *Ovid*, is of Opinion that *Phædra's* Prayer here is directed against herself, and that she wishes she had rather died in Labour, than brought Children into the World to his hurt. But from her manner of introducing the Prayer, there is Reason to think that by *Viscera* she means the Child, whom she could rather wish to have been suffocated in the Birth, than to live and prove an after Obstacle to *Hippolytus's* Greatness.

135. *Illa exit.* Her Meaning is, that Nearness of Blood and every other Relation, ought to be no Hindrance in Matters of Love. And this she urges, that she might remove any Scruple *Hippolytus* might be under of defiling his Father's Bed.

157. *Genitor qui possidet aquora.* A Father who is King of *Crete*, and all the neighbouring Islands; whose Fleets traverse the wide Seas.

158. *Proavi.* *Jupiter* was *Phædra's* Grandfather by the Father's side, but by the Mother's side he was her Great Grandfather. For she was the Daughter of *Pasiphae*, the Daughter of *Sol*, whose Father was *Jupiter*.

159. *Avus vallatus.* *Vallatus*, *circum-datus*, *quasi wallis armatus*: qui etiam *pesti-nes* dicuntur; And by *Lucretius*, *Lucida vela dici*. This way of speaking, frequent in *Ovid*, has been also imitated by other Poets. Thus *Silius Italicus*, Book IV.

*Flecte animos feros; mater
potuit corrumpere taurum.
Eris ipse sævior tauro tui
ei? Oio per Venerem, quæ
est plurima mecum, ut par-
cas: sic nunquam ames
puellam quæ possit sper-
nere te. Sic Dea agilis
adfit tibi secretis saltibus,
sylvaque alta præbeat
feras perdendas. Sic Sa-
tyri, Panesque numina mon-
tana faveant: et oper-
fusus adversa cuspide ca-
dat. Sic Nymphæ (quam-
vis dicis edisse puellis)
dent tibi undam, quæ un-
da levet arentem sitim.
Addimus lacrymas quoque
his precibus: perlegis ver-
ba precantis, finge te et videre meas lacrymas.*

Flecte feros animos. potuit corrumpere tau-
rum 165

Mater. eris tauro sævior ipse truci?

Per Venerem parcas oro, quæ plurima mecum
est:

Sic nunquam, quæ te spernere possit, ames.

Sic tibi secretis agilis Dea saltibus adfit,

Sylvæque perdendas præbeat alta feras. 170

Sic faveant Satyri, montanæque numina Panes:

Et cadat adversa cuspide fossus aper.

Sic tibi dent Nymphæ (quamvis odisse puellas
Diceris) arentem quæ levet unda sitim.

Addimus his lacrymas precibus quoque: verba
precantis 175

Perlegis, & lacrymas finge videre meas.

NOTES.

Et Galea annoxi vallatur dentibus apri.

And Seneca:

Sæva Tiphphone caput---serpentibus vallata.

160. *Est mihi.* After all other Persua-
sions which the thought might induce Hip-
polytus to yield to her Love, she gives him

the Hopes of a Crown. I will put you in
Possession of Crete, a rich and powerful
Island, where Jupiter himself once reign'd.
Virg. Æneid. III.

*Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula
ponto.*

EPISTOLA V.

OENONE PARIDI.

ORDO.

*Perlegisne? an conjux
nova prohibet? perlege:
ista litera non est facta
manu Mycenææ. Ego Pe-
gasis Oenone, celeberrima
sylvis Phrygiis, læsa, que-
ror de te meo, si ipse finis.*

PERLEGIS? an conjux prohibet nova? per-
lege. non est

Ista Mycenææ littera facta manu.

Pegasis Oenone, Phrygiis celeberrima sylvis,
Læsa queror de te, si finis ipse, meo.

Quia

NOTES.

When Hecuba, the Daughter of Cisseus
and Wife of Priam, was with Child of Pa-
ris, she dreamt that she was brought to Bed
of a burning Torch, which set all Troy in
Flames. Priam terrified at the Presage,
applied to the Oracle; and being told that
he should have a Son who would prove the
Cause of his Country's Ruin, ordered that
the Child as soon as born should be slain.

But Hecuba when she was delivered of him,
unable to shake off the Feelings of a Mo-
ther, delivered him to the King's Shep-
herds, with Orders to bring him up privately.
He when he grew up fell in Love with the
Nymph Oenone, and, as some will have it,
married her. Mean Time Juno, Pallas
and Venus, contending for the Prize of Beau-
ty, occasioned by Discord's throwing among
them

her could even inspire a Bull with Love, and will you be more cruel than a savage Bull? Hear than for Venus's Sake, who is all-powerful with me; so may you never love a scornful Fair. So may swift Diana still attend you in the remote Forests, and the Woods offer you the best Game. So may the Satyrs and Mountain-Gods protect you, and the Boar fall, peirc'd by your quivering Spear. So may the kind Nymphs (though you are said to hate the foster Sex) allay with grateful Streams your burning Thirst. A thousand Tears accompany these Prayers; think while you read over the Words of your Phædra, that you see also the Tears streaming from her Eyes.

NOTES.

176. *Finge*. This last is happily added, and carries in it more Strength than all the former Arguments together, for nothing affects the Mind more strongly, than what is suggested by the Fancy. 'Twas in vain, however, that *Phædra* us'd so many Artifices to seduce a chaste Heart. *Hippolytus* stood out against all her Attempts, and continued indelibly virtuous. Her Love at last chang'd into Hatred, and burning with a Desire of Revenge, she accus'd him to his

Father, as having a Design to force her. He finding his Father inclin'd to believe her, fled. But his Chariot-Horses being frightened by some Sea-Calves, that were by Chance on the Shore, ran towards the Mountains, where his Chariot was dash'd to Pieces, and himself slain. He was afterwards restor'd to Life by *Æsculapius* at *Diana's* Request, and pass'd the Remainder of his Life in *Italy*.

EPISTLE V.

OENONE to PARIS.

MAY I hope you will read this? Or over-awed by your new Bride, must you treat it with Neglect? Read it over, pray: 'tis no threatening Letter sent you from Mycene. The Nymph Oenone, famous in the Phrygian Woods, complains of Injuries received from you, whom I am still fond to call mine, if you permit.

NOTES.

them an Apple, on which was written, *Let it be given to the fairest*: *Jupiter* referr'd the Matter to the Judgment of *Paris*. The Goddesses endeavour'd to gain him by Offers. *Juno* promis'd him a Kingdom; *Pallas* Wisdom; and *Venus* the finest Woman in the World. He at last gave it in Favour of *Venus*, *Paris* being afterwards acknowledged by his Father, and re-

ceiv'd into Favour, sail'd for *Sparta*, where he carried away *Helen* the Wife of *Mene-laüs*. Which *Oenone* hearing of, complains in this Epistle, of his Treachery, and endeavours to persuade him to restore *Helen* to the *Greeks*.

Some Manuscripts have the following Distich prefix'd to this Epistle of *Oenone*.

Nymphæ

Quis Deus opposuit sua numina nostris votis ?
 quod crimen obest mihi
 ne permaneam tua ? quic-
 quid patiare ex merito, est
 ferendum leniter : pœna
 quæ venit indignæ, venit
 dolenda. Nondum eras
 tantus, cum ego Nympha
 edita de magno flumine,
 fui contenta te marito. Tu
 qui nunc es Priamides (re-
 verentia adsit vero) eras
 servus. Ego Nympha tuli
 nubere servo. Sæpe recti
 arbore requievimus inter
 greges, herbaque mista cum
 foliis præbuit torum, Sæpe
 sana pruina defensa est
 nobis jacentibus super stra-
 men, sænæque alto, humili
 casa. Quis monstrabat tibi
 saltus aptos venatibus, et
 qua rupe fera tegeret suos
 catulos ? sæpe comes te-
 nendi retia distincta macu-
 lis. Sæpe egi canes citos
 per longa juga. Fagi in-
 cise a te servant mea no-
 mina, et ego Oenone legor
 notata tua falce. Et
 quantum trunci crescunt,
 tantum mea nomina cres-
 cunt ; crescite, et surgite
 recta in meos titulos. Est
 populus (memini) consita
 fluviali ripa, in qua litera
 est scripta memor nostri.
 Vive, precor, O popule,
 quæ consita margine ripæ,
 habes hoc carmen in tuo
 rugoso cortice : cum Paris
 poteris spirare Oenone re-
 licta, aqua Xanthi ver-
 sa recurret ad fontem.
 Xanthe, propere retro ;
 lymphæque versæ recurrunt.
 Paris sustinet deseruisse
 Oenonen. Illa dies dixit
 fatum mihi miseræ : pesti-
 ma hyems mutati amoris cæpit
 ab illa, qua Venus, et Juno,
 Minervæque decentior armis
 sumptis, venit nuda in tuum arbitrium.

Quis Deus opposuit nostris sua numina votis ?
 Ne tua permaneam, quod mihi crimen obest ?
 Leniter, ex merito quicquid patiare, ferendum
 est :

Quæ venit indignæ pœna, dolenda venit.
 Nondum tantus eras, cum, te contenta marito,
 Edita de magno flumine Nympha fui. 10

Qui nunc Priamides, (adsit reverentia verò)
 Servus eras. servo nubere Nympha tuli.
 Sæpe greges inter requievimus arbore tecti ;
 Mistæque cum foliis præbuit herba torum.
 Sæpe super stramen sænæque jacentibus alto 15
 Defensa est humili cana pruina casâ.

Quis tibi monstrabat saltus venatibus aptos ;
 Et tegeret catulos quâ fera rupe suos ?
 Retia sæpe comes maculis distincta tetendi ;
 Sæpe citos egi per juga longa canes. 20
 Incisæ servant à te mea nomina fagi :
 Et legor Oenone falce notata tuâ.

Et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina cres-
 cunt :

Crescite, & in titulos surgite recta meos.
 Populus est (memini) fluviali consita ripâ, 25
 Est in qua nostri littera scripta memor.

Popule, vive precor, quæ consita margine ripæ
 Hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes :

Cum Paris Oenone poterit spirare relicta,
 Ad fontem Xanthi versa recurret aqua. 30

Xanthe, retro propere ; versæque recurrite lym-
 phæ.

Sustinet Oenonen deseruisse Paris.
 Illa dies fatum miseræ mihi dixit : ab illâ

Pessima mutati cœpit amoris hyems ;
 Quâ Venus & Juno, sumtisque decentior ar-
 mis 35

Venit in arbitrium nuda Minerva tuum.

Attoniti

N O T E S.

Nympha suo Paridi (quamvis meus esse
 recuses)

Mittit ab Idæis verba legenda jugis.

The Nymph Oenone sends to her Paris,
 (though unwilling to own himself mine)

" desiring him to read this Epistle from the
 " Summits of Ida."

But this is with good Reason rejected by
 others as spurious.

mit. What God opposes himself to my Wishes? What Crime have I committed, that I no longer remain possess'd of your Love? Where we suffer deservedly, we ought to bear it with Patience, but unmerited Calamities sit heavy upon us. You was yet but in low Circumstances, when I, a Nymph sprung from a mighty River, was contented to receive you for my Husband. Tho' now the Son of Priam, (excuse my Freedom) you was then no more than a Slave: Nor did I disdain to wed you even in that meanest Rank. Oft under the Shade of a Tree, have we quietly sat down amidst the Flocks; where the Ground strow'd with Leaves afforded a pleasant Couch. Oft in our lowly Cottage, secure from Hail and freezing Winds, have we contentedly reposed on Straw or a Bed of Hay. Who shew'd you the Forests best stock'd with Game; or pointed out the rocky Caverns where the savage Dam conceal'd her Young? A constant Companion of your Toils, I often spread the knotted Net, and chear'd your sweeping Hounds along the Mountain's Brow. The Beeches still preserve my Name carv'd by your Hand; and *Oenone*, the Work of your Pruning-Knife, is read upon their Bark: And as the Trunks increase, the Letters still dilate, grow on, and rise as Testimonies of my just Claim. There grows a Poplar (I remember it) by the River's Side, on which is carv'd the Motto of our Love. Flourish thou Poplar, fed by the bordering Stream, whose furrow'd Bark bears this Inscription: *Sooner shall Xanthus hasten back to his Source, than Paris be able to live without his Oenone.* Xanthus flow backwards; backward flow ye Streams! Paris still lives, tho' faithless to his Oenone. My Misfortunes began from that unhappy Day, in which Venus, Juno, and Minerva (most graceful when clad in shining Armour) made you Judge of the Prize of Beauty. 'Twas then

NOTES.

2. *Mycenæa*. Written by the Hand of your injur'd Enemy. *Mycenæ* was a City of *Peloponnesus*, the Country of *Menelaus* and *Agamemnon*.

3. *Pegasis Oenone*. She was Daughter of the River *Cebrenis*, according to *Apollodorus*, or, as others will have it, of *Xanthus*, both Rivers of *Troas*, and consequently a *Naiad*, who were by the *Greeks* call'd *Pegasises*, and Nymphs of the Fountains. The *Muses* also went under the same Name, because they were Worshippers of Fountains. *ἄρδ τις πηγῆς*, a Fountain.

21. *Incise servant*. *Paris* and *Oenone* are here represented as having led a Shepherd's Life, and been Partners in rural Diversions and Pleasures. No State is sifter

for Love than this, nor has any afforded finer or more affecting Images of it. Here we meet with plain simple Nature, and Passion without Art. *Oenone* reminds *Paris* of those once agreeable Scenes, when they were Sharers in the same Amusements, when he had indulg'd his Poetick Veil in her Praise, and carv'd her Name on the Barks of Trees. If a Remembrance of these soft Moments were unable to recall his wandering Affection, she might despair of Success in any other Way.

29. *Cum Paris Oenone*. This whole Account is wonderfully simple and moving. The Reader finds himself deeply engag'd for *Oenone*. He is full of Concern at her hard Fate, and pities her Distress. A Poet who

Ut mihi narraſti, attoniti
 ſinus micuere, geliduſque
 tremor cucurrit per dura
 oſſa. Conſului (neque enim
 terrebar modice) anuſque
 ſeneſque longævoſ: conſtitit
 eſſe neſas. Abies eſt cæſa,
 trabeſque ſunt ſectæ, et,
 claſſe parata, unda cæru-
 la accipit ceratas rates. Di-
 ſcedens ſeſti: parce ſaltem
 negare hoc; iſte amor ma-
 gis pudendus eſt præterito.
 Et ſeſti, et viaſti noſtros
 ocellos mei ſtentis; uter-
 que mœſtus miſcuimus ſuas
 lacrymas. Uſum non ſic
 vincitur appoſitis vitibus,
 ut tua brachia ſunt nexa
 meo collo. Ab quoties co-
 mites riſerunt, cum quere-
 rare te teneri vento! ille
 erat ſecundus. Quoties de-
 diſti repetita oſcula mihi
 dimiſſæ! quam lingua vix
 ſuſtinuit dicere vale! Au-
 ra levis ſuſcitât lintea pen-
 dentia rigido malo, et a-
 qua eruta remis canet. In-
 felix proſequor oculis qua
 licet obeuntia vela; et a-
 rena humet meis lacrymis.
 Oroque virides Nereidas,
 ut venias celer; ſcilicet
 ut venias celer in mea dam-
 na. Ergone tu rediture
 meis votis, rediſti alii?
 Hei mihi, fui blanda pro
 dira pellice! Moles nativa
 aſpicit immenſum præfun-
 dum; fuit mons: illa reſi-
 ſtit aquis æquoreis. Hinc
 ego prima cognovi vela tuæ carinæ;
 et fuit mihi impetus ire per fluctus.
 Dum moror præ-
 pura fulſit mihi in ſumma præra.

Attoniti micuere ſinus, gelidûſque cucurrit,
 Ut mihi narraſti, dura per oſſa tremor.
 Conſului (neque enim modicè terrebar) anuſque,
 Longævôſque ſenes: conſtitit eſſe neſas. 40
 Cæſa abies, ſectæque trabeſ, &, claſſe paratâ,
 Cæruſa ceratas accipit unda rates.
 Flēſti diſcedens: hoc ſaltem parce negare.
 Præterito magis eſt iſte pudendus amor.
 Et flēſti, & noſtros vidisti ſtentis ocellos.
 Miſcuimus lacrymas mœſtus uterque ſuas.
 Non ſic appoſitis vincitur vitibus ulmus,
 Ut tua ſunt collo brachia nexa meo.
 Ah quoties, cū te vento quererere teneri,
 Riſerunt comites! ille ſecundus erat. 50
 Oſcula dimiſſæ quoties repetita dediſti!
 Quàm vix ſuſtinuit dicere lingua, Vale!
 Aura levis rigido pendentia lintea malo
 Suſcitât; & remis eruta canet aqua.
 Proſequor infelix oculis abeuntia vela, 55
 Quâ licet; & lacrymis humet arena meis.
 Utque celer venias, virides Nereides oro;
 Scilicet ut venias in mea damna celer.
 Votis ergo meis, alii rediture, rediſti?
 Hei mihi, pro dirâ pellice blanda fui! 60
 Aſpicit immenſum moles nativa profundum;
 Mons fuit: æquoreis illa reſiſtit aquis.
 Hinc ego vela tuæ cognovi prima carinæ:
 Et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fuit.
 Dum moror, in ſummâ fulſit mihi purpura
 præra. 65

Pertinui:

NOTES.

who thus knows how to move the Paſſions and engage our Attention, is Maſter of his Subject, and cannot fail of being well receiv'd.

35. *Quo Venus et Juno.* The Story here alluded to, is one of the moſt remarkable in Antiquity, as it gave Riſe to a Series of Events, the greateſt handed down to us by Hiſtory. To this ſeemingly ſmall Beginning, was owing the Rape of Helen, the Confederacy of the Greeks, the Overthrow of Troy, at that Time the Metropolis of Aſia; and the Diſperſion of the victorious

Fleet, whence ſo many Grecian Colonies were planted in different Parts of the World. The Story itſelf was thus. The Gods and Goddeſſes being invited to the Marriage of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, *Diſcord* only was overlook'd. The Goddeſs enrag'd at the Neglect, waited for an Opportunity of Revenge. With this View, while *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Venus* and *Pallas* were ſitting together, ſhe threw an Apple amongſt them, on which was written, *Let it be given to the Faireſt*. Upon this a Diſpute aroſe, which of the three Goddeſſes had the juſt

then that a black Storm o'ercast my former Peace. My Heart fail'd while you repeated the fatal Tale, and a cold Trembling shot through all my Bones. I acquainted the aged Matrons and Sages with my just Fears, who all agreed that some Misfortune was nigh. Trees are cut down, Ships are built, and the Sea-green Waves bear up your well-appointed Fleet. When about to depart, you melted into Tears; this at least you need not be ashamed to own; the present Love is far more guilty than the past. You wept, and was a Witness to my melting Grief; the mingled Tears spoke our mutual Sadness. You clasp'd your Arms round my Neck, more close than the curling Vines embrace the tow'ring Elm. How did your Companions smile, when you complained of the unfriendly Winds! They favour'd, *but Love detain'd you*. How often at parting did you repeat the ardent Kisses; while your Tongue was scarce able to utter a last *Farewel!* A propitious Gale swells your Sails bellying from the rigid Masts; and the Sea foams after the repeated Strokes of the Oars. I pursue the lessening Canvas with my hapless Eyes, and water the Sands with my Tears. I implore the Nereids for your speedy Return: A speedy Return indeed to my Sorrow. Have then my Prayers brought you back only for the Sake of another; and have I solicited Heaven in behalf of an injurious Harlot? A vast high Rock form'd by Nature overlooks the boundless Sea. This Precipice opposes itself to the beating Waves. Hence I first spied your *swelling* Sails, and hardly could forbear plunging into the Deep. As I waited with Impatience for your Arrival, I discern'd upon the Deck a purple Garment; this made me

N O T E S.

est Pretension to the Prize; for as it is natural to be partial in our own Cause, each maintain'd that it could belong only to her. *Jupiter* unwilling to decide in a Matter so nice and intricate, as foreseeing that to whichsoever it was adjudg'd, he must incur the Displeasure of the other two, refer'd them to the Determination of *Paris*. *Paris*, who had been bred up among *Priam's* Shepherds, was at that Time tending the Flocks on Mount *Ida*. Thither the Goddesses repair, and as they were eagerly bent upon the Prize, endeavour each to gain him by large Offers. *Juno* promis'd him a Kingdom; *Pallas* Wisdom and Prudence; and *Venus* the finest Woman in the World. *Paris* gave Sentence in Favour of *Venus*, either from a Regard to Justice, or because her Promises best suited his Temper. Soon after he was acknowledg'd by *Priam*, and being sent Ambassador to *Sparta*, was re-

ceiv'd in a hospitable and friendly Manner by *Menelaus* the King. Being afterwards taken with the Beauty of *Helen*, and having gain'd her by his Artifices and Sollicitations, he perfidiously carried her off, while her Husband *Menelaus* was at *Crete*. This gave Rise to the Trojan War, and all the memorable Events that followed upon it, in which the Gods and Goddesses bore so large a share. *Oenone* therefore had just Reason to complain of this fatal Day, because to it was chiefly owing that she soon afterwards lost her Husband.

74. *Illinc bas lacrymas*. *Ovid* succeeds admirably in describing the softer Passions; he paints always according to Life and Nature. In the first Transports of Grief, we open ourselves to every Person we meet, and are apt to fancy they will take Part in our Sorrows. Afterwards finding little Relief here,

Pertimui: ille non erat tuus cultus. Ratis fit propior, attigitque terras cita aura: vidi tremente corde fœmineas genas. Id non fuerat satis; (quid enim morabar furiosa?) turpis amica hærebāt tuo gremio. Tunc vero rupique sinus et planxi pectora, et secui madidas ungue rigente genas; implevique sacram querulis ululatibus Iden. Illinc tui has lacrymas in mea saxa. Sic Helene doleat, desertaque conjuge ploret; Quæque prior nobis intulit, ipsa ferat. Nunc tibi conveniunt, quæ te per aperta sequantur Æquora, legitimos destituantque viros. At cum pauper eras, armentaque pastor agebas, Nulla, nisi Oenone, pauperis uxor erat. 80 Non ego miror opes, nec me tua regia tangit, Nec de tot Priami dicar ut una nurus. Non tamen ut Priamus Nymphæ focer esse recuset; Aut Hecubæ fuerim dissimulanda nurus. Dignaque sum, & cupio fieri matrona potentis. 85 Sunt mihi, quas possint sceptrā decere, manus. Nec me, fagineâ quod tecum fronde jacebam, Despice: purpureo sum magis apta toro. Denique, tutus amor meus est tibi. nulla bella parantur, nec unda advehit ultrices rates. Tyndaris fugitiva repositur infestis armis, venit superba in tuos thalamos hac dote. Quæ, si sit reddenda Danaï, rogat vel Hectora fratrem, vel Polydamanta cum Deiphobo.

Pertimui: cultus non erat ille tuus. Fit propior, terrâsque citâ ratis attigit aurâ: Fœmineas vidi corde tremente genas. Non satis id fuerat: quid enim furiosa morabar! Hærebāt gremio turpis amica tuo. 70 Tunc verò rupique sinus, & pectora planxi, Et secui madidas ungue rigente genas; Implevique sacram querulis ululatibus Iden. Illinc has lacrymas in mea saxa tuli. Sic Helene doleat, desertaque conjuge ploret; 75 Quæque prior nobis intulit, ipsa ferat. Nunc tibi conveniunt, quæ te per aperta sequantur Æquora, legitimos destituantque viros. At cum pauper eras, armentaque pastor agebas, Nulla, nisi Oenone, pauperis uxor erat. 80 Non ego miror opes, nec me tua regia tangit, Nec de tot Priami dicar ut una nurus. Non tamen ut Priamus Nymphæ focer esse recuset; Aut Hecubæ fuerim dissimulanda nurus. Dignaque sum, & cupio fieri matrona potentis. 85 Sunt mihi, quas possint sceptrā decere, manus. Nec me, fagineâ quod tecum fronde jacebam, Despice: purpureo sum magis apta toro. Denique, tutus amor meus est tibi. nulla parantur Bella, nec ultrices advehit unda rates. 90 Tyndaris infestis fugitiva repositur armis. Hæc venit in thalamos dote superba tuos. Quæ si sit Danaï reddenda, vel Hectora fratrem, Vel cum Deiphobo Polydamanta roga.

Quid

NOTES.

we retire to Woods and Deserts, and indulge our Melancholy in gloomy Solitude.

77. *Quæ te per aperta sequantur.* The Meaning is: *Nunc conveniunt tibi quæ non dubitent alto et procelloso mari sese committere: Conveniunt tibi may either mean veniunt tecum, or placent tibi.* I prefer the latter, as abundantly more Poetical, and having a finer Effect. She means to reproach him with his Levity, and being taken with vain Titles, and a pretended Affection that counterfeits to follow through all Dangers.

83. *Non tamen ut Priamus.* The Particle *ut* here is very emphatical, and cannot

well be understood without a Paraphrase. Take it thus. *Quod ego non moveor regia tua, nec magnificis titulis, causam non debet prebere ut Priamus nolit mihi esse focer, nam Nympha sum.* "Though I look with Indifference upon your Rank and Title; yet there is no Reason that Priam should refuse me for his Daughter-in-Law, seeing that I am a Nymph." This she adds, that he might not think her Contempt of these Things proceeded from a rustick Ignorance.

84. *Aut Hecubæ.* Hecuba the Wife of Priam, and Mother to Paris.

91. *Tyndaris*

me tremble, well knowing that it was not your Dress. The Ship drew near, and urg'd by a favourable Gale reach'd the Land; when with a throbbing Heart I spy'd my hated Rival: Nay more, (why delay'd I to leap into the Sea?) her Head refted upon your Bosom. At this I tore my Hair and beat my Breast, and, urg'd by Despair, scratch'd my Face with my inhuman Nails. Ida's sacred Groves resounded with my mournful Complaints; thence I bore them to those Caves conscious of our former Love. So may Helen also complain, and mourn like me a faithless Spouse; may she too taste of those Sorrows, which on her Account I now so severely feel. You are at present charm'd with one who forsakes her lawful Husband, and follows you over the wide Sea. But when a poor Shepherd, you tended your little Flock, then Oenone only made you an Offer of her Bed. I have no Eye to your Riches, nor am I mov'd by your stately Palace. I have no Ambition to be number'd among the Daughters of potent Priam. Yet Priam needs not be ashamed to own himself the Father-in-Law of a Nymph; nor needs Hecuba dissemble that I am her Daughter. I merit, and covet to become the Consort of a powerful Prince, nor would a regal Scepter ill become my Hands. 'Tis no Dishonour to have lain with you upon the new-fallen Leaves, I am the more fit to ascend a Bed of State. Add that you are safe in my Love, no Wars threaten you, no revengeful Ships plow the Waves. Fugitive Helen is demanded back by hostile Arms, and sees with Pride that a War must be her Dowry. Ask of Hector your Brother, Polydamas or Deiphobus, whether she ought to be restor'd. Consult with sage Antenor,

N O T E S.

91. *Tyndaris*. Helen the Daughter of *Tyndarus* and *Leda*. But her real Father, if we credit the Fable, was *Jupiter*.

94. *Vel cum Deiphobo*. *Deiphobus* was one of the Sons of *Priam*, and of remarkable Strength. He was yet found not an equal Match for *Paris*, in a Contest that happened between them, while this latter was only a Shepherd's Servant, and not known to be the Son of *Priam*. He was afterwards upon the Death of his Brother *Paris*, married to *Helen*, who betray'd and delivered him up to the *Greeks*.

1b. *Polydamanta*. *Polydamas* one of the Trojan Grantees, who bore a considerable Rank in the Court of *Priam*.

95. *Antenor*. A Trojan Chief of great Authority. He disapprov'd much of the Proceedings of the *Trojans*, and strongly counsell'd to restore *Helen* and put an End to the War. After the Overthrow of that

unhappy City, he was suffer'd by the *Greeks* to depart with a Colony of his Countrymen, whom he conducted into *Italy*, and there settled.

99. *Lacænam*. *Helen*, whose Husband *Menelaus* reign'd at *Sparta* in *Laconia*. From the Masculine *Lacon*, comes the Feminine *Lacæna*, and the Adjective *Laconicus*, &c.

101. *Minor Atreides*. *Menelaus* the Son of *Atreus*, and younger Brother to *Agamemnon*.

102. *Felix Andromache*. The Daughter of *Hecion*, and Wife to *Hector*. *Oenone* here proposes *Hector* and *Andromache*, as an Instance of Conjugal Happiness. She thinks her Affection merited an equal Return, and mentions *Hector* as an Example to copy after.

113. *Hec tua, Cassandra* the Sister of *Paris*. *Apollo* fell in Love with her, and

Consule quid gravis Antenor, quid ipse Priamus suadeat; quis longa ætas fuit magistra. Turpe rudimentum est, præponere raptam patriæ; causa tua est pudenda, vir movet iusta arma. Nec, si sapias, promitte Lacænam fore fidam tibi, quæ tam cito versa sit in tuos amplexos. Ut minor Atrides clamat fœdera temerati læti, et læsus externo amore dolet; ita tu quoque clamabis. Pudicitia læsa, est reparabilis nulla arte; illa deperit tantum semel. Ardet amore tui, sic et amavit Menelaon. Ille credulus nunc jacet in toro viduo. Andromache felix est bene nupta certo marito; sui habenda uxor ad exemplum fratris. Tu levior es foliis, tunc cum facta arida, volant mobilibus ventis, sine pondere succi. Pondus in te minus est quam in summa arista, quæ levis, et usta assiduis solibus riget. Tua germana (nam nunc recolo) quondam canelat hoc, sic vaticinata mihi diffusis comis: Quid facis Oenone? quid mandas semina arenæ? Aras littora bubus non profecturis.

Juvenca Graia venit, quæ perdat te, patriamque domumque: io prohibe; juvenca Graia venit. Dii, dum licet, mergite obscenam puppim ponto. Heu quantum Phrygii sanguinis illa puppisvebit! Dixerat. Famula rapere furem in cursu. At flaventes comæ diriguere mihi. Ab, fuisti nimium vera vates mihi

miseræ! En illo juvenca possidet meos saltus. Quamvis sit insignis facie certe est adultera; capta hospite, deseruit patrios Deos. Theseus (nisi fallor nomine) nescio quis Theseus abstulit illam ante de sua patria. An credatur redita virgo a juvene et cupido?

Quid gravis Antenor, Priamus quid suadeat ipse, Consule; quis ætas longa magistra fuit. 96

Turpe rudimentum, patriæ præponere raptam.

Causa pudenda tua est; iusta vir arma movet.

Nec tibi, si sapias, fidam promitte Lacænam,

Quæ sit in amplexus tam citò versa tuos. 100

Ut minor Atrides temerati fœdera læti

Clamat, & externo læsus amore dolet;

Tu quoque clamabis. Nulla reparabilis arte

Læsa pudicitia est: deperit illa semel.

Ardet amore tui: sic & Menelaon amavit. 105

Nunc jacet in viduo credulus ille toro.

Felix Andromache, certo bene nupta marito!

Uxor ad exemplum fratris habenda fui.

Tu levior foliis, tunc cum, sine pondere succi,

Mobilibus ventis arida facta cadunt. 110

Et minus est in te, quam summâ pondus aristâ,

Quæ levis assiduis solibus usta riget.

Hoc tua (nam recolo) quondam germana canebat,

Sic mihi diffusis vaticinata comis:

Quid facis, Oenone? quid arenæ semina mandas?

Non profecturis littora bubus aras. 116

Graja juvenca venit, quæ te, patriamque, domumque

Perdat. io prohibe; Graja juvenca venit.

Dum licet, obscenam ponto, Dii, mergite puppim.

Heu quantum Phrygii sanguinis illa vehit! 120

Dixerat. in cursu famula rapere furem.

At mihi flaventes diriguere comæ.

Ah nimium vates miseræ mihi vera fuisti!

Possidet en saltus illa juvenca meos.

Sit facie quamvis insignis, adultera certè est. 125

Deseruit socios hospite capta Deos.

Illam de patriâ Theseus, (nisi nomine fallor)

Nescio quis Theseus, abstulit antè suâ.

A juvene & cupido credatur reddita virgo?

Unde

NOTES.

upon a Promise that she would yield to his Desires, conferr'd upon her the Gift of Prophecy. But finding himself afterwards eluded, and unable to recall what he had

once granted; he render'd the Gift ineffectual, by adding this to it, that no Credit should be given to her Prophecies. Oenone now reflects upon that Fatality, by which she

Antenor, and your aged Sire Priam, whom Years and long Experience have taught Wisdom. 'Tis scandalous to prefer a Mistress to your native Country. You engage in a shameful Cause: Her Husband raises a just War against you. Nor flatter yourself that this Lacedemonian will long prove constant, she who was so easily entic'd over to your Embraces. As young Atrides complains of his dishonour'd Bed, and mourns the Injury done him by a foreign Love; so shall you also lament in your Turn. Chastity, when once sullied, can never be recovered; one false step ruins it for ever. She now burns for you. Thus she once lov'd Menelaus. He, too easy of Belief, lies now in a forlorn Bed. Happy Andromache, the worthy Consort of a faithful Spouse! My Fidelity merited a like Return from you. You are lighter than withered Leaves, driven by the inconstant Winds; or Stalks of Wheat parch'd by the continual Heat of the Sun. Heretofore your Sister (now I recollect) forewarned me of all, and with her Hair dishevelled, thus prophesied my approaching Fate. *What is it you hope for, Oenone? Why bury you thus your Seed in the Sand? Why plow you up the Shore with unprofitable Steers? The Grecian Heifer comes, fatal to you, to Troy, and our ancient House. She comes. Forbid it Heaven, and now while it may be done, overwhelm the guilty Ship. Alas, how is she fraught with Phrygian Blood!* She said: Her Servants carried her off full of the God. My Hair stood with Fear. Ah, you but too truly foretold my wretched Fate! This Heifer now feeds in my Lawns. Though fair to look upon, she is yet a Whore, whom every Stranger entices from her native Home. Thus Theseus (if I don't mistake the Name) some one Theseus made her a Prize. 'Tis likely, no doubt, that she was restor'd safe and untouch'd by a Youth passionate and fond. If you wonder how I came by

NOTES.

she was so far blinded, as not to hearken to her Predictions.

121. *In cursu famulæ rapuere furem.* In cursu, that is, *antequam vaticinationem suam absolvisset, dum adhuc loqueretur.* Before she had finished her Predictions: *rapuere*, they carried her off: some say by the Command of Priam; more probably lest she should be too much endanger'd by the violent Agitation she was under.

127. *Theseus nisi nomine.* The Poet artfully makes Oenone speak with Diffidence, and as if uncertain of the Name. But though she brings out one at a Venture, it proves to be the right. *Theseus*, as we learn from Apollodorus and Hyginus, carried off Helen, when she was yet very young, but re-

stor'd her soon after untouch'd, to her Brothers Castor and Pollux.

129. *Credatur.* Oenone fancied by discrediting her Rival to make way for herself. The more faithless Helen, the less Confidence could be put in her, and the more she herself was to be valued, who had prov'd so constant. She insinuates here, that this was not the first Time she had suffered herself to be seduc'd, and that one who had been carried away so often was probably privy to it herself. Whatever she might give out, 'twas very unlikely that one in the Fire of the Youth would restore untouch'd an Object so tempting.

130. *Amor.* Love is very quick-sighted to discern a Change in the Person below'd, and

Quæris unde tam bene compererim hoc? amo. Licet appelles vim, et veles culpam nomine; ipsa quæ est toties rapta, præbuit se rapi. At Oenone manet casta fallenti marito: et ipse poterat falli tuis legibus. Satyri celeres (ego tunc latebam testâ sylvis) turba proterva quæsierunt me rapido pede: Faunusque præcinctus quod ad cornigerum caput acuta pinu, quæsit me in immensis jugis quæ Ida tumet. Munitor Trojæ conspicuus fide amavit me. Ille habet spoliū meâ virginitatis: id quoque luctando: rupi tamen capillos ungue; oraque ejus facta sunt aspera meis digitis. Nec poposci gemmas aurumve pretium stupri: munera turpiter emunt ingenuum corpus. Ipse ratus me dignam, eradidit mibi artes medicas; admisitque meas manus ad sua dona. Quæcumque herba potens ad opem, radixque utilis medendi nascitur in toto orbe, est mea. Heu me miseram, quod amor non est medicabilis verbis! Prudens artis deficior ab mea arte. Ipse repertor opis fertur pavisse vaccas Pheræas, et fuit saucius e nostro igne. Tu potes ferre mibi auxilium quod nec Deus, neque tellus sæcunda creandis graminibus potest ferre. Et potes, et merui. Miserere puellæ dignæ. Ego non fero arma cruenta cum Danaïs. Sed sum tua, siquæ tecum annis puerilibus, et precor esse tua, per quod temporis superest.

Unde hoc compererim tam bene, quæris? amo.
Vim licet appelles, & culpam nomine veles; 131
Quæ toties rapta est, præbuit ipsa rapi.
At manet Oenone fallenti casta marito:
Et poterat falli legibus ipse tuis.
Me Satyri celeres (sylvis ego testâ latebam) 135
Quæsierunt rapido turba proterva pede:
Cornigerumque caput pinu præcinctus acutâ
Faunus, in immensis quæ tumet Ida jugis.
Me fide conspicuus Trojæ munitor amavit.
Ille meâ spoliū virginitatis habet. 140
Id quoque luctando, rupi tamen ungue capillos;
Oræque sunt digitis aspera facta meis.
Nec pretium stupri gemmas aurumve poposci.
Turpiter ingenuum munera corpus emunt.
Ipse, ratus dignam, medicas mihi tradidit artes;
Admisitque meas ad sua dona manus. 146
Quæcumque herba potens ad opem, radixque
medendi
Utilis in toto nascitur orbe, mea est.
Me miseram, quod amor non est medicabilis herbis!
Deficior prudens artis ab arte meâ. 150
Ipse repertor opis vaccas pavisse Pheræas
Fertur, & e nostro saucius igne fuit.
Quod neque graminibus tellus sæcunda creandis,
Nec Deus auxilium, tu mihi ferre potes.
Et potes, & merui. dignæ miserere puellæ. 155
Non ego cum Danaïs arma cruenta fero.
Sed tua sum, tecumque fui puerilibus annis:
Et tua, quod superest temporis, esse precor.

NOTES.

and also puts us upon a thousand Enquiries in relation to whatever concerns him. Hence Virgil: *Quis fallere possit amantem?*

135. *Me Satyri.* To the Perfidy and Inconstancy of Helen, she opposes her own unshaken Chastity. *Pan* and the *Satyri*

by this Story: I love. You may call it Violence, and think to hide her Fault by a specious Name: 'Tis plain one carried off so often, must have contriv'd the Rape. But Oenone continues faithful to a perjur'd Spouse, and yet I might have returned the Injury in kind. I was pursued by the Satyrs, a lustful Crew, and to escape their Violence conceal'd myself in the Woods. Faunus too, adorn'd with Garlands of Pine-Leaves, trac'd me over Ida's swelling Summits. Phœbus the Guardian God of Troy obtain'd at last by Violence, what others had struggled for in vain. I tore his Hair, and left on his Face the Marks of my Rage. Yet I desir'd no sordid Recompence of Jewels or Gold; nor would meanly prostitute my free Charms for Hire. He thought me worthy to be entrusted with the healing Art, and rewarded me with the same Knowledge for which he is himself so fam'd. My Skill reaches to every Herb and healing Root, which the fertile Earth produces. But, unhappy that I am, my Art avails not to my own Cure, nor are Herbs sufficient to heal the Wounds of Love. Even Phœbus the Founder of our Art, fed (we are told) the Herds of Admetus, nor could he withstand the pointed Flames. Not Heaven nor Earth with all its bounteous Store can ease my Pain; 'tis from you alone that I expect Relief. Paris can *relieve*, and I have deserv'd it. Pity a Maid who merits and loves you. My Alliance will bring upon you no dangerous bloody Wars. I am yours, and with you innocently pass'd my infant Years: Heaven grant that what yet remains of Life may be also spent with you.

N O T E S.

pursued her in vain. Even *Apollo* could not obtain her, but after a long Struggle, and bore away the Marks of her Resentment. He is here called *Munitor Trojæ*, because together with *Neptune*, he is said to have rais'd the Walls of *Troy*, for a Reward promised them by *Laomedon*.

151. *Vassas paviſſo Pherææ*. The

Cows of *Admetus* King of *Thessaly*; for *Pheræ* was a City of *Thessaly*. But *Oenone* gives this Story a false Turn, to make it answer her Purpose. It was not Love that reduc'd him to this, but having pierc'd with his Arrows the *Cyclops* who forg'd *Jupiter's* Thunderbolts, he was expell'd Heaven for some Time by the angry God.

EPISTLE

EPISTOLA VI.

HYPsipYLE JASONI.

O R D O.

Diceris tetigisse littora
Thessaliæ reduci carina,
 dives vellere auratæ ovis.
 Gratulor tibi incolumi, quan-
 tum finis. Ego tamen ipsa
 debueram esse certior de
 hoc tuo scripto. Nam po-
 tes non habuisse ventos, ne
 redires cum cuperes, præ-
 ter mea regna pacta tibi.
 Quamlibet adverso vento
 epistola signetur; ego Hyp-
 sipyle sui digna salute missa.
 Cur fama prior quam lit-
 tera venit mihi nuncia bo-
 ves sacros Marti ipse sub
 iuga panda? Segetes adole-
 visse seminibus
 jactis, nonque eguisse tua
 dextra in necem? Draco-
 nem pervigilem servasse
 spoliū pecudis; vellera
 tamen fulva rapta fuisse
 forti tua manu? O si ego
 possem dicere timide creden-
 tibus, ipse scripsit mihi ista,
 quanta forem! Quid queror officium lenti mariti cessasse?
 Si maneo tua, tuli grande obsequium.
 Barbara venefica narratur venisse tecum, recepta in parte tori promissi mibi.

LITTORA *Thessaliæ* reduci tetigisse carinā
 Diceris, auratæ vellere dives ovis.
 Gratulor incolumi, quantum finis. hoc tamen ipsa
 Debueram scripto certior esse tuo.
 Nam, ne pacta tibi præter mea regna redires, 5
 Cum cuperes; ventos non habuisse potes.
 Quamlibet adverso signetur epistola vento;
 Hypsipyle missa digna salute fui.
 Cur mihi fama prior, quam nuncia littera, venit,
 Ipse sacros Marti sub iuga panda boves? 10
 Seminibus jactis segetes adoleſſe virorum,
 Inque necem dextrā non eguisse tuā?
 Pervigilem spoliū pecudis servasse draconem,
 Rapta tamen forti vellera fulva manu?
 O, ego si possem timidè credentibus, ista 15
 Ipse mihi scripsit, dicere, quanta forem!
 Quid queror officium lenti cessasse mariti?
 Obsequium, maneo si tua, grande tuli.
 Barbara narratur venisse venefica tecum,
 In mihi promissi parte recepta tori. 20

Credula

NOTES.

Pelias the Son of *Neptune* being warn'd by an Oracle, that his Death would be near at Hand, when one barefooted came to him as he was sacrificing; it happened that as he was engag'd in the Celebration of some annual sacred Rites, *Jason* the Son of *Æson*, having left his Shoe in the Mud of the River *Anaurus*, and hastening to be present at the Sacrifice, met him. *Pelias* mindful of the Oracle, endeavours to persuade *Jason* to undertake an Expedition to *Colchus*, in order to make himself Master of the *Golden Fleece*, hoping he would never return, because he had heard it was a Work beyond human Power to accomplish. *Jason*, a Youth of great Courage and Magnanimity, readily engag'd in

the Attempt, and having associated with him a great Number of young *Grecian* Noblemen, set sail in the Ship *Argo* from *Thessaly*, and soon after arriv'd at the Isle of *Lemnos*. A little before this, the Women had with common Consent murdered, in one Night, all the Men in the Island. *Hypsipyle* alone, the Daughter of *Tebeas*, had sav'd her Father by the Pretence of having kill'd him, and was at this very Time Queen of the *Lemnians*. She falling in Love with *Jason*, admitted him both to her House and Bed. After continuing here two full Years, his Companions began to urge him to proceed on the promis'd Expedition; he left *Hypsipyle* big with Child, and set sail for *Colchus*. There *Medea* the King's Daughter falling in Love with

EPISTLE VI.

HYPSIPYLE to JASON.

YOU are said to have reach'd the Theſſalian Coaſts in your returning Bark, enrich'd with the Prize of the Golden Fleece. I congratulate your Safety, as far as 'tis permitted me: But I ought to have known of this by a Letter from yourſelf. For though unfavourable Winds might have hindered you from landing in my Kingdom, had you even deſir'd it, yet a Letter might notwithstanding have been ſeal'd and ſent; ſure Hyſſipyle deſerv'd this Teſtimony of your Love. Why was Fame the firſt Meſſenger of your Succeſs? How the Bulls ſacred to the ſtern God of War ſubmitted to the Yoke? How Harveſts of arm'd Men ſprung from the ſowing of the Dragon's Teeth, nor wanted your Right Hand to cut them off? How the yellow fleecy Spoils, though guarded by a vigilant Dragon, were yet a Prey to your valiant Arm? Could I but aſſure thoſe who believe with Diffidence, that all this was confirm'd to me by a Letter from yourſelf; how great were my Happineſs! Why do I complain that my Huſband by ſo long an Abſence has fail'd in the Reſpect he owes me? If your Heart continues mine, I have ſtill all I aſk. You are ſaid to have brought along with you a Barbarian Enchantreſs, and admitted her to ſhare of that Bed you had promiſed to me.

Love

NOTES.

with him, ſhe by her magick Art lull'd aſleep the vigilant Dragon, and tam'd the Brazen-footed Bulls, by which Means he obtain'd the *Golden Fleece*, and leaving *Colchus*, carried off *Medea* alſo, who deſir'd to follow him. *Hyſſipyle*, enrag'd that *Medea* was prefer'd before her, ſends this Letter, congratulating *Jaſon* on his ſafe Return. Afterwards expoſing the Cruelty and Enchantments of *Medea*, ſhe endeavours to bring her into Contempt, and make him ſenſible of her own ſuperior Merit. Laſtly, ſhe loads both him and *Medea* with Imprecations.

2. *Aurata velleris ovis*. The Story of the *Golden Fleece* is well known; it was guarded by a watchful Dragon, and Bra-

zen-footed Bulls, all which Difficulties *Jaſon* ſurmounted by the Help of *Medea* the King's Daughter.

3. *Quantum finis*. For *Jaſon* had prefer'd *Medea* before her, and therefore ſhe had Reaſon to fear that her Congratulation would not be well receiv'd.

6. *Signetur*. Some Criticks remark, that the third Perſon is us'd here with Deſign, and that the Poet makes *Hyſſipyle* out of Indignation avoid to name *Jaſon*. *Seſtrata* acts the ſame Part in *Terence*, and chides one, though preſent, in the third Perſon. Literally: "Let the Wind be as contrary as it will, one's Name is quickly ſet to the Bottom of a Letter."

Amor est res credula, utinam dicar temeraria infimulasse virum falsis criminibus. Nisus Thessalus nuper venerat mihi ab oris Æmonis : et limen erat vix bene tactum : Quid (dixi) agit meus Ælonides ? Ille fixus lumina in opposita bamo, hæsit pudore. Protinus exilui, tunicisque ruptis a pectore ; exclamo vivitne ? an, fata trahunt me quoque ? At, vivit. Coegitque eum timidum jurare mihi. Vita tua vix credita est mihi, Deo teste. Ut animus rediit, coepi requirere tua facta. Narrat boves athenipedes Martis arasse : Vipereos dentes jactos in humum pro semine, et viros subito natos tulisse arma : populos terrigenas peremptos civili Marte, implisse diurna fata sue ætatis. Quærimus iterum si Jason vivat serpente devicto ; spesque, timorque, alternant fidem. Dum narrat singula ; studio cursuque loquendi, detegit vulnera facta ingenio tuo. Heu ! ubi fides potita ? ubi jura connubialia ? saxaque dignior ire sub roges arsfuros ? Ego non sum cognita tibi furtim. Juno pronuba adsuit, et Hymen vincit tempora fertis. At nec Juno, nec Hymen, sed Erinny tristis et sanguinolenta prætulit infaustas faces mihi. Quid erat mihi cum Minyis ? quid cum pinu Trisonide ? O navita Tiphys, quid erat tibi cum mea patria ?

Credula res amor est. utinam temeraria dicar Criminibus falsis infimulasse virum !
Nuper ab Hæmoniis hospes mihi Thessalus oris Venerat ; & tactum vix bene limen erat :
Ælonides, dixi, quid agit meus ? Ille pudore
Hæsit in oppositâ lumina fixus humo.
Protinus exilui ; tunicisque à pectore ruptis,
Vivit ? an, exclamo, me quoque fata trahunt ?
Vivit, ait. timidumque mihi jurare coëgi.
Vix mihi, teste Deo, credita vita tua est. 30
Ut rediit animus, tua facta requirere coepi.
Narrat athenipedes Martis arasse boves :
Vipereos dentes in humum pro semine jactos,
Et subito natos arma tulisse viros :
Terrigenas populos, civili Marte peremptos, 35
Implisse ætatis fata diurna suæ.
Devicto serpente, iterum, si vivat Iason,
Quærimus. alternant spesque timorque fidem.
Singula dum narrat ; studio cursuque loquendi,
Detegit ingenio vulnera facta tuo. 40
Heu ! ubi pacta fides ? ubi connubialia jura ?
Fâxque sub arsfuros dignior ire rogos ?
Non ego sum furtim tibi cognita. pronuba Juno
Adfuit, & fertis tempora vincit Hymen.
At mihi nec Juno, nec Hymen, sed tristis Erinny 45
Prætulit infaustas sanguinolenta faces.
Quid mihi cum Minyis ? quid cum Tritonide pinu ?
Quid tibi cum patriâ, navita Tiphys, meâ ?
Non

NOTES.

10. *Ille sacros Marti.* The Brazen-footed Bulls sacred to Mars, because of their Fierceneſs. Jason was instructed by Medea how to tame them, without which the Golden Fleece could not have been gain'd.

11. *Seminibus jactis.* She means the Teeth of the Dragon, which Jason, having kill'd that Monster, was next oblig'd to sow, whence sprung up two Armies of Men.

12. *Non eguisse.* Jason by the Advice of Medea throwing some Stones amongst them, they turn'd their Arms against and slew each other. Apollodorus however tells us, that

falling into Dissension among themselves, they were all slain by Jason.

13. *Perviligem draconem.* Besides the Brazen-footed Bulls above-mentioned, there was also a Dragon of enormous Bulk that watch'd over this Golden Fleece, and slept neither Day nor Night.

19. *Venefica.* Medea, whom she here calls a Sorceress: Her History is well known. Whatever serv'd to pervert or disturb the Mind, was by the Ancients call'd *venenum*.

23. *Hæmoniis oris.* From the Thessalian Coasts. Thessaly was call'd Hæmonia, according

Love is credulous and full of Fears. Would to Heaven it may be found that I have rashly charg'd my Husband with false Crimes ! A Stranger lately arriv'd here from Theffaly : Scarce had he touch'd the Threshold, but I enquir'd how my Jason was. He overcome with Shame stood silent, and fix'd his Eyes upon the Ground. Impatient, I ran up to him, and in wild *Distraction* tearing his Coat from his Breast : Tell me, cry'd I, does he still live, or has Fate determin'd also to end my Days ? Yes, he lives. Yet hard of Belief, I forc'd him to confirm it by an Oath, and could scarce be convinced even by the Testimony of a God. After recovering from my Surprise, I began to enquire concerning your Exploits. He tells me how the brazen-footed Bulls of Mars turn'd up the furrow'd Plain : That the Teeth of the Dragon were thrown into the Earth for Seed, and that a sudden Crop of arm'd Men sprung up. How these Earth-born Heroes cut off by civil Broils, had fill'd up the short Span of Life allotted them by Fate. Upon hearing of the Serpent overcome, I again ask'd if Jason were still alive ; my Heart beating alternately with Hope and Fear. While he proceeds in recounting one Thing after another, in the Current of his Discourse, he at last discovers the Wounds made in your Heart. Alas ! Where is now your promis'd Faith ? Where are now the Nuptial Ties ? And Hymen's Torch, fitter to have lighted up my Funeral Pile ? I was not known to you by Stealth. Juno was Witness to our Vows ; and Hymen, having his Temples bound with Garlands. But neither Juno nor Hymen, but cruel Erinnys bore in Procession the inauspicious Torch. What had I do with the Argonauts ? What with the Ship of Pallas ? Why did your Pilot Tiphys think of touching at this Coast ? Here was no Ram to

N O T E S.

cording to some from Mount *Hæmus*, according to others from a King nam'd *Æmon*.

25. *Æsonides*. Jason the Son of *Æson*.

30. *Vix mihi, teste Deo*. That is : Though the Stranger by an Oath call'd the Gods to Witness the Truth of what he said. She means by this to make him sensible of her Anxiety and Concern, that could not be satisfied about his Welfare without many and strong Proofs.

36. *Fata diurna*. Because they were cut off the same Day in which they sprung to Life.

45. *Erinnys*. One of the Furies, who were Three in Number ; call'd also *Direæ* and *Eumenides*.

47. *Minyis*. The *Argonauts*, so call'd from the *Minyæ*, a People of *Thessaly*, who followed Jason in that Expedition. They were originally of *Orcomenos*, a Town in *Boeotia*.

Ib. Tritonide pinu. That is, the Ship *Argo*, so call'd from *Pallas* who advis'd and assisted in the building of it. *Pallas* is often mentioned by the Ancients under the Name of *Tritonia*, from the Marsh *Triton* in *Africa*, near to which she was born.

Aries spectabilis villo aureo non erat hic; nec Lemnos erat regia senis Ætæ. Primo, sui certa pellere hospita castra fœminea manu (sed mala fata trahebant me.) Lemniadesque norunt quoque nimium vincere viros. Vita fuit tuenda tam forti milite. Vidi virum urbe, recipique tectis animique, æstasque bis cucurrit hic tibi, hyemsque bis. Erat tertia messis, cum tu coactus dare vela, implesti talia verba tuis lacrymis. Hypsipyle, abstrahor: sed (modo fata dent recursus) abeo hinc tuus vir: et ero semper vir tibi. Tamen quod celatur in gravida alvo e no- vis vivat; et finis uterque parens ejusdem. Hac- tenus: et memini te non potuisse loqui cætera, lacrymis cadentibus in falsa ora. Conscendis ultimus e sociis in sacram Argo. Illa volat: ventus tenet vela concava. Cærule unda subducitur propulsæ carinæ: Terra tibi, aqua aspiciuntur nobis. Patens turris circumspicit undas in omne latus; feror huc; et osque sinisque madent lacrymis. Specto per lacrymas, luminaque nostra faventia menti cupidæ vident longius assueto. Adde castas preces, votaque immissa timori, nunc quoque persolvenda mihi te salvo.

Non erat hic aries villo spectabilis aureo :

Nec senis Ætæ regia Lemnos erat.

Certa fui primò (sed me mala fata trahebant)

Hospita fœminea pellere castra manu.

Lemniadésque viros, nimium quoque, vincere nōrunt.

Milite tam forti vita tuenda fuit.

Urbe virum vidi, tectoque animoque recepi :

Hic tibi bisque æstas, bisque cucurrit hyems.

Tertia messis erat : cum tu, dare vela coactus,

Implēsti lacrymis talia verba tuis :

Abstrahor, Hypsipyle : sed (dent modò fata recursus)

Vir tuus hinc abeo : vir tibi semper ero.

Quod tamen è nobis gravidâ celatur in alvo,

Vivat; & ejusdem finis uterque parens.

Hactenus : &, lacrymis in falsa cadentibus ora,

Cætera te memini non potuisse loqui.

Ultimus è sociis sacram conscendis in Argo.

Illa volat : ventus concava vela tenet.

Cærule propulsæ subducitur unda carinæ :

Terra tibi, nobis aspiciuntur aquæ.

In latus omne patens turris circumspicit undas.

Huc feror; & lacrymis osque sinisque madent.

Per lacrymas specto; cupidæque faventia menti

Longius assueto lumina nostra vident.

Adde preces castas, immistâque vota timori,

Nunc quoque te salvo persolvenda mihi.

Vota

N O T E S.

43. *Tiphys*. *Tiphys* was the Pilot of *Jeson's Ship*. The Poet by making her thus exclaim against Things both animate and inanimate, admirably well expresses her inward Disorder at the fatal Effects of that Expedition.

50. *Ætæ*. This *Æetes* was the Son of *Phæbus*, and Father of *Mædes*. He reign'd at *Colchus*, when *Jeson* went thither in Quest of the *Golden Fleece*. These Complaints are very natural and beautiful. When any Disaster happens to us, we are apt to reflect upon the Train of Circumstances that contributed to it, and murmur that Things should fall out in the Manner they did.

Ib. Lemnos. An Island of the *Ægean Sea*, lying towards the North, where *Hypsipyle* reign'd when *Jeson* touched upon it in his Passage to *Colchus*.

53. *Lemniadesque viros*. *Venus* the Wife of *Vulcan*, being taken in Adultery with *Mars*, in the Isle of *Lemnos*; the Women in sacrificing to the Gods and Goddesses neglected her, for which she infected them with a Disease, that render'd them loathsome to their Husbands, who to avoid them went to the Wars in *Thrace*. This the Wives greatly resenting, form'd a Conspiracy to destroy them, and all the Males at their Return, which they actually put in Execution.

to intice you by his Golden Spoils, nor had *Æetes* his Royal Palace at *Lemnos*. I had determin'd, (but my unhappy Destiny over-rul'd me) to have expell'd the Strangers with a Female Band. The *Lemnian Ladies* have but too too much shown themselves an Overmatch for Men. My Life and Peace ought to have been defended by so trusty a Band. I allow'd *Jason* to enter my City, and admitted him into my House and Heart. Here two Summers and two Winters roll'd away. 'Twas now the third Harvest, when forc'd to unfold the spreading Sails, with Tears in your Eyes you utter'd these soft and tender Words. Alas! I am torn from you *Hyfipyle*; but if Heaven grant me a safe Return; as I depart thine, so will I ever remain thine. The Pledge of our mutual Love that you now carry about in your teeming Womb, cherish and train it up, that it may prove the Darling of its Parents. Thus far you spoke, while the Tears trickling down your deceitful Cheeks, Grief depriv'd you of the Power to proceed. You was the last to ascend the sacred Ship: She flies, and a favourable Wind fills the swelling Sails. The Sea-green Waves recede from before the stemming Prow, your Eyes are fix'd upon the Shore, while mine follow you through the Deep. An adjacent Tower opens a Prospect on all Sides towards the Sea. Thither I bend my Course, my Face and Bosom all bedew'd with Tears. I view you through my Tears, and my Eyes favouring the Eagerness of my Mind, carry forward my Sight beyond its usual Bounds. I address Heaven with chaste Prayers, and timorous Vows. Vows to be perform'd, now that you are safe. Must I then pay Vows for the

N O T E S.

Execution. *Hyfipyle*, however spar'd secretly her Father *Thoas*, and putting him into a Ship he was carried by *Bacchus* into the Island *Thoas*. She in the mean Time pretending that her Father was dead, rais'd a Funeral-Pile in her Palace, as if to celebrate his Obsequies, placing another on it in his Stead.

54. *Vita tuenda fuit*. By *vita* here, we are to understand the Pleasure and Tranquillity of Life, in which Sense the Word is often taken by *Terence*. For *Hyfipyle* does not mean, that she should have destroy'd him and his Companions, but that she should have driven him from the Island, and by that Means have prevented all those Inquietudes and Miseries, which were consequent to the kind Reception she gave him.

65. *Sacram conscendis in Argo*. Sacred, because under the Protection of *Pallas*, by whose Instruction it was built.

67. *Subducitur*. When a Ship driven by the Force of Oars and a brisk Gale sails swiftly; not only the Land, but even the Waves themselves, seem to fly and be drawn from under it.

75. *Vota ego persolvam*? These Words flow from a just Indignation of her Wrongs, which she very pathetically sums up here.

80. *Argolica urbs*. From some *Thessalian* City, for *Thessaly* was also call'd *Argos Pelasgicum*. It may also extend to all Greece, which Latitude we have rather chosen to give it in the Version.

84. *Cantata fave*. The Herbs made Use of in these magick Arts, were some of them

*Ege ne perfolvam vota ?
Medea fructurne iis ipsis
votis ? Cor dolet ; atque
amor mistus ira abundat.
Feram dona temporis quod
perdo Jasona vivum ?
Hostia ista concidat pro
meis damnis ? Equidem
non fui secuta , semperque
verebat ne pater sumeret
norum urbe Argolica . Ti-
mui Argolidas , pellex bar-
bara nocuit mihi . Tuli
vulnus ab hoste non expec-
tata . Nec placet facie
meritisve , sed movit car-
mine : metisque pabula di-
ra falce cantata . Illa ni-
titur deducere reluctantem
Lunam curru , et abdere
equos Solis tenebris . Illa
refrænât aquas , sistitque
obliqua flumina : illa mo-
vet sylvas vivaque saxa
suo loco . Disincta ca-
pillis passis errat per tu-
mulos , colligitque certa ossa
de rogis tepidis . Devovet
absentes , figitque simula-
cra cerea , et urget tenues
acus in miserum jecur . Et
facit multa alia quæ me-
lius nescierim . Amor con-
ciliandus moribus et forma ,
male queritur verbis . An
potes amplecti hanc , re-
lictusque in uno thalamo ,
frui imparvidus somno , si-
lente nocte ? Scilicet coegit
te ferre juga ita ut coegit tauros , mulcetque te quoque eadem ope qua mulcebat feros angues .
Adde quod favet se adscribi factisque tuis , procerumque ; et uxor obest titulo conjugis . At-
que aliquis de partibus Peliae imputat acta venenis , et habet populum qui credat sibi .*

Vota ego perfolvam ? votis Medea fruatur ? 75
Cor dolet ; atque irâ mistus abundat amor.
Dona feram templis , vivum quod Jasona perdo ?
Hostia pro damnis concidat ista meis ?
Non equidem secuta fui ; semperque verebar ,
Ne pater Argolicâ sumeret urbe nurum . 80
Argolidas timui : nocuit mihi barbara pellex .
Non expectatâ vulnus ab hoste tuli .
Nec facie meritivæ placet ; sed carmine movit :
Dirâque cantatâ pabula falce metit .
Illa reluctantem curru deducere Lunam 85
Nititur , & tenebris abdere Solis equos .
Illa refrænât aquas , obliquâque flumina sistit :
Illa loco sylvas , vivâque saxa movet .
Per tumulos errat passis disincta capillis ,
Certâque de tepidis colligit ossa rogis . 90
Devovet absentes , simulacrâque cerea figit ,
Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus .
Et quæ nescierim meliùs . malè quæritur herbis ,
Moribus & formâ conciliandus , amor .
Hanc potes amplecti ? thalamoque relictus in uno
Impavidus somno nocte silente frui ? 96
Scilicet ut tauros , ita te juga ferre coëgit :
Quâque feros angues , te quoque mulcet ope .
Adde , quod adscribi factis procerumque tuisque
Se favet ; & titulo conjugis uxor obest . 100
Atque aliquis Peliae de partibus acta venenis
Imputat , & populum , qui sibi credat , habet .

Non

N O T E S .

them to be pluck'd up by the Roots, and others to be cut with a Knife or Scythe. We learn from *Virgil* of these last, that they were cut with a Brazen Knife in Moonlight.

97. *Scilicet ut tauros*. Let us here admire a little the Artifice and Ingenuity of the Poet, what different Shapes he assumes, and how artfully he makes every Thing serve his Purpose. *Hyppisyle* endeavours here to withdraw *Jason's* Affection from *Medea*. For this Purpose she represents her in such a Light as may create Horror ; she alarms his Fears, and would persuade him that he is not safe to trust himself with her. Lastly, under an Appearance of weakening

her own Arguments, she adds double Strength to them. She insinuates that his Case was desperate, and that he was a mere Slave unable to shake off the Yoke. She knew his generous heroick Temper, and hop'd that to clear himself from such an Imputation, he would try to master that hated Passion.

100. *Se favet*. *Hyppisyle* still goes on with her Attempt against *Medea*. Here she endeavours to raise his Jealousy, and work upon his Passion for Glory. *Medea*, says she, boasts to have had the chief Hand in your Exploits, and carries away all the Honour. The *Pelias* Faction takes Advantage of this, and the ill-natur'd World is but too apt to join them.

103. *Pelias*

the Triumphs of Medea? My Heart yields to Grief, and my Love flames into Rage. Shall I carry Offerings to the Temples, because Jason lives, and lives for another? Are Victims to be slain in Return for my Disappointments? I was indeed always diffident; and dreaded lest your Father should choose him a Daughter-in-Law from some City of Greece. I fear'd the Greeks, but suffer from a Barbarian Harlot, and am wounded from an unexpected Hand. Nor is it her Beauty or Accomplishments that have gain'd you. She holds you by her Enchantments, and cuts the baneful Herbs with a magick Sickle. She endeavours to charm the reluctant Moon from her Orb, and involve the Chariot of the Sun in Darkness. She bridles the Waves, and damns the winding Currents, and removes from their Seats the Woods and hanging Rocks. She wanders through the Tombs with her Hair dishevelled, and collects some certain Bones from the yet smoaking Pyres. Her Witchcraft affects even the absent; she moulds the Images of Wax, and gorges the wretched Liver with torturing Needles. Add a Thousand other magick Artifices, which I am better unacquainted with. Love should be gain'd by Merit and Beauty, not by Herbs and Philtres. How can you receive her into your Embraces, or quietly trust yourself in her treacherous Arms? As formerly the Bulls, so has she forc'd you also to submit to the Yoke, and bound you with the same Fetters, wherewith she before chain'd the Dragons. Add that she boasts to have contributed to your Success, and that of your Companions; and the Fame of the Wife eclipses that of the Husband. Those of the Pelian Faction ascribe all to Sorcery, and the malicious World is but too ready to believe them. It was not Jason,

say

N O T E S.

103. *Phasias Ætine*. Medea of Colchus. For Medea was the Daughter of Æetes, and Phasis was a River of Colchus.

104. *Piræxæ*. So called from *Pbryxus*, the Son of *Arbamas* and *Nephele*. He with his Sister *Helle*, flying from the Cruelty of his Stepmother, came to the *Hellepont*, and ventured to swim over it on the Ram which had the *Golden Fleece*. *Helle* was drown'd, whence these Streights took the Name of *Hellepont*, that is, *Pontus Helles*, the Sea of *Helle*. He himself got safe over to *Colchus*, where as soon as he arriv'd he sacrificed the Ram to *Mars*, and hung up his Spoils in the Temple, where it continued till *Jason* fetch'd it back into *Greece*.

106. *Gelido axe nurus*. *Viz.* from *Colchus*, which is a cold Climate in respect of *Greece*, as lying farther to the North. We are also to consider this as proceeding from Contempt and Disdain, intimating that he had made Choice of a Barbarian. She therefore heightens and exaggerates the Reflection, and reproaches him with taking a Wife from the icy Pole, although *Colchus* was far enough distant from it.

107. *Tanais*. A noted River of *Scythia*, that divides *Europe* from *Asia*. It runs from North to South, and empties itself into the *Palus Mæotis*, call'd now the Sea of *Asof*.

Non Æsonides, sed Ætine Phasias revellit hæc aurea terga Phryxæ ovis. Mater tua Alcimedæ non probat; consule matrem: non pater, cui nurus venit a gelido axe, Illa quærat sibi virum a palatibus Tanai, udæque Scythiæ, et usque a patria Phasidos. Mobilis Æsonide, incertiorque verna aura, cur tua verba carent pollicito pendere? Ieras hinc meus vir, non rediisti inde meus vir. Sim conjux reducit, sicut etiam euntis. Si nobilitas generosæque nomina tangunt te; en ego feror nata Minoo Thoante. Bacchus avus, conjux Bacchi redimita corona, præradiat signa minora suis stellis. Lemnos erit dos tibi, terra ingeniosa colenti: potes habere me quoque inter tales res. Peperi etiam nunc; Jason gratare ambobus: Auctor fecerat onus dulce mihi gravidæ. Felix quoque sum in numero, dedi que prolem gemellam, bina pignora Lucina favente. Si quæris cui sint similes, cognosceris illis: non norunt fallere, habent cætera patris. Quos pene dedi legatos ferendos pro matre; sed sæva noverca tenuit captas vias. Timui Medeam, Medea est plus noverca. Manus Medea faciunt ad omne scelus. Quæ potuit spargere laniata corpora fratris per Agros, parceret illa meis pignoribus? Tamen, O demens, ablateque Colchis venenis diceris præposuisse hanc toro Hyppipyles.

Non hæc Æsonides, sed Phasias Ætine
Aurea Phryxæ terga revellit ovis.

Non probat Alcimedæ mater tua; consule matrem: 105

Non pater, à gelido cui venit axe nurus.
Illa sibi Tanai, Scythiæque paludibus udæ
Quærat, & à patriâ Phasidos usque, virum.

Mobilis Æsonide, vernæque incertior aurâ,
Cur tua pollicito pondere verba carent? 110

Vir meus hinc ieras, vir non meus indè redisti.
Sim reducis conjux, sicut euntis eram.

Si te nobilitas, generosæque nomina tangunt;
En ego Minoo nata Thoante feror.

Bacchus avus, Bacchi conjux redimita coronâ, 115
Præradiat stellis signa minora suis.

Dos tibi Lemnos erit, terra ingeniosa colenti:
Me quoque res tales inter habere potes.

Nunc etiam peperî, gratare ambobus, Iason:
Dulce mihi gravidæ fecerat auctor onus. 120

Felix in numero quoque sum; prolemque gemellam

Pignora Lucinâ bina favente dedi.

Si quæris, cui sint similes; cognosceris illis.
Fallere non norunt: cætera patris habent.

Legatos quos penè dedi pro matre ferendos: 125
Sed tenuit cœptas sæva noverca vias.

Medeam timui: plus est Medea novercâ.

Medeæ faciunt ad scelus omne manus.

Spargere quæ fratris potuit laniata per agros

Corpora, pignoribus parceret illa meis? 130
Hanc tamen, ô demens Colchisique ablate venenis,
Diceris Hyppipyles præposuisse toro.

Turpiter

N O T E S.

Ib. Scythiæque. Scythia, a great Northern Region, one Part whereof belongs to Europe, the other to Asia: This is spoke with Indignation against Medea, whom she represents as fitter for some Barbarian Husband, than a Greek.

108. Phasidos. Phasis, a deep and rapid River, along which the Argonauts sail'd to Colchos.

114. Minoo Thoante. For Thoas the Fa-

ther of Hyppis, was the Son of Ariadne, who was the Daughter of Minos.

115. Bacchus avus. For Bacchus married Ariadne, of whom he begat Thoas the Father of Hyppis. This we have before taken Notice of, more fully, in the Epistle of Phyllis to Lemnoëon. The Poet here suits himself admirably to the Female Temper, in making Hyppis thus aim at Glory to herself from every Incident.

123. Cognosceris

say they, but Medea of Colchos, that bore away the rich Fleece of the consecrated Ram. If you will be govern'd by the Advice of a Mother, she disapproves your Choice; nor does your Father relish a Bride from the frozen Zone. Let her seek a Husband from the Borders of the Tanais, the marshy Fens of Scythia, or her native Banks of Phasis. Inconstant Jason, more unstable than the vernal Breeze; why are your Words without their promis'd Weight? You departed my Husband, and return wedded to another. But I, as I was your Wife when we parted, am still the same now that you are return'd. If Nobility and great Names move you, I boast a Descent from Thoas the Grandson of Minos. I have Bacchus for my Grandfather; whose Spouse, adorn'd with a radiant Crown, eclipses the lesser Lights by her superior Rays. Lemnos is my Dowry, a fertile Land, that crowns the Tiller's Labour. Nor am I to be overlook'd amidst so many noble Gifts. I am also a Mother, and bore the Load with Pleasure for the Father's Sake: Let us both rejoice in this auspicious Pledge. I am happy too in the Number, and have brought forth Twins, a double Pledge of Lucina's Favour. If you enquire concerning their Likeness, you may be known by them: They are indeed Strangers to Treachery, but in every Thing else the express Image of their Father. These had been sent Envoys for their Mother, but a cruel Step-dame prevented the intended Journey. I dreaded Medea, Medea is crueller than even Cruelty itself. Medea has Hands ready for every kind of Wickedness. Would she, who could scatter the dismember'd Joints of her own Brother, scruple to imbrue her Hands in the Blood of these innocent Pledges of my Love? And yet, O deluded Man, and intoxicated with the Philtres of Colchos! this is the Woman for whom you are said to have deserted Hypsipyle. She

N O T E S.

123. *Cognosceris illis.* By this she thinks to move his Compassion, and at the same Time insinuates her own Chastity and Fidelity.

129. *Spargere.* The Story is thus. Medea, when she fled with Jason from Colchos, fearing that she might be overtaken by her Father who pursu'd her, cut her Brother *Apsyrtus* in Pieces, and scattered his Limbs upon the Road, that *Aetes* employed in gathering them, might be stopp'd in the Pursuit, and she herself in the mean Time escape.

135. *Prodidit illa patrem.* Because she assisted Jason in his Project of carrying off

the Golden Fleece. He was afterwards slain by *Meleager*, in a Skirmish that happened between him and the *Argonauts* upon the Shore.

Ib. Rapui de cæde Thoanta. When the Lemnian Women had form'd a Conspiracy against all the Men, she by an Artifice sav'd her Father, as we have already seen. *Hypsipyle* omits no Opportunity of discrediting her Rival, and making herself appear to Advantage. The Opposition of Characters here is affecting and strongly mark'd.

138. *Crimine dotata est.* The Thing that chiefly recommended Medea to Jason, was her infamous Treachery in deserting and betraying

Illa virgo adultera, cognovit virum turpiter: pudica tæda dedit me tibi, teque mihi. Illa prodidit patrem, ego rapui Thoanta de cæde: illa deseruit Colchos, mea Lemnos habet me. Quid refert, si scelerata vincit piam, et dotata est, demeruitque virum ipsi crimine? O Jason, culpo facinus Lemniadum, non miror; quamlibet ipse dolor dat arma iratis. Age, dic si (ut oportuit) tuque comelque actus iniquis ventis intrassis meos portus; egoque exissem obvia, comitata gemello factu (nempe terra roganda fuit hiscere tibi:) Quo vultu scelerate videres natos? quo me? Qua nocte eras dignus, pretio perfidiæ? Ipse quidem fuisse tutus sospesque per me; non quia tu dignus es, sed quia ego sum mitis. Ipsa implissem meos vultus sanguine pellicis, quæque illa abstulit suis beneficiis. Forem Medea Medæ. Quod si tu ipse iustus Jupiter, quid ades ab alto meis votis; quod Hypsipyle gemit, subnuba quoque nostri lecti mæreat, et ipsa sanciat suas leges. Utque ego conjux materque duorum destituor; sit illa orba totidem natis atque viro. Nec teneat diu male parta, reli quatque pejus. Exulet, et querat fugam in toto orbe. Quam germana fuit fratri, quamque filia mi-fero parenti; tam acerba sit natis, tam viro. Cum consumserit mare, cum terras, tentet æra: erret inops, expes, cruenta sua cæde. Ego Thoantias fraudata conjugio oro hæc. Vivite nuptaque virque devoto toro.

Turpiter illa virum cognovit adultera virgo:
Me tibi, tæque mihi tæda pudica dedit.
Prodidit illa patrem: rapui de cæde Thoanta. 135
Deseruit Colchos: me mea Lemnos habet.
Quid refert, scelerata piam si vincit, & ipso
Crimine dotata est, demeruitque virum?
Lemniadum facinus culpo, non miror, Iason.
Quamlibet iratis ipse dat arma dolor. 140
Dic age, si ventis (ut oportuit) actus iniquis
Intrasses portus, tûque comelque, meos;
Obviâque excissem fœtu comitata gemello:
(Hiscere nempe tibi terra roganda fuit)
Quo vultu natos, quo me, scelerate, videres? 145
Perfidia pretio qua nece dignus eras?
Ipse quidem per me tutus sospesque fuisses:
Non quia tu dignus, sed quia mitis ego.
Pellicis ipsa meos implissem sanguine vultus,
Quosque beneficiis abstulit illa suis. 150
Medæ Medea forem. quod si quid ab alto
Justus ades votis Jupiter ipse meis;
Quod gemit Hypsipyle, lecti quoque subnuba
nostri
Mæreat, & leges sanciat ipsa suas.
Utque ego destituor conjux materque duorum;
Da totidem natis orba sit, atque viro. 156
Nec malè parta diu teneat; pejûsque relinquat.
Exulet; & toto quærat in orbe fugam.
Quam fratri germana fuit, miserôque parenti
Filia; tam natis, tam sit acerba viro. 160
Cum mare, cum terras consumserit; æra tentet.
Erret inops, expes, cæde cruenta suâ.
Hæc ego conjugio fraudata Thoantias oro.
Vivite devoto nuptaque virque toro.

NOTES.

traying her own Father. This was a Circumstance too favourable for Hypsipyle, to be pass'd over in Silence.

140. *Quamlibet iratis ipse dat arma dolor.* This is the most approv'd Reading, though others think, we ought to have *quælibet* instead of *quamlibet*. *Dolor* here signifies Indignation, or a Resentment of Wrongs. For the Lemnian Wives had been slighted by their Husbands, who going to the Wars of

Thrace, brought Home with them, at their Return, Women from that Country.

144. *Hiscere*, &c. The meaning is, "You must have been so overwhelm'd with Shame and a Consciousness of your own Treachery, as to wish the Earth might swallow you up, rather than encounter my Looks."

154. *Sanciat*. "As Medea thought it no Crime to disturb the Marriage-Tie,

EPISTOLA

She basely associated with the Husband of another ; we were chastly united by the Hymeneal Torch. She betrayed her Father, I sav'd mine from Destruction. She deserted her native Land, I still remain at Lemnos. But what avails it, if her Wickedness triumphs over my Piety, and she gains the Heart of her Husband by her very Crimes? Far from admiring the Cruelty of the Lemnian Ladies, I blame it, Jason ; altho' Indignation and Resentment stirr'd them up to Arms. Tell me, if driven by inhospitable Winds, you and your Companions had entered my Ports, and I accompanied by my Twin-Offspring had gone out to welcome you : Would you not have with'd the Earth to open and swallow you up? With what Face could you have beheld the harmless Babes, and me your faithful Wife? What Punishment could have been inflicted upon you, equal to your Perfidy and Ingratitude? You would indeed have been safe and unhurt, not because you deserv'd it, but because of my Softness and Good-nature. But I would have satiated my Eyes with the Blood of that Harlot, and you the Slave of her Sorceries should have beheld the Tragedy. I would have been Medea to Medea. If just Jupiter hears from Heaven the Prayers of injur'd Love, may this base Intruder into my chaste Bed groan under the same Pangs which I now feel ; and herself experience that Treachery she has set the first Example of. And as I a Wife and the Mother of Twins, am left destitute and forlorn, may she also be ravish'd from her Husband and Children : May she soon lose and shamefully abandon these ill-gotten Trophies : Exil'd, and wandering a Fugitive over all the Earth. What Sister she was to her Brother, what Daughter to her Parent, such a Mother and Wife may she prove to her Children and Husband. When she has travers'd the Earth and Sea, let her attempt the Air, till destitute and hopeless she end a miserable Life by her own Hand. These are the Prayers of defrauded Thoantias. May you live an execrable Pair, the Partners of a devoted Bed.

NOTES.

" and entice the Husband of another, may she herself meet with the same Usage."

156. *Da toridem*. This happened afterwards to her very Case. For Jason falling in Love with *Creusa*, the Daughter of *Creon* King of *Corinth*, deserted *Medea*, who cruelly murdered the two Children she had by him. She also sent Wild-Fire in a Cabinet to *Creusa*, who opening it, the Fire burst forth and consum'd her and the whole Palace. *Hyginus* tells us, that Jason pe-

rish'd also in this Conflagration. But others assure us to the contrary, and that he intended to have kill'd *Medea* for this Outrage ; but that she for further Revenge, then, and not before, slew both his Children in his Sight, and fled to *Athens*, where she married old *Egeus*, and had by him a Son call'd *Medus*. At last she rais'd Clouds and Winds, by which she was carried through the Air with this Son of hers, into that Part of *Asia*, which from him was call'd *Medea*.

EPISTOLA VII.

DIDO ÆNEÆ.

O R D O.

*Sic albus olor abjectus in
adis verbis concinit ad wa-
da Mæandri, ubi fata vo-
cant. Nec alloquor quia
sperem te posse moveri nos-
tra prece: novimus ista
Deo adverso. Sed cum
male perdiderim merita, et
famam, corpusque, ani-
mumque pudicum, leve est
perdere verba. Tamen es
certus ire, relinquereque
miseram Dido; atque ti-
dem venti ferent vela fi-
demque. O Ænea, es
certus solvere naves cum
jacere: sequique regna I-
talia, quæ nescis ubi sint.
Nec Carthago nova, nec
crescentia moenia tangunt
te: nec summa rerum tra-
dita tuo sceptro. Fugis
facta; petis jacienda. Al-
tera terra quærenda est ti-
bi per orbem, altera qua-
sita est. Ut invenias ter-
ram, quis tradet eam habendam tibi? Quis dabit sua arva tenenda non notis? Alter amor
resistat tibi habendus, et altera Dido: fidesque altera danda est, quam iterum fallas.*

SIC, ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.
Nec, quia te nostrâ sperem prece posse moveri,
Alloquor: adverso novimus ista Deo.
Sed merita & famam, corpusque animûmque pu-
dicum
Cum malè perdiderim; perdere verba leve est.
Certus es ire tamen, miserâmq; relinquere Dido:
Atque idem venti vela fidemque ferent.
Certus es, Ænea, cum fœdere solvere naves:
Quæque ubi sint nescis, Italia regna sequi. 10
Nec nova Carthago, nec te crescentia tangunt
Mœnia; nec sceptro tradita summa tuo.
Facta fugis; facienda petis. quærenda per orbem
Altera, quæsitâ est altera terra tibi.
Ut terram invenias, quis eam tibi tradet haben-
dam? 15
Quis sua non notis arva tenenda dabit?
Alter habendus amor tibi resistat, & altera Dido:
Quâmque iterum fallas, altera danda fides.

Quando

N O T E S.

After the burning of Troy by the Greeks, Æneas the Son of Anchises and Venus, hav-
ing sav'd his Domestick and Country Gods
from the Flames, and gathered together
what Number he could of the vanquish'd
Trojans, put to Sea in a Fleet of Twenty
Ships. Being overtaken by several Storms,
and tosd'd from Sea to Sea, he was at last
thrown upon the Coast of Libya, where at
that Time, according to the Fiction of Vir-
gil, Dido reign'd. This Dido was the
Daughter of Belus, and Wife to Sichæus
the Priest of Hercules. Her Brother Pyg-
malion, King of Tyre, being of a covetous
Disposition, and fancying that Sichæus was
possess'd of great Treasures, murder'd him
for the Sake of his Wealth. As soon as

this came to be known by Dido, she left
Tyre, accompanied with such as were disgust-
ed at the Tyrant, and landing in Africa,
there built Carthage. The Town was pret-
ty well advanc'd, when Æneas was driven
upon these Coasts. He applied to the Queen
and was hospitably receiv'd, which improv'd
at last to a nearer Intimacy. Being after
some Time admonish'd by Mercury, he pre-
par'd to sail for Italy, the Country premis'd
him by Fate. Dido, who had been seiz'd
with a violent Passion for him, upon hear-
ing the fatal News, endeavours by this E-
pistle to divert him from the Design, and
threatens in Case of refusal, to put an End
to her own Life.

EPISTLE VII.

DIDO to ÆNEAS.

THUS the silver Swan, when Death is nigh, bemoans her Fate among the Willows on the Banks of Mæander. Nor do I address you, from a Hope of being able to move you by my Prayers; that, the Gods, averse to my Request, forbid. But having lost Merit and Fame, my Honour and myself; why should I fear to lose a few *dying* Words? You are then resolv'd to depart, and abandon unhappy Dido; the same Winds will bear away your Promises and Sails. You are, I say, O Æneas, resolv'd to weigh at once your Anchor and your Vows, and go in quest of Italy, a Land to which you are wholly a Stranger. Neither my new-built Carthage and her rising Walls have Power to detain you: Nor the supreme Rule, which you are in vain urg'd to accept. You fly a City already built, and hunt after one that is yet to be rais'd; the one Realm is still to conquer, the other subject to your Command. Were you landed on the wish'd-for Coast, how can the Natives be induc'd to resign it? What People will grant the Property of their Lands to Strangers? You must first be so fortunate as to find another Love, another affectionate, constant Dido: You must again bind yourself by Vows which you cannot keep. Yet when will you build a City flourishing

NOTES.

2. *Sic concinit*, Viz. *uti ego nunc cano*. Which the Poet designedly omits, to give the Complaint a more moving Air. Some Copies begin this Epistle with the two following Lines.

Accipe, Dardanide, mortituræ carmen Elissæ.

Quæ legis a nobis, ultima verba legis. But these Lines, however well they may agree with what follows, yet as they are not to be found in the best Editions, may justly be look'd on as spurious. Almost the whole Epistle is taken from *Virg. l.*

lb. Mæandri. The Mæander was a River of *Asia Minor*, not far from *Troy*. It run into the *Ægean Sea*, and was so full of Windings, that it often seem'd to take its

Course backwards. The Singing of Swans before their Death, is often alluded to by the Poets.

7. *Certus es ire tamen*. Thus *Virgil Æn.*

4. *Certus eundi*. This whole Sentence is suppos'd to be express'd with a kind of Admiration.

8. *Fidemque serent*. That is, *eris perfidus*. A proverbial Way of speaking, not unusual even with us, when we mean to say that a Thing is uncertain and of no Weight, 'Tis no more to be depended on than the Wind.

9. *Cum fœdus solvere nœcas*. The Poet here again plays upon the different Significations of the same Word. *Solvere fœdus*, is the same as *fœdus frangere*, to break an Engagement.

Quando erit, ut condas
urbem instar Carthaginiis,
et altus videas tuos populos
ab arce? Imo suppona-
mus ut omnia eveniant,
nec tua vota morentur te;
unde eris tibi uxor quæ a-
met te sic? Uror ut tæ-
dæ ceratæ inducto sulfure;
ut pia thura addita fumo-
sis focis, *Æneas* semper
inhæret oculis mei vigi-
lantis; noxque dieſque re-
fert *Ænean* animo. Ille
quidem est male gratus, et
surdus ad mea munera: et
quo, si non sim stulta, ve-
lim carere; tamen non odi
Ænean, quamvis cogitat
male, sed queror eum esse
infidum, quæſtæque amo
pejus. O *Venus*, parce nu-
rui, tuque, O *Amor* fra-
ter, amplectere durum fra-
trem: ille militet caſtris
tuis. Aut ille quem ego
capri amare (neque enim
dedignor) præbeat mate-
riam curæ meæ. Fallor,
et iſta imago jactatur mihi
faſſo: ille diſſidet ab inge-
nio ſuæ matris. Lapis et
montes, roboraque innata
altis rupibus, et ſævæ ſeræ
progenure te: aut mare,
quale nunc quoque vides
agitari ventis: per quod
tamen paras ire fluctibus
adverſis. Quo fugis?
hyems obſtat: gratia hy-
emis proſit mihi. Aſpice
ut *Eurus* concitet aquas e-
verſas. Sine me debere procellis, quod maluerim debere tibi. Unda et ventus eſt juſſior tuo
animo. (Quamvis o inique merearis) ego non ſum tanti, ut pereas, dum fugis me per longa freta.

Quando erit, ut condas instar Carthaginiis urbem,
Et videas populos altus ab arce tuos? 20
Omnia ut eveniant, nec te tua vota morentur;
Unde tibi, quæ te sic amet, uxor erit?
Uror, ut inducto ceratæ sulfure tædæ:
Ut pia fumosis addita thura focis.
Æneas oculis semper vigilantis inhæret: 25
Ænean animo nōxque diēſque refert.
Ille quidem malè gratus, & ad mea munera surdus;
Et quo, si non sim stulta, carere velim:
Non tamen *Ænean*, quamvis male cogitat, odi:
Sed queror infidum, quæſtæque pejus amo. 30
Parce, *Venus*, nurui, durūmque amplectere fra-
trem,

Frater *Amor*: caſtris militet ille tuis.
Aut ego, quem cœpi (neque enim dedignor) a-
mare;

Materiam curæ præbeat ille meæ.
Fallor; & iſta mihi falſo jactatur imago. 35
Matris ab ingenio diſſidet ille ſuæ.

Te lapis, & montes, innatæque rupibus altis
Robora, te ſævæ progenure ſeræ:
Aut mare, quale vides agitari nunc quoque ventis:
Quò tamen adverſis fluctibus ire paras. 40

Quo fugis? obſtat hyems: hyemis mihi gratia proſit.
Aſpice, ut everſas concitet *Eurus* aquas.

Quod tibi maluerim, ſine me debere procellis.
Juſſior eſt animo ventus & unda tuo.

Non ego ſum tanti, (quamvis merearis, inique) 45
Ut pereas, dum me per freta longa fugis.

Exerces

NOTES.

Engagement. *Solvere navis*, ſignifies to weigh Anchor, to ſet ſail. The Meaning is, *Decreviſti ſimul et pariter matrimonium noſtrum diſſolvere, et, abeundi cauſa, navis portu ſolvere.*

13. *Faſta fugis, facienda petis.* You diſdain *Carthage* already built, and which offers you a ſecure Retreat; and go in queſt of a City to be built. For *Æneas* gave out, that he had been admoniſh'd by the Gods to ſail for *Italy*, and there found a City.

31. *Nurui. i. e. Mibi*; have Pity upon me. For *Æneas* was the Son of *Venus*,

whoſe Wiſe muſt therefore be her Daugh-
ter-in-Law.

34. *Materiam.* Nouriſhment, Fuel. That is, provided *Æneas* burns with a mutual Flame.

37. *Te lapis et montes.* She here addreſſes *Æneas* as if preſent; And with great Propriety, becauſe in the former Verſe, ſhe mentions the deceitful Image ſhe form'd to herſelf of him.

68. *Dido fraude coacta mori.* Whatever is ſaid of the Loves of *Dido* and *Æneas*, is altogether founded upon a Fiction of Vir-

flourishing like Carthage, and from your lofty Towers survey the Crowds below? But were every Thing to happen according to your Desire, so that not even a Wish remain'd unanswered; where will you find a Wife to love like me? I burn like waxen Torches smear'd with Sulphur, or pious Incense cast into the smoking Censer. Æneas is ever before my wakeful Eyes, the Image of Æneas haunts me both Night and Day. He indeed is ungrateful, and regardless of all my good Offices; Fool that I am, not to tear him instantly from my Heart. Yet in spite of all his Ill-usage, I have not Power to hate him. I can only complain of his Baseness, and when my Complaints are over, love him more than ever. Pity, O Venus, your Daughter-in-Law; pierce, O Cupid, the unrelenting Heart of your Brother, and teach him to fight under your Banners. Teach me also, who have already begun the pleasing Task, (for I deny it not) and let him prove an Object worthy of my Tenderness and Concern. I rave; and the enchanting Image deludes my eager Mind; nor does he retain aught of the Softness of his Mother. You are certainly the Offspring of Rocks and Mountains, or the harden'd Oak that rises out of the hanging Cliff. A savage Tigris, or the tempestuous Ocean, such as now when swell'd by gathering Storms, gave thee Birth. But whither can you shape your Course, or how stem the Force of opposing Billows? You prepare to set Sail, a stormy Sea forbids: Let me enjoy the Blessing which a rough Winter offers. Behold how the blustering East-Wind raises the foaming Waves. Let me owe that to Winter and a stormy Sea, which I had rather owe to your Love; the Winds and Waves have more of Justice than you. Although thou deservest to perish, cruel and barbarous Man, yet am not I of such Value, that in flying me you should lose your Life. 'Tis a costly Hatred, and by far of

N O T E S.

Virgil's, who introduces this Story into his Poem to embellish it. *Carthage*, according to the Computation of the best Chronologists, was founded only 132 Years before Rome. Rome again was not built till 431 Years after the Destruction of Troy; so that Æneas must have flourish'd 300 Years before Dido.

80. *Preferunt humeros.* Virgil every where gives to Æneas the Epithet of pious, because he rescued his Father, and the Images of the Gods from the Flames, and bore them upon his Shoulders to a Place of

Safety. Painters have taken also this hint from the Poet, and always represent him stooping under the pious Load.

83. *Si quaras.* We are to consider Dido here, as transported by her Resentment, and disposed to view every Thing in the worst Light. She reproaches him with having before abandoned his Wife *Cressa*, who was the Daughter of Priam, and Mother to *Ascanius*. 'Tis even thus related by some Historians: Yea there are who tell us, that he slew her with his own Hand. Virgil, however, gives a different Account of the Matter.

Exerces odia pretiosa, et constantia magno, si est vile tibi mori dum careas me. Venti jam ponent, undaque equaliter strata, Triton curret per mare equis cæruleis. Utinam tu quoque esses mutabilis cum ventis! et eris, nisi vincis robora duritia. Quid? si nescieris quid æquora insana possint? credisne aquæ expertæ male tam toties? Ut etiam solvas retinacula pelago suadente, tamen pontus latus habet multa tristitia. Nec prodest tentantibus æquora violasse fidem. Ille locus exigit pœnas perfidiæ. Præcipue cum Amor est læsus: quia mater Amoris fertur et ita nuda ex aquis Cytheriacis. Ego timeo ne perdam perditam, noceamve nocenti; neu hostis naufragus bibat æquoreas aquas. Precor vive, perdam te melius sic quam funere. Tu ferare potius causa mei leti. Age, finge te deprendi rapido turbine, (sit nullum pondus in omine!) quid mentis erit tibi? Perjuria falsæ linguæ occurrent pretiosa, et Dido coacta mori Phrygia fraude. Imago deceptæ conjugis stabit ante oculos tristis, et sanguinolenta comis effusis. Dicis: concede, quidquid id est, merui totum; putesque fulmina, quæ cadent, missa in te. Da breve spatium sævitæ tuæque pelagique: via futura tuta, est grande pretium moræ. Nec parcat mihi, parcat puero Iulo. Satis est te balere titulum meæ mortis.

Exerces pretiosa odia, & constantia magno;
Si, dum me careas, est tibi vile mori.
Jam venti ponent; stratâque æqualiter undâ,
Cæruleis Triton per mare curret equis. 50
Tu quoque cum ventis utinam mutabilis esses!
Et, nisi duritiâ robora vincis, eris.
Quid? si nescieris, insana quid æquora possint?
Expertæ toties tam malè credis aquæ?
Ut pelago suadente etiam retinacula solvas, 55
Multa tamen latus tristitia pontus habet.
Nec violasse fidem tentantibus æquora prodest.
Perfidiæ pœnas exigit ille locus.
Præcipue cum læsus Amor: quia mater Amoris
Nuda Cytheriacis edita fertur aquis. 60
Perdita ne perdam timeo, noceamve nocenti;
Neu bibat æquoreas naufragus hostis aquas,
Vive, precor; sic te melius, quam funere, perdam.
Tu potius leti causa ferare mei.
Finge, age, te rapido (nullum sit in omine pondus)
Turbine deprendi: quid tibi mentis erit? 66
Protinus occurrent falsæ perjuria linguæ,
Et Phrygiâ Dido fraude coacta mori.
Conjugis ante oculos deceptæ stabit imago
Tristis, & effusis sanguinolenta comis. 70
Quicquid id est, totum merui, concede, dicas:
Quæque cadent, in te fulmina missa putes.
Da breve sævitæ spatium pelagique tuæque:
Grande moræ pretium tuta futura via est.
Nec mihi parcat; puero parcat Iulo. 75
Te satis est titulum mortis habere meæ.

Quid

N O T E S.

Matter. According to him, *Aeneas* missing his Wife, whom he had ordered to follow close behind him, went back in quest of her, and exposed himself to infinite Dangers amidst the Crowds of his Enemies, but all in vain; the Fates had decreed to separate them, and destin'd for *Aeneas* another Country and Spouse.

93. *Nocuit.* The Poet here alludes to what is related by *Virgil*, that *Aeneas* and *Dido* being driven into a Cave by a sudden Storm of Rain, there their Intimacy first began.

95. *Ululasse.* A Word of ambiguous Signification, which is taken sometimes in a good, and sometimes in a bad Sense. *Lucan* takes it in the first, when he says,

Lætis ululare triumphis.

'Tis likewise meant in a favourable Sense here.

96. *Eumenides.* The Furies, so call'd from a Word of Greek Derivation, importing the same as malevolous.

99. *Sichæus.* The first Husband of *Dido*, a Tyrian, and Priest of *Hercules*. He had the Fame of great Riches, for which reason *Pygmalion*,

Py
the
der
We
Ver
pref
Vov
in
was
call

of too great Amount, if you despise Death while you endeavour to shun me. Soon the Winds will cease, a Calm succeed, and Triton drawn by Sea-green Horses, wheel along the Level of the Deep. Would to Heaven that you may also change with the Winds! and sure it will be so, unless you have a Heart harder than the knotted Oak. What, as if yet unacquainted with the Dangers of a raging Sea, can you still trust in an Element that has so often prov'd fatal to you? Were you even to weigh Anchor, and sail along a levell'd Deep; an extensive Ocean has still a Thousand Dangers in Store. Waves bear the Vengeance of the Gods against the Breakers of Vows; 'tis here that Perfidy is overtaken by severe Punishment; especially Treachery in Love; for Venus, the Mother of soft and tender Desires, is said to have sprung naked from the Waves, that murmur round the Island of Cythera. Though lost to me, I am anxious for your Safety, and avoid doing Hurt to one who has loaded me with Injuries: I am afraid lest my Enemy shipwreck'd should be overwhelm'd in the raging Deep. For Heaven's Sake live; I had rather lose you thus than by the Grave. Live, I say, and be rather the Cause of my Funeral. Suppose you are overtaken by a fierce Whirlwind, (forbid, ye Gods, that my Words carry in them any Omen!) what Thought or Courage will you then exert? The Perjuries of your deceitful Tongue will then fly in your Face, and wretched Dido kill'd by Phrygian Perfidy. The mournful Image of your forsaken Wife will stand before your Eyes, disconsolate and bloody, with Hair dishevel'd. You will then own that you have met with your deserv'd Fate, and think each Flash of Lightning aim'd at you. Delay for a Time your cruel Flight, and tempt not the raging Sea: A safe Voyage will be the certain Reward of your Stay. If you are regardless of me, yet think of tender Iulus. 'Tis enough for you to be branded as the Cause of my Death. What has Ascanius, what have the Gods

NOTES.

Pygmalion, King of *Tyre*, his Wife's Brother, a Wretch insatiably avaritious, murder'd him in Hopes of coming at his great Wealth. By *Sichæus*, however, in this Verse, we are to understand a Statue of him preserv'd by *Dido*, to which she paid her Vows with great Reverence.

102. *Eliſſa*. This was the Name she was first known by at *Tyre*. She was not call'd *Dido* till after the building of *Car-*

thage, that Name signifying in the *Punick* Language the same as *Virago*.

107. *Diua parens*. She here takes Occasion to enumerate all the Circumstances that may serve to lessen her Guilt. She had all the Reason in the World to believe that he would prove constant and honourable. As being the Son of *Venus*, he had a Goddeſs for his Mother. He had given strong Proof of his paternal Piety, in the

L

Care

*Quid puer Ascanius, quid
Dî penates meruere? Unda
obruet Deos ereptos igni-
bus. Sed neque fers
Deos tecum, perfide, nec sa-
cra quæ iactas mihi, pa-
terque, presserunt tuos hu-
meros. Mentiris omnia:
nec enim tua lingua incipit
fallere a nobis; egoque
plector prima. Si quæ-
ras ubi mater formosi Iuli
sit, relicta sola a duro viro
occidit. Narraras hæc
mihi, nec movere me: Ille
merentem; Pæna tua fu-
tura est minor mea culpa.
Nec mens est dubia mihi,
quin tua numina damnent
te. Septima hyems iactat
te per mare, per terras.
Recepi te ejectum fluctibus
tuta statione, dedique
mea regna tibi nomine tuo
vix bene audito. Tamen
utinam fuisset contenta
hisce solummodo officiis,
et fama concubitus foret
sepulta mihi. Illa dies no-
cuit mihi, qua cæruleus
imber compulit nos subitis
aquis sub antrum declive.
Audieram vocem; putavi
Nymphas ululasse. Eu-
menides dedere signa meis
fatis. O pudor læse, vio-
late Sichæi, exige pœnas
ad quem (heu me miseram)
eo plena pudoris. Est mihi
Sichæus sacratus in æde
marmorea: appositæ fron-
des, albaque velleræ te-
gunt. Ego sensi me citari hinc quater noto ore: ipse dixit tui soni; Veni, O Elissa. Nulla
est mora, venio. venio conjux debita tibi: sed tamen tarda pudore mei criminis admissi.*

Quid puer Ascanius, quid Dî meruere Penates?
Ignibus ereptos obruet unda Deos.

Sed neque fers tecum: nec, quæ mihi, perfide,
iactas,

Presserunt humeros sacra patérque tuos. 80
Omnia mentiris. nec enim tua fallere lingua

Incipit à nobis; primâque plector ego.

Si quæras, ubi sit formosi mater Iuli:

Occidit à duro sola relicta viro.

Hæc mihi narrâras; nec me movere: merentem 85

Ure; minor culpâ pœna futura meâ est.

Nec mihi mens dubia est, quin te tua numina
damnent.

Per mare, per terras septima iactat hyems.

Fluctibus ejectum tutâ statione recepi,

Vixque bene audito nomine, regna dedi. 90

His tamen officiis utinam contenta fuisset;

Et mihi concubitus fama sepulta foret!

Illâ dies nocuit, quâ nos declive sub antrum

Cæruleus subitis compulit imber aquis.

Audieram vocem; Nymphas ululasse putavi. 95

Eumenides fati signa dedere meis.

Exige, læse pudor, pœnas, violate Sichæo:

Ad quem (me miseram!) plena pudoris eo.

Est mihi marmoreâ sacratus in æde Sichæus:

Appositæ frondes vellerâque alba tegunt. 100

Hinc ego me sensi noto quater ore citari:

Ipse sono tenui dixit, Elissa, veni.

Nulla mora est; venio. venio tibi debita conjux:

Sed tamen admissi tarda pudore mei.

Da

NOTES.

Care he took of old Anchises; whom after Troy was in Flames, he bore upon his Shoulders out of the reach of Danger. All these gave her strong Grounds of Confidence and Trust; nor was it likely that a Man who had given such Evidence of an humane, pious Disposition, would abandon her in the Manner she had now Reason to dread.

115. *Exul agor.* For some Time after the Murder committed by Pygmalion, the Ghost of Sichæus came to Dido in the Night, and inform'd her of what had hap-

pened, advising her at the same Time to fly her Country and the Cruelty of her Brother. He also told her where his Treasures lay, counselling her to carry them along with her, as what might be serviceable in her Exile. It was by these that she was enabled to buy the Ground, whereon Carthage was afterwards built.

116. *Hoste sequente.* Her Brother, who pursued her close in order to bring her back. Dido here endeavours industriously to amplify Matters, and gives a long Account of the

Gods deserv'd, that they who have so lately escap'd the Flames, should be expos'd to perish in the Seas? But neither do you bring your Gods with you; nor, as you falsely boasted, did your Shoulders bear these sacred Relicks, and a Father, through Flames and Danger. You deceiv'd me in all; nor am I the first credulous Fool deluded by that perjured Tongue, or the first who have suffered from a rash Belief. If we ask after the Mother of beautiful Iulus; she fell deserted by a cruel and hard-hearted Husband. These Things you yourself related, and yet they made no Impression: Go on to torment me, since I so much deserve it; your Punishment will be the less, because of my Crime. Nor can I doubt that even your own Gods are offended: 'Tis now the seventh Winter that you have been toss'd by Land and Sea. Cast a-shore by the Waves, I welcom'd you to my Kingdom, and entrusted you with the Government, when I scarce knew your Name. Would to Heaven I had confin'd myself to these kind Offices alone; and that the Fame of your having shar'd my Bed, were buried in eternal Oblivion! That was the unhappy Day of my Ruin, when a sudden dark Storm drove us into a hanging Cave. I heard a *strange* Voice, and fancied that the Mountain-Nymphs approv'd: Alas, too late I now find, that the Furies presag'd my unhappy Destiny. Exact, O violated Chastity, the Vengeance due to injur'd Sicheus, to whom (Wretch that I am!) I hasten full of Shame and Anxiety. I preserve in a little Chappel of Marble, a pious Statue of Sicheus, wreath'd with Flowers, and white Wool. From this Dome, methoughts I was four Times call'd, and that himself in a low Hollow Voice said, *Dido come*. I come without Delay. I come thy lawful Wife, due to thee alone: But with Diffidence, beause conscious of the Wrong I have done you.

Pardon

NOTES.

the Difficulties she had to encounter. A murdered Husband, a cruel Brother, Exile, and the settling among Strangers.

117. *Applicor ignotis*. Some Criticks fancy, that instead of *ignotis*, Ovid wrote *his oris*, as Virgil says,

--- *Quæ vis immanibus applicat oris*.

118. *Emo*. 'Tis related of *Dido*, that upon her Arrival in *Africa*, she purchased of *Hyarbas*, King of *Getulia*, as much Land as she could encompass with an Ox's Hide. Upon which she cut it into small Thongs, and enclos'd with it that whole

Extent of Ground whereon she afterwards built *Carthage*.

120. *Mœnia invidiosa*. Walls which by their Greatness and Strength rais'd the Jealousy of the neighbouring States.

121. *Bella tument*. For *Hyarbas*, King of *Getulia*, taking it ill that she refused him in Marriage, threatned her with a War.

122. *Quæ me coiere quærentes*. Some read *in me*. Others *me cupiere*, or *petiere*. But the common Reading is the best, if we omit the Preposition *in*, upon the Authority of the best Copies. *Me* must therefore refer

Da veniam culpæ, idoneus auctor decepit me; ille detrahit invidiam meæ noxæ. Diva parens, paterque senior sarcina pia nati, rite dedere mihi spem viri mansuri. Si fuit errandum, error habet causas honestas; adde fidem, pigendus erit nulla parte. Tenor sati, qui fuit ante, durat in extremum, prosequiturque novissima nostræ vitæ. Conjux occidit mactatus ad internas aras, et frater labet præmia tanti sceleris. Agor exul, relinquique cineres viri patriamque; et feror in duras vias hoste sequente. Applicor ignotis, elapsæque fratri fretoque, emo littus quod donavi tibi, o perfide. Constitui urbem, fixique moenia patentia late, invidiosa locis finitimis. Bella tument: sæmina et peregrina tentor bellis; vixque paro rudes portas urbis, et arma. Placui mille procis: qui coiere, quærentes, me præposuisse nescio quem sibi thalamis. Quid dubitas tradere me vinciam Iarbæ Gætulo? præbuerim nostra brachia tuo sceleri. Est etiam frater, cujus impia manus sparsa cruore viri, possit respergi quoque cruore nostro. Pone Deos, et sacra quæ profanas tangendo: impia dextra non bene colit cælestes. Si tu eras futurus cultor Diis elapsis igne: pœnitet Deos esse elapsos ignibus. Forsitan, scelerate, et relinquo Dido gravidam, parsque tui lateat clausa in meo corpore. Infans miserabilis accedet fati matris, et eris auctor funeris nondum nato.

Da veniam culpæ, decepit idoneus auctor. 105
Invidiam noxæ detrahit ille meæ.
Diva parens, seniorque pater pia sarcina nati,
Spem mihi mansuri rite dedere viri.
Si fuit errandum, causas habet error honestas.
Adde fidem; nullâ parte pigendus erit. 110
Durat in extremum, vitæque novissima nostræ
Prosequitur fati, qui fuit antè, tenor.
Occidit internas conjux mactatus ad aras:
Et sceleris tanti præmia frater habet.
Exul agor; cineresque viri patriamque relinquo:
Et feror in duras hoste sequente vias. 116
Applicor ignotis: fratrique elapsa fretoque,
Quod tibi donavi, perfide, littus emo.
Urbem constitui; latèque patentia fixi
Mœnia, finitimis invidiosa locis. 120
Bella tument: bellis peregrina & scæmina tentor:
Vixque rudes portas urbis & arma paro.
Mille procis placui: qui me coiere quærentes
Nescio quem thalamis præposuisse suis.
Quid dubitas vinciam Gætulo tradere Iarbæ? 125
Præbuerim sceleri brachia nostra tuo.
Est etiam frater; cujus manus impia possit
Respergi nostro, sparsa cruore viri.
Pone Deos, & quæ tangendo sacra profanas;
Non bene cælestes impia dextra colit. 130
Si tu cultor eras elapsis igne futurus;
Pœnitet elapsos ignibus esse Deos.
Forsitan & gravidam Dido, scelerate, relinquo;
Parsque tui lateat corpore clausa meo.
Accedet fati matris miserabilis infans; 135
Et nondum nato funeris auctor eris.

Cúm-

to quærentes, not coiere. Coire here, is of the same Signification with *convenire*; as in Book VIII. of the *Metamorphoses*.

Lætâ manus juvenum, coiera cupidine laudis.

124. *Nescio quem.* She speaks this in a way of Contempt and Disdain. One to whom I am an entire Stranger, whose Birth and Rank I learnt only from himself.

125. *Quid dubitas.* By this she would

insinuate, that *Æneas* had forfeited his Claim to Piety and Humanity; since he was so far from relieving one who deserved well of him, for delivering him from Dangers; that on the contrary he plung'd her into them, and then abandoned her.

131. *Si tu, &c.* The Meaning is: The Gods will repent of having escap'd the Flames, if you are to be their Adorer. They would rather have perish'd with their Country,

NOTES.

Pardon my unhappy Error, I was misled by one form'd to deceive. Let his tempting Charms be the Excuse of my Folly. His Mother a Goddess, and the pious Load of his aged Sire, gave me Hopes of a constant and unshaken Husband. If I did err, yet my Error lays Claim to an honourable Excuse; suppose him faithful, and I might yield up my Heart to him without a Blush. The same Fate which persecuted me before, continues still to harass me, and marrs the Quiet of my present Hours. My Husband fell murdered before the Altars; and a bloody Brother reap'd his Wealth, as the Reward of that impious Deed. I am banished my own Country, and forc'd to abandon the dear Remains of my Husband: Pursued by my Enemies, I take Shelter in a Foreign Land. I was wafted to an unknown Coast; and thus escap'd from the Cruelty of my Brother, and the Dangers of the Sea, bought up the Lands, which I have made over to you. I built a City, and mark'd out my Walls of that Compass, as to raise the Envy of the neighbouring States. Wars threaten me, though a helpless Woman. I prepare to carry on a War with Strangers, and with Difficulty fortify my new City, and arm my Troops. A thousand Rivals make Pretensions to my Love, who all join in complaining, that they are slighted for the sake of this Stranger. Why do you hesitate to deliver me a Captive to Getulian Iarbas? I have put it in your Power to use me thus basely. I have moreover a Brother, whose wicked Hands already stain'd with the Blood of my Husband, may be stain'd also with mine. Leave your Gods, and those sacred Relicks which were polluted by thy Touch. An impious Right-hand ill becomes the Worship of the heavenly Powers. The Gods disdain a Sacrilegious Homage; and to avoid thy Worship, would willingly return to perish in the Grecian Flames. Perhaps, barbarous Man, you abandon me big with Child, and when a Part of you lies hid in my Womb. The unhappy Infant will share in the Fate of it's Mother, and you prove the Cause of Death to one yet unborn. The Brother of Iulus will be involv'd

NOTES.

Country, than receive the Homage of an impious Worshipper.

139. *Sed jubet ire Deus.* This is an Objection which *Aeneas* might be suppos'd to make against his Stay. *A God commands me to be gone.* She means, doubtless, either *Mercury* or *Apollo*, by whose Command he sought to settle in *Italy*, as he tells us himself in the fourth Book of the *Aeneid*:

Sed nunc Italiam magnam Crinæus Apollo, Italiam Lyciæ jussere capeßere sortes.

141. *Hoc duce.* This is spoken ironically. Is it in Compliance with the Will of this God, that you have wandered seven Years seeking a Settlement in *Italy*? Sure, did *Apollo* advise and favour your Voyage, he would have preserv'd you from such a Succession of Calamities.

Fraterque Iuli morietur cum sua parente, pœnâque una auferet duos connexos. Sed Deus jubet te ire: vellem vetuisset te adire; nec humus Punica fuisset pressa Teucris. Hoc duce (nempe Deo) agitaris ventis iniquis, et teris longa tempora in rapido freto. Pergama ipsa si fuere tanta, quanta forent Heclore vivo, vix erant repetenda tibi tanto labore. Non petis patrium Simoenta, sed undas Tybridis: nempe ut pervenias quo cupis, eris hospes. Utque terra petita latet, abstrusaque vitat tuas carinas, vix continget tibi seni. Potius remissa ambage, accipe hos populos in dotem, et advectas opes Pygmalionis. Transfer felicius Ilium in urbem Tyriam, teneque sceptrâ sacrata in loco regis. Si est tibi mens avida belli, si Iulus quaerit unde triumphus eat partus suo Marte; ne quid desit, præbeamus hostem quem superet. Hic locus capit leges pacis, hic locus capit etiam arma. Modo precor per matrem, sagittæque, tela fraterna, perque Dardana sacra Deos comites fugæ, parce tu domui quæ tradit se habendam tibi; (sic omnes superent, quoscunque reportas de tua gente, et Mars ille ferus sit modus tui damni. Ascaniusque impleat feliciter suos annos, et ossa senis Anchisæ cubent molliter.) Quod dicis esse crimen meum præter amasse? Ego non sum Phthias, oriundave magnis Mycenis; nec meus virque paterque steterunt in te.

Cúmque parente suâ frater morietur Iuli;
Pœnâque connexos auferet una duos.
Sed jubet ire Deus. vellem vetuisset adire;
Punica nec Teucris pressa fuisset humus. 146
Hôc duce (nempe Deo) ventis agitaris iniquis,
Et teris in rapido tempora longa freto.
Pergama vix tanto tibi erant repetenda labore,
Heclore si vivo quanta fuere forent.
Non patrium Simoenta petis; sed Tybridis undas. 145
Nempe, ut pervenias, quò cupis, hospes eris.
Utque latet, vitatque tuas abstrusa carinas,
Vix tibi continget terra petita seni.
Hos potius populos in dotem, ambage remissâ,
Accipe; & advectas Pygmalionis opes. 150
Ilium in Tyriam transfer felicius urbem:
Inque loco regis sceptrâ sacrata tene.
Si tibi mens avida est belli, si quaerit Iulus,
Unde suo partus Marte triumphus eat;
Quem superet, ne quid desit, præbeamus hostem.
Hic pacis leges, hic locus arma capit. 156
Tu modò, per matrem, fraternâque tela sagittas,
Pérque fugæ comites Dardana sacra Deos:
(Sic superent quoscunque tuâ de gente reportas,
Mars ferus & damni sit modus ille tui, 160
Ascaniusque suos feliciter impleat annos,
Et senis Anchisæ molliter ossa cubent)
Parce precor domui, quæ se tibi tradit habendam.
Quod crimen dicis, præter amâsse, meum?
Non ego sum Phthias, magnisve oriunda Mycenis; 165
Nec steterunt in te virque patérque meus.

Si

NOTES.

145. *Non patrium Simoenta petis; sed Tybridis undas.* Simois, as we have before observ'd, was a River of Troas. The Tyber, a well-known River of Italy, which afterwards run through the middle of Rome, and was pass'd over by seven Bridges.

147. *Utque latet vitatque.* Some read *refugitque*; which is authoriz'd by a like Expression in Virgil.

Italiam sequimur fugientem.

150. *Et advectas Pygmalionis opes.* For Dido carried with her into Africa, not only the immense Treasures of Sicæus, but also a great Part of the Wealth of Pygmalion; being followed by many of the Nobility.

151. *In Tyriam urbem.* That is, into Caribage, so call'd from its Founders.

152. *Inque loco regis sceptrâ sacrata tene.* In some MSS. this whole Verse is effac'd, but

volv'd in his Parent's unhappy Destiny, and one Stroke carry off both at the same Time. But a God commands you to be gone: Would he had forbid you to touch upon our Coasts, and that the Streets of Carthage had never been trod upon by the Natives of Troy. 'Tis doubtless under the same Guide, (this Divinity forsooth) that you are now the Sport of unfavourable Winds, and waste the Time in traversing tempestuous Seas. Scarce ought you to expose yourself to so many Dangers to recover Troy itself, though in the same flourishing Condition as when defended by Hector. At present you are not in quest of Simois, but the Banks of the Tyber; where when arriv'd you will be no more than a precarious Guest. And as it is far off, and deludes thy Search, it may perhaps remain undiscovered even to your old Age. 'Twere better to accept the Dowry of my Kingdom, a sure Inheritance, and the Treasures snatched from covetous Pygmalion. Thou may'st here transfer thy Troy to Carthage, and sway the sacred Scepter with Kingly Rule. If you are fond of War, if Iulus is impatient to gather Laurels in the Field: That every Thing may be to your Wish, he shall find Foes to conquer. Here you may taste the Blessings of Peace, or engage in the Toils of War. I adjure you by your Parent Goddess, by the Arrows of Cupid your Brother; by the Gods of Troy, Companions of your Flight (so may all that you bring with you from Troy survive the Attacks of Fortune, and that War prove the Period of your Calamities; so may Ascanius fill up the Measure of his Years, and the Bones of old Anchises rest in Peace) have Pity on me, whose Fate is in your Hand; whose only Crime is to have lov'd you too well. I am not of Mycene, or descended from hostile Achilles, nor were my Husband or Father ever in Arms against you. If you think
me

NOTES.

but in such Manner, that it appears it was originally written *sceptraque sacra*. There are several Conjectures about the first Part of the Verse: Some read *Nomine corregis*, others *Nomine cum regis*. We have chosen to render it according to the Vulgar Reading.

159. *Sic superent*. The Form of an Adjuration, which we have seen several Times us'd above. *Sic vivant omnes qui Trojæ incendio elapsi, tuam fortunam sequuntur, ut tu meæ domui peperceris*. So may the Gods prolong the Lives of all who have escap'd the Flames of Troy, and embarked in your Fortune, as you deal kindly with me.

160. *Mars ferus et damni sit modus illi tui*. May that cruel War, which prov'd so fatal to your Country, be the last you shall ever be engaged in; and may no future Loss distress you.

165. *Non ego sum Phthias*. Phthia was a City of Thessaly, the native Country of Achilles. By saying therefore that she was not of Phthia, she means that she was no Greek, nor Enemy to Troy.

16. *Mycenis*. Mycenæ, a City of Peloponnesus, the Country of Agamemnon and Menelaus.

168. *Dum tua sit Didō, quodlibet esse feret*. Some Criticks have remark'd of Ovid, that

Si pudet te uxoris, non dicar nupta, sed hospita. Dido feret esse quidlibet, dum sit tua. Freta frangientia litus Africum sunt nota mihi: dantque negantque viam certis temporibus. Cum aura dabit viam, præbebis carbasa ventis; nunc levis alga continet ejectam ratem. Manda mihi ut observem tempus, ibis certius: nec, si ipse cupies, sinam te manere. Socii et poscunt requiem, laniataque classis semirefecta postulat exiguas moras. Peto parva tempora, pro meritis, pro spe conjugii, et si præbebimus qua alia tibi ultro. Dum Amor et freta mitescunt; dum edisco tempore et usu, tristitia posse pati fortiter. Sin minus, est nobis animus effundere vitam; non potes esse diu crudelis in me. Utinam adspicias quæ imago sit scribentis! scribimus, et ensis Troicus adest gremio; lacrymæque labuntur per genas in enses strictum; qui pro lacrymis erit jam tinctus sanguine. Quam bene tua munera conveniunt nostro fato! instruis nostra sepulcra brevi impensa. Nec pectora mea feriuntur nunc primo telo: ille locus habet vulnus sævi Amoris. O Anna soror, soror Anna, male conscia meæ culpæ, dabis jam ultima dona in meos cineres. Nec, consumpta rogis, inscribar Elissa Sichæi; tamen hoc carmen erit in marmore tumuli: præbuit et causam et enses mortis; Dido concidit ipsa usa manu.

Si pudet uxoris; non nupta, sed hospita dicar.
 Dum tua sit Dido, quidlibet esse feret.
 Nota mihi freta sunt Afrum frangientia litus:
 Temporibus certis dantque negantque viam. 170
 Cum dabit aura viam; præbebis carbasa ventis.
 Nunc levis ejectam continet alga ratem.
 Tempus ut observem, manda mihi; certiùs ibis:
 Nec te, si cupies, ipsa manere sinam.
 Et focii requiem poscunt; laniataque classis 175
 Postulat exiguas semirefecta moras.
 Pro meritis, & si qua tibi debebimus ultro,
 Pro spe conjugii tempora parva peto.
 Dum freta mitescunt, & Amor: dum tempore
 & usu
 Fortiter edisco tristitia posse pati. 180
 Sin minus; est animus nobis effundere vitam.
 In me crudelis non potes esse diu.
 Adspicias utinam, quæ sit scribentis imago!
 Scribimus; & gremio Troicus ensis adest:
 Perque genas lacrymæ strictum labuntur in ensem; 185
 Qui jam pro lacrymis sanguine tinctus erit.
 Quàm bene conveniunt fato tua munera nostro!
 Instruis impensâ nostra sepulcra brevi.
 Nec mea nunc primo feriuntur pectora telo:
 Ille locus sævi vulnus Amoris habet. 190
 Anna soror, soror Anna, meæ malè conscia culpæ,
 Jam dabis in cineres ultima dona meos.
 Nec, consumpta rogis, inscribar Elissa Sichæi;
 Hoc tamen in tumuli marmore carmen erit:
 Præbuit Æneas & causam mortis & enses. 195
 Ipsa suâ Dido concidit usa manu.

NOTES.

that he would appear to more Advantage, were his Verses in many Places transpos'd; because his Sentiments are often introduc'd at a wrong Time, and would fit better other Parts of the Epistle, than that in which they stand. Here they seem to have ample Matter of Animadversion. *Dido*, after loading *Æneas* with Reproaches, falls to supplicating. What in Appearance can be more ridiculous? And yet 'tis certainly a Stroke of the greatest Art and Delicacy;

for nothing could have serv'd more happily to describe the giddy inconstant Nature of that Sex.

169. *Nota mihi freta sunt.* *Dido* still persists in her Endeavours to dissuade *Æneas* from his intended Voyage. She enumerates all the Dangers he had to encounter by hazarding himself at this Time, while the Season was broken and unsettled: Assures him that when the Sea becomes navigable, he shall be allow'd to depart, yea be even

EPISTOLA

me unworthy to be your Wife, receive me under the Name of your Hostess. Dido will submit to any thing, if she may be but yours. The Seas that beat against the African Shore are well known to me. At certain Seasons they favour and they frown. When the Winds invite you to be gone, you shall then spread the swelling Sails; now the moor'd Ships are surrounded with floating Sea-Weed. Leave to me to observe the Season proper for Sailing; you shall go when you may with Safety; nor (did you even desire it) would I suffer you to stay. Your Companions will be fond of a little Rest; and the shattered Fleet, as yet not half repair'd, requires some Delay. I also beg for a small Respite, if I have any Merit with you; if you value my Love, or the Ties wherewith I am thine: That the Waves and my Love may assuage; that by Time and Use, I may learn to bear up bravely under my Sorrows. If not, I will end my Misery with my Life; nor shall it be long in your Power to use me thus barbarously. Could you but imagine me to yourself as writing this Letter; I write, and on my Lap lies a drawn Sword. The Tears flow down my Cheeks upon it, which instead of Tears will be soon stain'd with Blood. How well are your Gifts fitted to my Destiny? You raise my Sepulchre at an easy Rate. Nor does this Dart now first pierce my Breast; already it has felt the Wounds of cruel Love. And you, my dear Sister, the Confident of my guilty Flame, shall soon pay the last Duty to my unhappy Remains. Nor let my Monument boast that I was the Wife of Sichæus; may the Marble bear only this Inscription: *Æneas afforded the Cause and Instrument of Dido's Death, but she fell by her own Hand.*

NOTES.

urg'd to it. That a short Delay for the present is necessary, that his Companions may recover their Fatigue, and his Ships be refitted. Finally, she will learn to bear a Separation with Patience and Resolution; and therefore out of Regard to her who deserves well of him, he ought not to deny a Request so reasonable.

172. *Ejeslam continet alga ratem.* That is, *Naves undequaque ejestamenti maris obfesse, qua adversos ventos, et concitatum pelagus indicant, eas portu continendas esse admonent, et ab itinere retrahunt.* So *Helvetius*. Perhaps it may imply, that the Sea-Weed floated round the Ships in such Quantity, as to fetter and detain them.

183. *Instruis.* It was the Practice of the

Ancients to adorn the Sepulchres of their Friends at a great Expence, and throw Gold, rich Vestments, Armour, and such like upon the Funeral-Pile. *Dido*, in Allusion to this, tells *Æneas*, but in the Bitterness of Reproach, that his Sword shall be the Instrument of her Death, and the Ornament of her Sepulchre.

191. *Anna soror, soror Anna.* She addresses her absent Sister, whom when she intended to stab herself, she had dismiss'd under some feign'd Pretence, and begs her to pay the last Offices to her Remains.

196. *Concidit.* *Ovid* takes the Story, as it is related by *Virgil*, and makes her kill herself in Despair,

EPISTOLA VIII.

HERMIONE ORESTÆ.

O R D O.

Ugo Hermione alloquitur hominem nuper fratremque virumque; nunc tantum fratrem, alter habet nomen conjugis. Pyrrhus Achillides, animosus imagine patris, tenet me inclusum contra jusque piūque. Renui, quod potui, ne non tenerer invita; sœmineæ manus non valueret cœtera. Dixi: O Æacide, quid facis? Ego non sum sine vindice; Pyrrhe, hæc est tibi puella sub suo domino. Ille surdior freto, traxit in sua tecta comis inornatis me clamantem nomen Orestæ. Quid ego tulissem gravius serva capta Lacedæmone, si turba barbara raperet Graias nurus? Achæia victrix vexavit parcius Andromachen, cum ignis Danaus ureret opes Phrygias. At tu, O Oreste, si pia cura mei tangit te; injice in tua jura manus non timidus. An feras arma, si quis rapiat armenta stabulis reclusis? Et eris lentus conjugis raptæ? Socer, repetitor nuptæ adeptæ, sit exemplo tibi, cui puella fuit pia causa militiæ.

[**A** LLOQUOR Hermione nuper fratremque virumque,
Nunc fratrem; nomen conjugis alter¹ bet.]
Pyrrhus Achillides, animosus imagine patris,
Inclusam contra jusque piūque tenet.
Quod potui, renui; ne non invita tenerer: 5
Cætera sœmineæ non valueret manus.
Quid facis, Æacide? non sum sinè vindice, dixi:
Hæc tibi sub domino, Pyrrhe, puella suo est.
Surdior ille freto clamantem nomen Orestæ
Traxit inornatis in sua tecta comis. 10
Quid gravius captâ Lacedæmone serva tulissem,
Si raperet Graias barbara turba nurus?
Parcius Andromachen vexavit Achæia victrix,
Cum Danaus Phrygias ureret ignis opes.
At tu, cura mei si te pia tangit, Oreste, 15
Injice non timidas in tua jura manus.
An, si quis rapiat stabulis armenta reclusis,
Arma feras? raptâ conjugis lentus eris?
Sit socer exemplo, nuptæ repetitor adeptæ:
Cui pia militiæ causa puella fuit. 20

NOTES.

Hermions, the Daughter of *Menelaus* and *Helena*, was, in the Absence of her Father, who had engaged in the Trojan War, betrothed to *Orestes*, the Son of *Agamemnon* and *Clytemnestra*, by *Tyndarus*, her Grandfather by the Mother's side; to whom *Menelaus* had committed the Care of his Family in his Absence. *Menelaus*, in the mean time, ignorant of what had been done by *Tyndarus*, had promised his Daughter to *Pyrrhus*, the Son of *Achilles*, who, by virtue of this, claim'd her at his Return from *Troy*, and carried her away by main

Force. But *Hermione*, averse to the Marriage of *Pyrrhus*, and passionately in Love with *Orestes*, admonishes him by a Messenger, that she might easily be recover'd out of *Pyrrhus*'s Hands; which was accordingly done. For *Orestes* having revenged his Father's Death, by killing *Ægyfthus* and his Mother; slew also *Pyrrhus* in the Temple of *Apollo*, and brought back his *Hermione*.

1. *Alloquor*. Almost all Manuscripts agree in rejecting this first Couplet as spurious, which is the Reason of its being omitted in some Editions.

H. Her-

EPISTLE VIII.

HERMIONE to ORESTES.

I UNHAPPY Hermione, address the Man, lately my Kinsman, and Spouse; now my Kinsman only; for another possessor the Name of Spouse. Pyrrhus, the Son of Achilles, impetuous as his Sire, confines me here forcibly, contrary to Honour and Justice. I resisted all I could, that I might not be detain'd; nor was it in the Power of Female Hands to do more. What is it you are a doing, Grandson of Æacus? exclaim'd I: Think that I am not without an Avenger: The Maid you injure has a Master of her own. But he, more deaf than the raging Waves, dragg'd me by the Hair into his hated Palace, calling for *Aid* upon the Name of Orestes. What could I have suffered more in the Ruin of Lacedemon, had a Troop of Barbarians led Captive the Grecian Dames? Triumphant Greece did not so harass *unfortunate* Andromache, when the Wealth of Phrygia became the Prey of devouring Flames. But, O! Orestes, if you have any Care or Thought of me, assert with Courage and Resolution your undoubted Right. Will you take up Arms if any one breaks in upon your Sheepfolds? and yet be slow to free your Wife from Violence? Copy the Example of your Father-in-Law, who boldly reclaim'd his ravish'd Spouse; and thought the Injury offered him in a Woman a sufficient Cause of War. Had Menelaus remain'd

NOTES.

Hermione. The Daughter of Menelaus and Helen. She was yet but young, when her Mother was carried to Troy, and left by her Father to the Care of Tyndarus, when he embark'd in that Expedition, who espoused her to Orestes.

Fratrem. My Cousin; so the Antients were wont to speak. For Orestes was Son to Agamemnon, the Brother of Menelaus, the Father of Hermione.

2. *Alter.* Viz. Pyrrhus, the Son of Achilles, to whom she had been promised by her Father, before his Return from Troy.

3. *Animosus imagine patris.* Viz. bold

and courageous, as his Father Achilles had been. So Virgil:

Instat vi patria Pyrrhus.

7. *Æacide.* Pyrrhus is so call'd from his Great Grandfather; for Æacus, the Son of Jupiter, was the Father of Pelus, the Father of Achilles.

9. *Nomen Orestæ.* Hermione here uses great Artifice to move Orestes. She not only loved him, but had the Boldness to own it before Pyrrhus, and openly profess, that she depended upon him for Redress.

13. *Andromachen.* Andromache was the Wife of Hector, who falling to the Share of Pyrrhus.

Si focer sedisset ignavus in vidua aula, mater mea foret nupta Paridi, ut fuit ante. Nec tu pararis mille naves, velaque sinuosa, nec numeros Danaï militis: veni ipse. Tamen ego quoque etiam repetenda sic; nec turpe est marito tulisse aspera bella pro caro toro. Quid, quod est nobis idem avus Atreus Pelopæius? Et si non esses vir mihi, eras frater. O vir, precor succurre uxori, frater succurre sorori: bina nomina instant tuo officio. Tyndareus, auctor gravis vitæ ætatis, tradidit me tibi; avus habebat arbitrium nepotis. At pater infcius acti, promiserat me Æacidæ. Avus qui prior est ordine, posset quoque plus. Cum nubebam tibi, tæda mea nocebat nulli: si jungar Pyrrho, tu eris læsus mihi. Et pater Menelaus ignoscet nostro avari: ipse succubuit telis præpetis Dei. Permittet amorem genero, quem permisit sibi: mater amata proderit suo exemplo. Tu es mihi quod pater erat matri. Pyrrhus agit partes quas advena Dardanius egerat olim. Licet ille superbiat patriis actis sine fine; et tu bates acta parentis quæ referas. Tantalides regebat omnes, ipsumque Achillem: hic erat tantum pars militiæ, ille erat dux ducum. Tu habes quoque Pelopem proavum, parentemque Pelopis. Si numeres melius, eris quintus a Jove.

Si focer ignavus viduâ sedisset in aulâ; Nupta foret Paridi mater, ut antè fuit. Nec tu mille rates sinuosâque vela parâris; Nec numeros Danaï militis: ipse veni. Sic quoque eram repetenda tamen: nec turpe marito, 25 Aspera pro caro bella tulisse toro. Quid, quod avus nobis idem Pelopæius Atreus? Et si non esses vir mihi, frater eras? Vir pecor uxori, frater succurre sorori: Instant officio nomina bina tuo. 30 Me tibi Tyndareus, vitâ gravis auctor & annis, Tradidit: arbitrium neptis habebat avus. At pater Æacidæ promiserat infcius acti. Plus quoque, qui prior est ordine, posset avus. Cum tibi nubebam, nulli mea tæda nocebat: 35 Si jungar Pyrrho, tu mihi læsus eris. Et pater ignoscet nostro Menelaus amori. Succubuit telis præpetis ipse Dei. Quem sibi permisit, genero permittet amorem. Proderit exemplo mater amata suo. 40 Tu mihi, quod matri pater, es: quas egerat olim Dardanius partes advena, Pyrrhus agit. Ille licet patriis finè sine superbiat actis; Et tu quæ referas acta parentis habes. Tantalides omnes ipsûmque regebat Achillem. 45 Hic pars militiæ; dux erat ille ducum. Tu quoque habes proavum Pelopem Pelopisq; parentem: Si melius numeres, à Jove quintus eris. Nec

N O T E S.

Pyrrhus, after the Overthrow of *Troy*, was by him carried Captive into *Epirus*, and given in Marriage to *Helenus*, one of the Sons of *Priam*, on whom he bestow'd a Part of his Kingdom 'Tis with Reason, therefore, that *Hermione* complains, that even *Andromache* met with better Usage than she.

Acbaia. *Greece*. This was the Name of a particular Region of *Peloponnesus*, and came also to stand for the whole Peninsula. From which it is often taken for *Greece* in general, as in the present Verse,

16. *Injice*. A Law Term. For *injicere Manus* signified to recover forcibly one's Right, without Recourse to Authority.

27. *Quid, quod*. She is here using her best Arguments, to persuade *Orestes* to attempt setting her at Liberty. Among others, she urges him from the Motive of Consanguinity, for they were both of the same Race. *Pelops*, the Son of *Tantalus*, was Father to *Atreus* and *Thyestes*. *Atreus* begot *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*. *Agamemnon* was the Father of *Orestes*, and *Menelaus* of *Hermione*. *Thyestes* begot *Ægysthus*, who having

main'd indolent in his deserted Palace; my Mother had still continued the Wife of Paris, as once she was. There is no need to prepare a Fleet or powerful Army, come only yourself. Not but that I well deserve to be demanded back in this Manner; nor is it any Reproach to a Husband, to have waged a furious War for the Honour of his Nuptial Bed. Have we not the same Grandfather, Atreus the Son of Pelops? And were you not my Spouse, you are still my Kinsman. Both as your Wife and Kinswoman, I beg your Aid; remember that you are under a double Tye to this good Office. I was given to you by our Ancestor Tyndarus, considerable for his Experience and Years, and one who, as my Grandfather, had the undoubted Disposal of me. But my Father, not knowing of this, had given his Promise to Æacides: Sure that of Tyndarus, as first in Authority and Time, ought to have the Preference. When espoused to you, my Flame was just and unexceptionable; but if I am married to Pyrrhus, you will be injured in me. My Father Menelaus will easily be brought to approve of our Love; he himself hath yielded to the winged Arrows of the God. He will make such Allowance for your Love, as he took to himself in his: His Attachment to my Mother affords an Example whereby to excuse ourselves. You are to me, what my Father was to Helen, and Pyrrhus acts the Part of the Trojan Guest of old. Let him boast, without ceasing, of the mighty Acts of his Father; you also can relate the glorious Deeds of yours. The Descendant of Tantalus commanded all the Grecian Host, yea, even Achilles himself. This last headed only a single Troop; he was General in Chief. You also glory to be of the Race of Pelops and Tantalus; and if you reckon farther, are the fifth in a direct Line from the Father of the Gods. Nor are you

N O T E S.

having seduced *Clytemnestra*, while her Husband *Agamemnon* was engaged in the Trojan War, did, upon his Return, in Conjunction with the same *Clytemnestra*, cruelly murder him.

31. *Tyndareus*. The Father of *Helen*, who was Mother to *Hermione*.

41. *Tu mihi, quod matris pater, es*. The Meaning is; as my Father was lawful Husband to my Mother *Helen*, so are you to me. And as *Paris* was no lawful Husband to my Mother, but a Ravisher, so *Pyrrhus* acts the same Part to me, in detaining me thus

unjustly from *Orestes*, my true and only Spouse.

45. *Tantalides*. *Agamemnon*, the Great Grandson of *Tantalus*. He was chosen Captain General of the Grecian Troops, at the Trojan War, and, of consequence, had Authority over *Achilles* himself, in whose Actions and Bravery *Pyrrhus* gloried so much.

46. *Hic*. Viz. *Achilles* was no more than one of those Leaders who were under the Command of *Agamemnon*, Superior to and Captain General over all the Kings.

Nec cares virtute, tulisti arma invidiosa. Sed quid tu faceres? Pater induit illa. Vellem fuisset fortis meliore materia; causa non lecta est, sed data tuo operi. Tamen implesti hanc, Ægyptibus cruentavit aperto jugulo testā, quæ pater tuus ante cruentaverat. Æacides increpat, vertitque laudem in crimina; et ille tamen sustinet meos aspectus. Rumpor; et ora tumescunt mihi pariter cum mente: Pectoraque vsta inclusis ignibus, dolent. Objecitne quicquam Orestæ coram Hermione? Nec vires sunt mihi, nec ensis ferus adest. Certe licet flere: diffundimus iram flendo: lacrymæque eunt per sinum instar fluminis. Habeo semper bas solos; profundoque has semper. Genæ incultæ hument porenne fonte. Nos matres Tantalides sumus apta rapina hoc fato generis, quod errat in nostris annos. Ego non resiram mendacia cygni flumini, quæ Isthmos longe porrectus, distinet duo freta. Soror Tænaris reddita erat Castori Amyclæo, et Polluci Amyclæo, urbe Mopsopia. Tænaris rapta trans æquor ab hospite Idæo, vertit manus Argolicas in arma pro se. Equidem vix memini, tamen memini. Omnia erant plena luctus, omnia plena solliciti timoris.

Nec virtute cares: arma invidiosa tulisti.
Sed tu quid faceres? induit illa pater. 50
Materiâ vellem fortis meliore fuisses:
Non lecta est, operi sed data causa tuo.
Hanc tamen implēsti; jugulôque Ægisthus aperto
Testa cruentavit, quæ pater antè tuus.
Increpat Æacides, laudēque in crimina vertit.
Et tamen aspectus sustinet ille meos. 56
Rumpor; & ora mihi pariter cum mente tumescunt:
Pectorâque inclusis ignibus vsta dolent.
Hermione coram quicquâmnē objecit Oresti?
Nec mihi sunt vires; nec ferus ensis adest. 60
Flere licet certè: flendo diffundimus iram:
Pérque sinum lacrymæ fluminis instar eunt.
Has solas habeo semper, semperque profundo.
Hument incultæ fonte perenne genæ.
Hôc generis fato, quod nostros errat in annos, 65
Tantalides matres apta rapina sumus.
Non ego fluminei referam mendacia cygni:
Nec querar in plumis delituisse Jovem.
Quà duo porrectus longè freta distinet Isthmos,
Vestâ peregrinis Hippodamia rotis. 70
Castori Amyclæo & Amyclæo Polluci
Reddita Mopsopiâ Tænaris urbe soror.
Tænaris, Idæo trans æquor ab hospite rapta,
Argolicas pro se vertit in arma manus.
Vix equidem memini; memini tamen. omnia
luctus, 75
Omnia solliciti plena timoris erant. Fle-

NOTES.

49. *Arma invidiosa.* As if she had said: *Tametsi laudes tuæ non prædicentur, non ideo tamen virtute cares: sed infelicitèr arma tulisti invidiosa.* Though your Virtues are not publicly known, you are not therefore destitute of such; but have unhappily taken up Arms in an ungrateful Cause. She speaks thus, because he had kill'd his Mother Clytemnestra, in Revenge of his Father, whom she had murder'd in Conjunction with his Kinsman Ægisthus. But Hermione industriously dissembles this horri-

Revenge, and mentions only Ægisthus, who had seduced Clytemnestra.

50. *Induit illa pater.* This is undoubtedly the true Reading; though some Editions have *patrem*. Thus Book I. of the Art of Love:

*Induit arma tibi genitor
Patriæque tuusque.*

Pater here signifies the same as *Pietas* or *paterem*. Paternal Piety; a just Resentment of the Death of a Father.

you without Bravery; you have born Arms in an irksome Cause, forc'd to engage in the just Revenge of a Father's Death. Would you had given Proof of your Valour in a less direful Cause! yet was it not Choice, but Necessity. You yielded to the urgent Call, and shed the Blood of that barbarous Ægysthus, who had so cruelly butchered your Father. But Pyrrhus censures it, and calls that praise-worthy Revenge a Crime; yea, more, presumes to do it in my Presence. I am distracted, my Cheeks, as well as my Heart glow with Rage, and my Breast is scorch'd with Flames pent up. Shall any one dare to blame Orestes in Hermione's Presence? I have indeed neither Strength nor Arms: But still I may shed Tears: Tears assuage Grief, Tears flow from my Eyes in Floods. These alone, I always can command, and these I always shed profusely: My neglected Cheeks are water'd by a continual Stream. By this Fate of our Race, which reaches down even to the present Age, we Matrons of the House of Tantalus, fall a sure Prey to every Ravisher. I need not mention the Deceit of the Swan, or how Jupiter lurk'd under the Disguise of Feathers. Hippodamia was convey'd by foreign Wheels, to where the Isthmus stretching to a great Length divides two Seas. Helen was restor'd to the Amyclæan Brothers, Castor and Pollux, from the City of Moposus. Helen convey'd beyond Sea by an Idæan Stranger, rais'd in Arms the whole Power of Greece to recover her. Scarce do I remember the Time, and yet young as I was I remember it: All was full of Grief; all discovered manifest Tokens of Anxiety and Concern. My Grandfather wept,

as

NOTES.

52. This implies an Excuse of the Deed, as what was not voluntary, but the Effect of Necessity and Constraint.

55. *Laudemque in crimina vertit.* That is, He endeavours to blacken an Action, which, examined with Candour, must turn to your Praise; as you was solely guided in it by filial Piety.

56. *Et tamen.* He yet dares to look me in the Face. We must suppose this said in Indignation, either at the Confidence of Pyrrhus, to reproach, before her Face, the Man whom he knew she loved; or the Tameness of Orestes, in thus quietly leaving her to the Insults of a Rival. I have chosen to follow the first Sense, as most na-

tural, and agreeable to the Tenour of the Words.

57. *Rumpor.* I am pierced with Grief, because unable to revenge the Injury offer'd either to you, or myself.

59. *Quicquamne.* Some Editions read *quisquamne.* The Sense, in either Way, is the same. *Hermione* complains with Indignation against the Boldness of *Pyrrhus*, to speak reproachfully of *Orestes* in her Presence.

63. *Has solas habeo semper, semperque, &c.* Nothing can be more moving than this Part of her Letter. Tears are now my only Refuge; these are always at Command, and these I shed in great Abundance. The Thought

*Avus flebat, sororque
Phœbe, fratresque gemelli.
Leda orabat superos su-
umque Jovem. Ego ipsa
scissa capillos etiam nunc
non longos, clamabam, Ma-
ter, abis sine me, sine me?
Nam conjux aberat. Ne
credar non Pelopeia, ecce
fui parata præda Neopto-
lemo. Utinam Pelides vi-
tasset arcus Apollinis! pa-
ter damnaret proterva fac-
ta nati. Nec placuit
quondam, nec placuisset
nunc Achilli, virum vi-
dium flere conjuge abducta.
Quæ mea injuria fecit cœ-
lestes iniquos? Væ miseræ!
quod fidus querar obesse
mibi? Fui parva sine
mea matre: pater ferebat
arma; et cum duo vivant,
eram orba duobus. Mea
mater, ego puella non tuli
blanditias dictas tibi in-
certo ore in primis annis.
Ego non captavi tua colla
brevibus lacertis: nec sedi
grota sarcina tuo gremio:
non erat cura tibi mei cul-
tus; nec pacta marito,
intravi novos thalamos ma-
tre parante. Prodieram ob-
via tibi reduci; (fatebor
vera:) nec erat facies pa-
rentis nota nobis. Tamen
fensi te esse Helenen, quod
eras pulcherrima. Tu ipsa
requirebas quæ foret nata
tibi. Hæc una pars, con-
jux Orestes, cessit bene mibi.
Is quoque, nî pugnet pro se, erit ademptus. Pyrrhus habet me raptam parente redun-
et victore: et Troja diruta dedit hoc muneris nobis.*

Flebat avus, Phœbéque soror, fratresque gemelli:
Orabat superos Leda, suumque Jovem.
Ipsa ego non longos etiam nunc scissa capillos
Clamabam, Sinè me, me finè, mater, abis? 80
Nam conjux aberat. ne non Pelopeia credar,
Ecce Neoptolemo præda parata fui.
Pelides utinam vitasset Apollinis arcus!
Damnaret nati facta proterva pater.
Nec quondam placuit, nec nunc placuisset Achilli,
Abductâ viduum conjuge flere virum. 86
Quæ mea cœlestes injuria fecit iniquos?
Quod mihi væ miseræ fidus obesse querar?
Parva meâ finè matre fui; pater arma ferebat:
Et, duo cùm vivant, orba duobus eram. 90
Non tibi blanditias primis, mea mater, in annis
Incerto dictas ore puella tuli.
Non ego captavi brevibus tua colla lacertis:
Nec gremio sedi sarcina grata tuo.
Non cultûs tibi cura mei: nec pacta marito 95
Intravi thalamos, matre parante, novos.
Obvia prodieram reduci tibi; vera fatebor:
Nec facies nobis nota parentis erat.
Te tamen esse Helenen, quod eras pulcherrima,
fensi.
Ipsa requirebas, quæ tibi nata foret. 100
Pars hæc una mihi conjux bene cessit Orestes:
Is quoque, nî pro se pugnet, ademptus erit.
Pyrrhus habet raptam reduce & victore pa-
rente:
Muneris hoc nobis diruta Troja dedit.

Cùm

NOTES.

Thought is not only affecting, but natural and just. We always find Women, when other Methods of Anger and Revenge fail, to have Recourse to Tears.

67. *Non ego.* This is a kind of rhetorical Artifice, to tell a Thing by the Manner of declining it. She here touches upon the Story of *Leda*, her Grandmother by the Mother's side. *Jupiter* enjoy'd her in the Shape of a Swan. Upon this, *Leda* had two Eggs: From the one came *Pollux* and *Helen*, from the other *Castor* and *Clytem-
nestra*.

69. *Isthmus.* An Isthmus is, properly, a narrow Neck of Land between two Seas. That here spoken of, is the Isthmus of *Corinth*, nigh to which lived *Oenomaus*, King of *Elis* and *Pisa*, and Father to *Hippodamia*. She being solicited in Marriage by many, because of her exceeding Beauty, her Fa-
ther proposed this Law to the Suitors, that they should contend with her in a Chariot-
Race. If they were overcome, they must lose their Lives, but whoever proved vic-
torious, was to have her for the Prize.

as did also her Sister and Twin-Brothers. Leda called on the Heavenly Powers and her own Jove. I myself with Tresses torn, which even yet are not long, complain'd in a mournful Voice: Alas, Mother, are you gone without me! have you left me behind? For Menelaus was absent. Lo I too, that I might not belie the Race of Pelops, am made the Prey of hated Neoptolemus. O that Achilles had escap'd the Arrows of Apollo! he would doubtless have condemn'd the Insolence of his Son. He neither approv'd of old, nor now would have approved, that a forsaken Husband should lament the Rape of his Spouse. What Crime of mine has rais'd the Indignation of the Gods? Unhappy that I am! What untoward Star obstructs my Felicity? I was depriv'd of my Mother in my earliest Youth, my Father was engaged in a foreign War; thus, tho' both were alive, I was yet destitute of both. I did not, O my Mother, in my younger Days fondle and flatter you with my prattling Tongue; I caught you not round the Neck with my Infant Arms, nor fate a grateful Load upon your Knee. You had no Care of my bringing up, nor was I led by you to the Marriage Bed. I came out to meet you at your Return, and, to own the Truth, knew not to distinguish my Mother's Face. I only fancied you to be Helen, because you was the most beautiful; nor did you know, till told, which was your Daughter. My only good Fortune was the having Orestes for my Husband; and he too will be lost unless he maintains his Right by Arms. Pyrrhus hath obtain'd me from my Victorious Father; 'tis all I have gain'd by the Fall of Troy.

N O T E S.

70. *Vesta peregrinis.*] Viz. of Pelops, who obtain'd the Victory by corrupting Myrtilus, the Charioteer of Oenomaus, and had Hippodamia for a Reward, according to the Engagement of her Father.

70. *Hippodamia.*] Commentators are at a Loss to account for how Leda and Hippodamia can with any Propriety be introduced among those whom a little before she calls *Matres Tantalides*. But this Difficulty may be easily obviated. Hippodamia is so call'd because she was Wife to Pelops the Son of Tantalus, and a Mother to his Race; Leda for a like Reason.

71. *Castori Amyclæo.*] Castor was the Son of Jupiter, or rather of Tyndarus, and Brother to Helen and Pollux. He is here call'd Amyclæus, from Amyclæ, a City of Laconia, the native Place of Castor and Pollux.

72. *Mopsopiâ urbe.*] Attica, so call'd, as Strabo tells us, from Mopsus or Mopsopus, one of its Kings. The *urbs Mopsopia* must be understood of Aphidna, where Theseus carried her, after he had stolen her away.

72. *Tænaris soror.*] Helen, so call'd from a Promontary of the same Name in Peloponnesus. Some think that instead of Tænaris we ought to read Tyndaris, from Tyndarus her Mother's Husband. The Reader may chuse for himself.

77. *Flebat avus Phœbéque soror.*] Several Editions read *Flebat avus, flebatque soror*; but Heinsius, from Euripides, prefers the other, being moreover supported by the Authority of some Manuscripts of the best Note.

82. *Neoptolemo.*] She means Pyrrhus, who obtain'd this Surname at the Trojan War.

Tamen cum Titan altus in-
stat radiantibus equis, in-
felix perfruo liberiore ma-
lo. Ubi nox condidit tha-
lamis me ululantem, et
gementem acerba, procu-
buique in mæsto toro; pro
somno oculi funguntur o-
bortis lachrymis, fugio-
que virum qua licet, sicut
ab hoste. Sæpe stupeo ma-
lis: oblitaque rerum loci-
que, tetigi Scyria membra
ignarâ manu. Utque sensi
nefas, relinquo corpora
male tacta et credor mihi
habere manus pollutas Sæpe
pro nomine Neoptolemi, no-
men Orestæ exit: et amo
errorem vocis ut omen. Ju-
ro per genus infelix paren-
temque generis, qui quatit
freta, qui terras, qui sua
regna; per ossa patris
tui, patrui mihi, quæ de-
bent tibi quod jacent sub
tumulo fortiter ultra, ego aut

Cum tamen altus equis Titan radiantibus instat,
Perfruo infelix liberiore malo. 106

Nox ubi me thalamis ululantem, & acerba ge-
mentem

Condidit, in mæsto procubuique toro;
Pro somno lachrymis oculi funguntur obortis:
Quaque licet fugio, sicut ab hoste, virum: 110
Sæpe malis stupeo; rerumque oblita, locique,
Ignarâ tetigi Scyria membra manu.

Utque nefas sensi, malè corpora tacta relinquo:
Et mihi pollutas credor habere manus.

Sæpe Neoptolemi pro nomine, nomen Orestæ 115
Exit. & errorem vocis, ut omen, amo.

Per genus infelix juro, generisque parentem,
Qui freta, qui terras, qui sua regna quatit;

Per patris ossa tui, patrui mihi; quæ tibi debent,
Quod se sub tumulo fortiter ultra jacent: 120

Aut ego præmoriar, primoque extinguar in ævo;
Aut ego Tantalidæ Tantalus uxor ero.

Aut ego præmoriar, extinguarque in primo ævo, aut ego Tantalus,
ero uxor Tantalidæ.

NOTES.

83. *Apollinis arcus.*] The brave and
heroick Spirit of *Achilles* would have highly
blam'd an Action so base, and had he been
alive, might probably have done her Justice.
She mentions here the Arrows of *Apollo*,
not that *Achilles* was actually slain by that
God, but because he fell in the Temple of
Apollo by the Hand of *Paris*, who wound-
ed him in the Heel with a Javelin, in
which Part alone, he was capable of being
hurt. *Virgil*, Book 6.

*Dardani qui Paridis direxti tela manus-
que,
Corpus in Æacidæ.*

85. *Nec quondam placuit, &c.*] For *A-
chilles*, when *Briseis* was unjustly taken
from him by *Agamemnon*, carried his Re-
sentment so far, that he refused to join
with his Countrymen in prosecuting the
Trojan War, and actually withdrew his
Troops from the Grecian Camp, and could
not be prevail'd with to return, till *Briseis*

was restored, and full Reparation made
for the Injury offered to him. *Hermione* by
this artfully intimates to *Orestes*, that he
ought to imitate the Example of *Achilles*,
and act with the same Bravery and Reso-
lution.

88. *Quod mihi vix miseræ.*] Some Edi-
tions read *Quodvix mihi miseræ*; and both
may be supported by plausible Pretences:
However, the first seems to have the best
Title to be receiv'd, as it comes nearer to
Ovid's usual Way of expressing himself. Thus
in the Epistle of *Briseis*:

Hic mihi vix miseræ concutit ossa metus,

And that of *Cydippe*:

*At mihi vix miseræ torrantur febribus
artus,*

91. *Non tibi.*] She here complains that
she was depriv'd of all those Pleasures,
which

When the Sun in his resplendent Chariot mounts the mid Heaven, my Misfortunes then suffer some Allay; but when Night conceals me in my Chambers, howling and heaving bitter Groans, and I have thrown myself upon my mournful Couch; instead of Sleep to close them, my Eyes overflow with Tears, and I shun my Husband when I can, as if he was my Foe. Oft rendered insensible by my Misfortunes, and unmindful of the Place and Persons, I am apt to stretch over Pyrrhus my unwary Hand. But strait when I recollect my Error, I fly the hated Touch, and think my Hands polluted. Oft instead of Pyrrhus, the Name of my Orestes escapes me, and I am fond to interpret the Mistake as a good Omen. I swear by our unhappy Race and its Almighty Sire, who shakes the Earth and Seas and Heaven by his Nod; by the Bones of your Father, my Uncle, which bravely revenged by your Hand now lye in a peaceful Urn: I'll either prematurely die, and be extinguish'd in my early Youth; or, as I am sprung from Tantalus, be married to one of my own Race.

N O T E S.

which others are wont to enjoy in Infancy, when they give Pleasure to their Parents, and are again carels'd by them.

101. *Paræ hæc una mihi.*] *Hermione*, after giving a long Detail of her Disasters, observes, that there was one Thing in which she accounted herself happy, and that was the being espoused to *Orestes*; and yet even here, as if the Fates had decreed that her Life should be all of a Piece, she was like to meet with strong Opposition, nor could *Orestes* any other Way maintain his just Right to her, but by the Sword.

104. *Munus et hæc nobis.*] Copies very much vary in their Manner of reading this Line. Some have it,

Et minus ab nobis diruta Troja fuit

Better had it been for me, if Troy had not been destroyed. The Sense here is good, and agreeable to *Ovid*, for we find a Complaint of much the same Kind in the Epistle of *Penelope* to *Ulysses*.

105. *Cum tamen.*] She here speaks the

Nature of her Grief, which though such as to lye heavy upon her at all Times, yet was most sensible during the Night. For then she did nothing but weep, the Images of her Distress being renewed, and affecting her more strongly.

112. *Scyria membra.*] This is spoken in a way of Contempt. For *Pyrrhus* was begotten in the Isle of *Scyros*, while *Achilles* lurk'd in Woman's Apparel among the Daughters of *Lycomedes*, that he might avoid going to the Trojan War, whence it was said he would never return. The Story is well known.

117. *Per genus infelix.*] That Family was remarkable for Rapes, Blood and Slaughter; insomuch, that the Writers of Tragedy, for the most Part, took their Subjects from it.

122. *Tantalidæ.*] That is of you, *Orestes*, who are also of the Race of *Tantalus*. *Hermione* obtain'd her Wish; for *Orestes* having slain *Pyrrhus* in the Temple of *Apollo*, was married to her, and had a Son by her.

EPISTOLA IX.

DEIANIRA HERCULI.

O R D O.

Gratulor Oechaliam accedere vestris: sed queror victorem succubuisse queror. Fama decolor, et inficienda tuis factis subito pervenit in Pelasgiadas urbes, Iolén imposuisse ju. um hinc, quem Juno, inane saque series laborum, nunquam frugerit. Eurystheus velit hoc, germana Tonantis vellet hoc; novercaque sit lata labe tuæ vitæ. At ille (Jupiter) non velit, cui (si Fama creditur) una nox

GRATULOR Oechaliam titulis accedere vestris: Victorem victæ succubuisse queror. Fama Pelasgiadas subito pervenit in urbes Decolor, & factis inficienda tuis; Quem nunquam Juno, seriesque immensa laborum Frugerit; huic Iolén imposuisse jugum. Hoc velit Eurystheus, velit hoc germana Tonantis; Lætaque sit vitæ labe noverca tuæ. At non ille velit, cui nox (si creditur) una

Non

NOTES.

Jupiter falling in Love with Alcmena, and assuming the Appearance of her Husband Amphitryon, by that Stratagem obtain'd her, and begot Hercules. Juno inflam'd with Jealousy, and full of Hatred to the Offspring of this stolen Embrace, gain'd Eurystheus, King of Mycene, to join with her in attempting to destroy it; which he endeavour'd to effect by spiriting Hercules on to bold and perilous Undertakings. But he had the good Fortune to come off always victorious. Yet this Hero, though superior to all other Monsters, was nevertheless found an unequal Match for Love. He married Dejanira, Daughter of Oeneus, King of Ætolia, who had before been betrothed to Achelous, with whom Hercules disputing for her, got the better. Afterwards in crossing a River, Nessus the Centaur offered his Assistance to carry her over. When waiting till Hercules was on the other Side, he attempted to ravish her. He perceiving his Design, pierced him with an Arrow that had been poison'd in the Blood of the Monster Hydra. Nessus dying, presented Dejanira with a Garment dyed in his own Blood; assuring her, that it would prevent her Husband from wavering in his Affections. It was not long be-

fore Hercules gave Proof of his Inconstancy; for falling in Love with Iole the Daughter of Erysius, King of Oechalia, and finding his Suit rejected by her Father, he laid Siege to the City, took it, slew Eurystheus, and made Iole his Captive. His Passion for her rose to such a Degree of Extravagance, that at her Desire he laid aside his Club, Lion's Skin, and other Badges of Heroism, and putting on Women's Apparel, was not ashamed to spin among her Maids. Dejanira hearing of this Degeneracy, and giving Credit to the Words of the Centaur, sent him the poison'd Shirt. This Present was soon after followed by the Epistle now before us, in which she upbraids him with his unmanly Weakness, and endeavours to awaken him to a Sense of Glory, by setting before him his past Actions. But hearing before she concluded her Letter the fatal Effects of the Shirt she sent him, she exclaims against her own Rashness, and threatens to end her Life by her own Hands.

Some Writers take Notice of a Distich prefixed also to this Epistle, as we have before observed in several others.

Mitter ad Alciden a conjuge conscia mentis
Littera

EPISTLE IX.

DEIANIRA to HERCULES.

I Give you Joy that the Conquest of Oechalia is now added to your other Trophies, but am sorry the Conqueror is forc'd to submit to the Conquered. For a Report greatly to your Dishonour, and which by your Actions you must study to discredit, is suddenly spread through all the Cities of Greece, that he whom neither the Malice of Juno, nor an endless Series of Toils has been able to subdue, is now become a Captive to the Charms of Iole. Eurytheus has much long'd for this, as has the Sister of the Thunderer; and your Step-Mother triumphs in this Stain of your Character. But 'tis far from pleasing him, to whom (if Fame can be believed) one Night was not sufficient to beget you, great as you are.

NOTES.

Litera, si conjux Deianira tua est.

This Epistle, faithful to my Heart, is sent Alcides by his loving Wife; if you will allow Dejanira to call herself still yours.

1. *Oechaliæ.*] The Antients mention three Cities of this Name: One in *Thessaly*, one in *Arcadia*, and a third in *Eubæa*. Commentators generally agree, that this here is meant of the last. *Eurytus* held the supreme Power in it, with whose Daughter *Iole*, *Hercules* falling deeply in Love, he requested her of her Father. But *Eurytus* rejecting his Suit, *Hercules* laid Siege to the City, took it by Storm, and slew the King. *Iole* among other Captives fell into his Hands, whose Beauty so far gain'd upon the Conqueror, that at his Desire he put off the Hero, and gave himself up to Female Employments.

2. *Victorem vultæ, &c.*] That is, I rejoice in your Victory; but complain that you are now become the Slave of those you had conquered, by suffering *Iole* to rule a Tyrant in your Heart, and submitting to her shameful Impositions.

3. *Pelagiadas pervenit in urbes.*] A Report has been spread all over the Cities of Greece, The *Pelagiæ* were the most an-

tient of all the *Greeks*; and had their Name from *Pelagus* the Son of *Jupiter*. At first it was given only to a Part of *Thessaly*, afterwards to *Peloponnesus*, and lastly it became a common Appellation for all *Greece*.

7. *Juno.*] This Goddess highly representing the Commerce between *Jupiter* and *Alcumina*, was of Consequence exasperated against *Hercules* the Fruit of it, and try'd by all the Methods she could invent to destroy him.

7. *Eurytheus.*] The Son of *Sthenelus*, and King of *Mycenæ*. *Juno* desirous to destroy *Hercules*, applied to him, and by her Solicitations prevailed so far, that he set *Hercules* upon several hazardous Attempts, in Hopes that in some he might miscarry. But all this tended only to encrease his Fame, and set his Glory in a more conspicuous Point of View, for he had the good Fortune always to come off Conqueror, and by this Means gain'd the Character of a compleat Hero.

8. *Noverca.*] *Juno*, who being the Wife of *Jupiter*, may justly be called *Hercules's* Step-Mother.

9. *At non ille, &c.*] She means *Jupiter*, who is said to have brought three Nights into one, when he begat *Hercules*.

non fuit tanti, ut con-
ciperere tantus. Venus no-
cuit tibi plus quam Ju-
no. Illa sustulit te premen-
do; hæc tenet colla sub
humili pede. Respice orbem
pacatum tuis vindicibus vi-
ribus, quæ cæculus Nereus
ambit latam humum. Pax
terræ debet se tibi, tuta
æquora debent se tibi: im-
plevesque utram domum
solis tuis meritis. Tu ip-
se prior fulxisti cælum
quod te latum est,
Atlas fult sit sidera sup-
posito Hercule. Quid qua-
sita est nisi notitia mi-
sero pudori, si maculas
priora facta turpi nota?
Feruntne te preffisse tena-
citer geminos angues, cum
tener in cunis, eras jam
dignus Jove? Cæpisti meli-
us quam desinis: ultima
cedunt primis: hic vir, ille
puer sunt dissimiles. Amor
vincit illum, quem non
mille feræ, quem non hostis
Sthenelus, non Juno po-
tuit vincere. At feror
nupta bene, quia nominer
uxor Herculis. Jupiterque,
qui altus tonat equis fer-
vidis sit mihi focer. Nupta
minor tam premitur magno
conjugæ, quam inæquales
juvenci mole veniant ad
aratra. Species læsura fe-
rentem, non est honor, sed onus; si qua voles nubere apte, nube pari. Vir abest semper mihi,
et hospes est notior conjugæ; persequiturque monstra, ferasque terribiles. Ipsa operata votis
pudicis, domo viduâ torqueor, ne vir cadat ab infesto hoste. Jactor inter serpentes aprosque leones-
que avidos,

Non tanti, ut tantus conciperere, fuit. 10
Plus tibi, quàm Juno, nocuit Venus. illa premen-
Sustulit: hæc humili sub pede colla tenet. [do
Respice vindicibus pacatum viribus orbem,
Quæ latam Nereus cæculus ambit humum.
Se tibi pax terræ, tibi se tuta æquora debent: 15
Implēsti meritis Solis utramque domum,
Quod te latum est, cælum prior ipse tulisti;
Hercule supposito sidera fulcit Atlas.
Quid nisi notitia est misero quæsitâ pudori,
Si maculas turpi facta priora notâ? 20
Tēne ferunt geminos preffisse tenaciter angues,
Cum tener in cunis jam Jove dignus eras?
Cæpisti melius, quàm desinis. ultima primis
Cedunt: dissimiles hic vir & ille puer. 24
Quem non mille feræ, quem non Sthenelus hostis,
Non potuit Juno vincere; vincit Amor.
At bene nupta feror; quia nominer Herculis uxors
Sitque focer, rapidis qui tonat altus equis.
Quam malè inæquales veniant ad aratra juveni,
Tam premitur magno conjugæ nupta minor. 30
Non honor est, sed onus, species læsura feren-
Si qua voles aptè nubere, nube pari. [tem:
Vir mihi semper abest; & conjugæ notior hospes:
Monstræque terribiles persequiturque feras.
Ipsa domo viduâ, votis operata pudicis, 35
Torqueor; infesto ne vir ab hoste cadat.
Inter serpentes aprosque avidosque leones

Jactor,

N O T E S.

15. *Se tibi pax terræ.*] The Greeks at-
tribute numberless Exploits to Hercules.
They tell us, that he travers'd the whole
Earth, and settled Peace and Tranquillity
in all the Kingdoms through which he
pass'd. The Truth is, there were several
Heroes of this Name, all whose Enter-
prizes have by the Greeks been ascribed to
him of Thebes.

18. *Hercule supposito.*] Atlas is said to
have been assisted by Hercules, in the great
Task of supporting the Heavens. The Oc-
casion of the Fiction was probably owing
to this; that Hercules having learnt Astro-
logy from Atlas, succeeded him in the Pro-

fession of that Science.

19. *Quid nisi notitia.*] This Verse, at
first Sight somewhat obscure, may be thus
paraphrased. *Quid tibi per præclara tua
facta comparasti, nisi ut nunc magis cognos-
catur dedecus tuum? What have you gain'd
by all your mighty Achievements, but to
spread abroad the Fame of your Degeneracy?*
Marius in *Salust's Jugurthine War* expresses
himself to much the same Effect. *Majorum gloria posteris lumen est, neque mala
eorum in occulto patitur. The Bravery of
our Ancestors does Honour to their Posterity;
nor can their Failings be hid from public
Notice,*

25. *Sthen-*

are. Venus has harmed you more than Juno; she rais'd, by endeavouring to depress you: The other keeps your Neck beneath her Footstool. Think how the World lies hush'd in Peace by your avenging Arm, wherever the blue Ocean circles round this vast Tract of Earth. To thee the Earth is indebted for Peace, and the Seas for a safe Navigation; thy Glory hath fill'd both Houses of the Sun. You previously bore up the Heavens, that must at length bear you; Atlas, by your Help supported the Stars. Yet all this tends only to spread abroad your Shame, if your former *brave* Deeds are stain'd by an infamous Miscarriage. Are you not said to have wrung to Death two horrid Snakes? When young and in your Cradle you shew'd yourself worthy of your Father Jupiter. You began with more Honour than you *are like to* end: The last Parts of your Life fall short of the first: How preposterous to shew yourself a Man in this, in that a Child? He whom not a thousand Monsters, not the Son of Sthenelus, his obstinate Enemy, not implacable Juno could vanquish, is yet vanquish'd by Love. But I am thought honourably wedded, because I am called the Wife of Hercules, and boast of him for my Father-in-Law, who riding on his fiery Steeds, rends the Poles with his Thunder. As when unequal Steers are yok'd in the same Plough, so does the Wife of inferior Degree suffer from her mighty Husband. A Rank that oppresses, is no Honour but a Burden: She that desires to wed well, will do wisely to wed with her Equal. My Lord is ever absent, and a Stranger is better known to him than his Wife: He is always in Pursuit of Monsters, and frightful wild-Beasts. Oft I address Heaven with chaste Vows, and tremble in my solitary Home, lest my Husband should fall by some savage Enemy. My Imagination hurries me amidst Serpents, Boars, furious Lions, and

N O T E S.

25. *Sthenelcius hostis.*] *Eurystheus* the Son of *Sthenelus*, of whom before.

31. *Non honor est, sed onus, species læsura.*] To be married to one much above us, is no Honour but a Burden; it is a Dignity that hurts the Person on whom it is conferr'd. One thus match'd, has many Hardships to encounter, must bear sometimes with ill Usage without daring to complain, and think themselves greatly honoured by every Instance of Favour shewn them.

34. *Monstraque.*] Such was the *Hydra* of *Lernus*, a Monster with seven, or according

to others nine Heads. Also *Cerberus* and *Cacus*.

Ibid. Terribilesque feras.] As the Lion of *Nemæa*, the *Erymanthian* Boar, and others mentioned in the twelve Labours of *Hercules*.

35. *Operata.*] *Operare* was often used by the *Latins* for *sacrificare, rem sacram facere*; in which Sense it is taken here. She offered up Vows and Sacrifices for her Husband, that he might be protected amidst so many Dangers.

38. *Jaſur.*

et canes efuros per terna ora.
 Fibrae pecudum, simulacraque inania somni, omi-
 naque petita arcanâ nocte, movent me, Infelix aucu-
 por murmura incertae famae: timorque cadit spe
 dubia, spesque timore. Mater abest; queriturque se
 placuisse Deo potenti: Nec pater Amphitryon,
 nec puer Hyllus adest. Eurystheus arbiter iniquae irae
 Junonis, iraque longa Deae sentitur nobis. Parum est
 mihi ferre haec: addis peregrinos amores, et quolibet
 potest esse mater de te. Ego non referam Augem
 temeratam vallibus Partheniis, nec partus tuus
 nympha Ormeni. Sorores, turba Theutrantia, de populo
 quarum nulla erat relicta tibi, non erunt crimen
 tibi. Una adultera recens crimen praefertur nobis,
 unde ego sum facta noverca Lamo. Maendros,
 qui errat toties in isdem agris, qui saepe re-
 torquet in se aquas lotas, vidit monilia suspensa
 in collo Herculeo; illo nempe collo cui caelum fuit parva sarcina.
 Non puduit te cohibere fortes lacertos auro, et appuisse gemmas solidis toris.

Factor, & efuros terna per ora canes.
 Me pecudum fibrae, simulacraque inania somni,
 Ominaque arcanâ nocte petita movent. 40
 Aucupor infelix incertae murmura famae:
 Spesque timor dubia, spesque timore cadit.
 Mater abest; queriturque Deo placuisse potenti.
 Nec pater Amphitryon, nec puer Hyllus adest.
 Arbiter Eurystheus irae Junonis iniquae 45
 Sentitur nobis, iraque longa Deae.
 Haec mihi ferre parum: peregrinos addis amores:
 Et mater de te quolibet esse potest.
 Non ego Partheniis temeratam vallibus Augem,
 Nec referam partus, Ormeni nympha, tuos. 50
 Non tibi crimen erunt Theutrantia turba sorores:
 Quarum de populo nulla relicta tibi.
 Una recens crimen praefertur adultera nobis;
 Unde ego sum Lydo facto noverca Lamo.
 Maendros, toties qui terris errat in isdem, 55
 Qui lapsas in se saepe retorquet aquas;
 Vidit in Herculeo suspensa monilia collo;
 Illo, cui caelum sarcina parva fuit.
 Non puduit fortes auro cohibere lacertos,
 Et solidis gemmas apposuisse toris. 60

Nempe

N O T E S.

38. Factor.] Versor, scilicet cogitatione:
 Because the Thoughts of the Dangers you
 are surrounded with, are ever present to
 my Mind; and I seem myself to be equally
 involved in them.

Ibid. Efuros terna per ora canes.] This re-
 lates to three-headed Cerberus, whom Hercules
 at the Desire of Eurystheus attack'd, and
 forcibly dragg'd from his infernal Habi-
 tation.

39. Fibrae pecudum.] viz. Extæ, viscera,
 The Entrails, which anxious for your Fate
 I often search. For the Ancients, when
 they offered Sacrifices to the Gods, always
 inspected the Viscera, and from their Ap-
 pearance predicted future Events.

40. Ominaque arcanâ.] Auguria, says
 Hubertinus, Responja at vaticinia, says Mi-
 cylus. Helvetius approves of neither of
 these Interpretations. He thinks that by

Omina here, no more is meant but random
 Conceptions formed from any Objects in-
 differently in the Night; for nothing is
 more common than for Women to convert
 the Screeching of an Owl at Midnight,
 yea even the most trifling Circumstances in
 Nature, into Omens and Prognosticks.

43. Mater abest.] She here enumerates
 the several Circumstances of her Distress,
 That she was not only abandoned by her
 Husband, but had no Friend near her to
 comfort her. Your Mother Alcmena is not
 with me, for Hercules having at an Enter-
 tainment slain Oeneus's Cup-Bearer, had re-
 tired to Trachyne, where he had left his Wife
 Dejanira. The Story is recounted at large
 by Apollodorus.

44. Hyllus.] The Son of Hercules, by
 Dejanira. These had been all sent into
 Banishment by Eurystheus.

45. Ar-

and three-headed devouring Dogs. The Entrails of the Sacrifices, the vain Phantoms of Sleep, and secret Omens of Night alarm me. I am terrified with every Surmise of doubtful Fame, and feel the full Misery of a Breast rack'd by alternate Hope and Fear. Your Mother is absent, and complains that ever her Charms engaged the Notice of a powerful God. Neither your Father Amphitryon, nor your Son Hyllus are here. I feel only Eurytheus, the Minister of Juno's unjust Rage; and the unrelenting Wrath of that Goddess. But 'twere an easy Matter to bear with this: You add also foreign Loves, and any one may be a Mother by you. I shall not speak of Auge desflowered in the Vales of Arcadia, nor your Offspring by Astydamia, the Daughter of Ormenus. You shall not be reproach'd with the fifty Sisters of the House of Theutantes, all whom you debauch'd in one Night. Your late Crime I resent, in preferring an Adulteress before me, by whom I am made Step-Mother to Lydian Lamus. Mæander, which wanders so much in the same Plains, whose winding Streams flow back by frequent Channels, has seen the Neck of Hercules adorn'd with a String of Pearls; that Neck to which the Heavens were an easy Load. You have not been asham'd to bind your Arms with Chains of Gold, and deck your solid Joints with shining Gems. And yet under these Arms

did

NOTES.

45. *Arbiter Eurytheus.*] We have already taken Notice of his Power over Hercules, and the Attempts he set him upon. He is here by the Poet called *Arbiter ira Junonis*, because it was at the Instigation of Juno, and to gratify her Resentment, that he form'd the Design of oppressing Hercules.

49. *Parthenius.*] *Arcadian.* For *Parthenius* was a Mountain of *Arcadia*, which derived its Name from the Sacrifices offered upon it to *Venus*, by a select Company of Virgins.

Ibid. Augen.] *Auge* was the Daughter of *Aleus*, King of *Arcadia*, who being desflowered by *Hercules*, was afterwards brought to Bed of a Son called *Telephus*.

50. *Ormeni nymphe.*] This is meant of *Astydamia*, the Daughter of King *Ormenus*. *Hercules* had demanded her in Marriage of her Father; but he refused, knowing him to be already wedded to *Dejanira*. *Hercules* enraged at the Denial, made War upon him, took his City by Attack, and slew him. *Astydamia* was taken Prisoner, and had a

Child to the Conqueror, called *Ctesippus*, *Diodor.* l. 5.

51. *Theutantia turba.*] This refers to the fifty Daughters of *Thespius*, the Son of *Erechtheus*, King of *Athens*. All these *Hercules* is said to have debauched in one Night, and of them begot fifty Sons called *Thespiades*. Commentators disagree as to the Reason of their being here called *Turba Theutantia*. Some derive it from *Theutantes*, a King of *Myfia*; but the most likely Conjecture deduces it from *Theutantos*, a City of *Attica*, where was to be seen a masterly Picture, in which this Story of *Hercules* was represented.

53. *Una recens.*] This is not to be understood of *Iole*, but of *Omphale*, Queen of *Lydia*, to whom *Hercules* subjected himself in the most servile Manner, and received with Submission all her Commands. *Dejanira* recounts them here at large. By her he had a Son nam'd *Lamus*.

55. *Mæandros toties qui terris errat in istædem.*] The *Mæander* is a River that divides *Lydia* from *Caria*. It is remarkable for

Nempe Nemeæ pestis, unde lævus humerus habet tegmina, edidit animam sub his lacertis. Ausus es redimire hirsutos capillos mitra, alba populus aptior comæ Herculeæ. Putas uoc dedecuisse, te incingi zonâ Mæoniâ, more lascivæ puellæ? An non imago crudi Diomedis succurrit tibi, qui efferus, pavit equas dape humana? Si Bufiris vidisset te in isto cultu; tu nempe victor eras pudendus huic victo. Antæus detrahat reamacula duro collo; ne pigeat succubuisse molli viro. Diceris tenuisse calathum inter puellas Ioniacas, et pertinuisset minas dominæ. Non fugis, O Alcide, imposuisse manum victricem mille laborum, calathis rasilibus deducisque crassi fila pollice robusto, repensaque aqua per-fusa formosa beræ? At quoties manus tuæ prævalidæ comminueris fufas, dum torques flamina digitis duris. Inge ix, crederis tremefactus habentis scuticæ, pertinuisset minas ante pedes dominæ. Narrabas summa præconia eximiis pompis triumphi, factæque dissimulanda tibi. Scilicet manum infantem in cunis involuisse immanes hydros elisis faucibus.

Nempe sub his animam pestis Nemeæ lacertis
Edidit: unde humerus tegmina lævus habet.
Ausus es hirsutos mitrâ redimire capillos:
Aptior Herculeæ populus alba comæ.
Nec te Mæoniâ, lascivæ more puellæ, 65
Incingi zonâ dedecuisse putas?
Non tibi succurrit crudi Diomedis imago,
Efferus humanâ qui dape pavit equas?
Si te vidisset cultu Bufiris in isto;
Huic victor victo nempe pudendus eras. 70
Detrahat Antæus duro redimicula collo;
Ne pigeat molli succubuisse viro.
Inter Ioniacas calathum tenuisse puellas
Diceris; & dominæ pertinuisset minas.
Non fugis, Alcide, victricem mille laborum 75
Rasilibus calathis imposuisse manum?
Crassâque robusto reducis pollice fila,
Æquâque formosæ pensâ rependis heræ?
Ah quoties, digitis dum torques flamina duris,
Prævalidæ fufos comminueris manus! 80
[Creders, infelix, scuticæ tremefactus habentis,
Ante pedes dominæ pertinuisset minas.]
Eximiis pompis præconia summa triumphi,
Factæque narrabas dissimulanda tibi.
Silicet immanes elisis faucibus hydros 85
Infantem cunis involuisse manum?

N O T E S.

its numerous Windings and Turnings, as the Poet hints in this short Description of it. Much to the same Purpose is the Account he gives of it in the Metamorphoses:

Quique recurvatis ludit Mæandros in undis.

And the Mæander which plays in a thousand winding Channels.

65. *Pestis Nemeæ, &c.*] *Dejanira*, astonished at her Husband's Effeminacy, breaks out in Reproaches, and endeavours to make him sensible of his Degeneracy, by comparing his past with his present Conduct, in which the Disproportion was too manifest not to make him ashamed. Those nervous Arms that were formerly more than a Match for the Lion of *Nemeæ*, and adorn'd with his Skin as a Badge of their

Victory, are now garnished with Bracelets, and employed in the unmanly Exercises of spinning and weaving, &c.

63. *Mitra.*] *Helvetius* speaks of it thus. *Mitra* *Servio* teste nomen est barbarum, quod capitis ornamentum quoddam, aut pileus incurvus intelligitur, de quo *Philyra* dependit; ejus apud *Lydias* et *Phrygias* mulieres, aut quosdam etiam effeminatos viros, usus erat.

64. *Populus alba.*] *Hercules* is said to have adorn'd his Head with a Garland of this, when he went down into Hell in Quest of *Cerberus*; whence the white Poplar became sacred to *Hercules*.

65. *Mæonia zona.*] With the Girdle of *Omphale*, of *Mæonia* or *Lydia*.

67. *Diomedes.*] This, according to *Fable*, was a most cruel King of *Thrace*, who went to feed his Horses and Mares with the

Flesh

did the Nemean Lion expire; whose Skin forms now a Covering for your left Shoulder. You had the Weakness to bind your rude Locks with a Mitre: A Garland of Poplar would have better adorn'd the Temples of Hercules. Nor did you think it a Dishonour to confine your Waist with the Girdle of Omphale, after the Manner of a wanton Maid. The Image of barbarous Diomedes, who savagely fed his Mares with human Flesh, was not then, sure, in your Mind. Had Busris beheld you in that unmanly Attire, the Conquered would have been ashamed of his Conqueror. Antæus would have tore the Pearls from your nervous Neck, ashamed to submit to so effeminate a Victor. You are said to hold the Basket amidst the other Attendants of Omphale, and tremble at the Threats of a Mistress. Degenerate Alcides, are you not ashamed to employ in servile Offices those nervous Hands victorious over a thousand Dangers? To apply your manly Thumb in fashioning the long Thread, and measure out the Task given you by your fair Mistress? How often, while with rough Fingers you draw out the slender Thread, have your sinewy Hands broke the feeble Distaffs? You are said, unhappy Man, to tremble at the Thongs of the Whip, and, falling prostrate at your Mistress's Knees, to beg a Release from Stripes. You think to appease her by boasting of your great Deeds and pompous Triumphs; Things which, in those Circumstances, it were better to dissemble. How when an Infant in your Cradle you grasp'd hideous Serpents, not terrified by their extended Jaws, or forked Tongues. How the

Arcadian

NOTES.

Flesh of Strangers, and to nail their Heads to the Gates of his Palace. *Hercules* slew him, and retaliated upon him the cruel Usage he had shewn to others.

69. *Busris*.] This was a noted Tyrant of Egypt, who often sacrificed Strangers to procure an Inundation of the Nile. This Piece of Cruelty was first exercised upon *Thraſius*, who was the Inventer and Teacher of it. Intending to put the same in Practice upon *Hercules*, *Hercules* opposed, and slew him.

71. *Detrahat*.] That is, says *Helvetius*, *detrahere cupiat*. This Figure is somewhat remarkable, and not without its Use. It speaks of Things past as future. By it *Demetrius*, to carry the Matter more home to *Hercules*, raises *Antæus* from the dead.

Ibid. Antæus.] This *Antæus* was a monstrous Giant, as some will have him, the Son of the Earth; according to others, the Son of *Neptune*. He obliged Strangers to

wrestle with him, and in the Contest slew them. *Hercules* encountered him, and lifting him from the Earth, from whence he was said constantly to derive fresh Accretions of Strength, pressed him to Death.

73. *Ionicas puellas*.] The Maids of *Omphale*; for *Ionia* is so nearly join'd to *Lydia*, that they may well be made to stand indifferently for each other. Some Copies read *Maonias*.

Ibid. Calatibus.] *Calatibus*, a Basket of Vine-Twigs, fit to hold Wool, Flowers, and such like.

75. *Alcide*.] A Name given to *Hercules* from *Alcæus* his Grandfather, tho' others derive it from *αλκῆ*, Strength.

81. *Credetis infelix*.] This Distich is rejected by *Heinsius* as spurious, because it is wanting in some of the best Manuscripts, and seems only a Repetition of what is said before.

83. *Eximius pempis*.] *Heinsius* is also in Doubt

Ut aper Tegeæus incubet
Erymantho cupressifero, et
lædat humum vasto ponde-
re. Ora affixa Threiciis
penatibus, non tacentur ti-
bi, non equæ pingues cæde
bominum. Prodigiumque
triplex, Geryones dives ar-
menti Iberi; quamvis unus
erat in tribus. Cerberus-
que digestus in totidem ca-
nēs ab uno trunco, comis
implicitis angue minante.
Serpensque fertilis, quæ
redundabat sæcundo vul-
nere, et ipsa dives erat ab
suis damnis. Quique sau-
ce compressa pependit præ-
græve onus inter lævum
latus, lævumque lacertum.
Et agmen equestre puls-
um jugis Thessalicis, confisum
male pedibus formæque bi-
membri. Potestne tu dicere
hæc insignitus amictu Si-
donio? lingua nonne filet
retenta cultu? Nympha
quoque Iardanis ornavit
se tuis armis, et tulit tro-
pæa nota è capto viro. I
nunc, tolle animos, et re-
cense fortia gesta; illa
fuit vir, quod tu non esses
jure. Quæ es minor tanto,
quanto erat majus vincere
te maxime rerum, quam
eos quos vicisti. Men-
sura tuarum rerum proce-
dit illi. Cede bonis: amica
est hæres tuæ laudis. Prob-
pudor! aspera vellera, ex-
uta costas hirsuti leonis,
texerunt molle latus. Fal-
leris et nescis; ista non sunt
spolia leonis, sed tua: tuque es victor feri, illa victor tui. Fœmina vix satis apta ferre colum
gravem lanâ, tulit tela atra venenis Lernæis: instruxitque manum clava domitrice ferarum,
et vidit arma conjugis sui in speculo.

Ut Tegeæus aper cupressifero Erymantho
Incubet, & vasto pondere lædat humum?
Non tibi Threiciis affixa penatibus ora,
Non hominum pingues cæde tacentur equæ?
Prodigiumque triplex, armenti dives Iberi 91
Geryones; quamvis in tribus unus erat?
Inque canes totidem trunco digestus ab uno
Cerberus, implicitis angue minante comis?
Quæque redundabat sæcundo vulnere serpens 95
Fertilis, & damnis dives ab ipsa suis?
Quisque inter lævumque latus lævumque lacertum
Prægrave compressa fauce pependit onus?
Et malè confisum pedibus formæque bimbri
Pulsus Thessalicis agmen equestre jugis? 100
Hæc tu Sidonio potes insignitus amictu
Dicere? non cultu lingua retenta filet?
Se quoque Nympha tuis ornavit Iardanis armis,
Et tulit è capto nota tropæa viro.
I nunc, tolle animos, & fortia gesta recense. 105
Quod tu non esses jure, vir illa fuit.
Quæ tanto minor es, quanto te, maxime rerum,
Quam quos vicisti, vincere majus erat.
Illi procedit rerum mensura tuarum.
Cede bonis; hæres laudis amica tuæ. 110
Prò pudor! hirsuti costas exuta leonis
Aspera texerunt vellera molle latus.
Falleris, & nescis: non sunt spolia ista leonis,
Sed tua. túque feri victor es; illa tui.
Fœmina tela tulit Lernæis atra venenis 115
Ferre gravem lanâ vix satis apta colum:
Instruxitque manum clavâ domitrice ferarum:
Vidit & in speculo conjugis arma sui.

Hæc

NOTES.

-Doubt as to the Authentickness of these two Lines. The Poet alludes here to the Pomp and Magnificence of Triumphs, that the Image of Hercules lying prostrate at his Mistress's Feet, may carry the greater Appearance of Ridicule.

87. Tegeæus.] The Arcadian, from Tegea a City of Arcadia. This Boar was brought alive by Hercules to Eurystheus.

89. Threiciis penatibus] The Gates of

Diomedes King of Thrace, whom Hercules slew.

91. Prodigiumque triplex, armenti dives Iberi Geryones.] This Geryones was King of Spain, or rather of the Isles of Cadix, Insula Gaditana. He reign'd over three Islands, kept on Foot three Armies, and was the Father of three Sons. Hence the Fiction of his three Bodies took its Rise. He was rich in Cattle, which Hercules is said

Arcadian Boar was slain upon Cypress-bearing Erymanthus, and burdened the Earth with his enormous Weight. You tell also of the Heads that were fix'd upon Thracian Gates, and the Mares fatten'd by the Blood of Men: Of Geryon that threefold Monster, rich in Iberian Herds, who was three Bodies in one; and Cerberus dividing into three Dogs from the same Trunk, having his Hair wreath'd with hissing Snakes: The astonishing Serpent which multiplied by its Wounds, and gather'd Strength from the Greatness of its Losses; and the enormous Burden which pois'd between your Left-Arm and Side, you by main Strength press'd to Death. And the Troop of Centaurs, who vainly trusting to their Feet and double-limb'd Form, were dispersed on the craggy Summits of Thessaly. These you are not asham'd to recount, clad in Tyrian Purple, nor is your Tongue restrain'd by a Sense of the unseemly Dress. The Daughter of Jardanús has moreover adorned herself with your Armour, and wears the mighty Trophies of her captive Slave. Rouze now your Courage, and boast of your warlike Deeds. She hath taken the Name of Hero, because you were unworthy of it; and is as much above you, as it was a harder Talk to subdue you, the greatest of Conquerors, than those whom you overcame. The Glory of your Actions redounds to her. Relinquish your Claim of Praise, a Mistress is become Heir to your Trophies. For Shame! the bristly Hide torn from the Ribs of the savage Lion, have enfolded her feeble Limbs. Mistaken Man, to be thus deluded: These are not the Spoils of the Lion, but your's: You have indeed triumph'd over the savage Monster, but she triumphs over you. A Woman scarce able to sustain the Distaff loaded with Wool, bears the Darts dipp'd in the Poison of the Lernæan Hydra; she has arm'd her Right-Hand with the Club wont to subdue the fiercest wild Beasts, and beheld in a Mirror the Armour of her Spouse. These Things indeed I only heard,

N O T E S.

to have driven before him into Italy, after he had overcome this Monster.

95. *Quæque*.] The Lernæan Hydra, a Monster with seven, nine, fifty, some say an hundred Heads. What made this Encounter the more terrible, was, that any one of the Heads being cut off, two others sprung up in its Place. *Hercules* however overcome this Difficulty, by causing *Iolaus* to apply a Brand to the Neck cut off, by which Means the Flux of Blood was stop'd.

97. *Quique inter, &c.*] This is meant of *Antæus*, whom *Hercules*, to deprive of the continual Supplies of Strength he received from his Mother Earth, lifting up

with his Left-Arm, strangled with his Right.

99. *Et male confusum*.] The Centaurs, who were fancied in the upper Part to resemble a Man, and below a Horse. They were a People of Thessaly, the first who fought on Horseback, and probably struck such a Terror into their Enemies, that their Imaginations help'd them to make out this for their real Figure. These were partly slain, and partly put to Flight by *Hercules*.

103. *Jardanús*.] *Onphale*, the Daughter of *Jardanús*, who deck'd herself with the Club, the Lion's Skin, and what other Pieces of Armour belong'd to *Hercules*.

104. *Et tulit à capto nita tropæa viro*.]

A great

Tamen audieram hæc, licuit non credere famæ. En mollis dolor venit ab aure ad sensus. Advena pellex adducitur ante meos oculos: nec licet mihi dissimulare quæ patior. Non finis me averti? captiva venit per mediam urbem, aspicienda oculis invitis. Nec venit capillis incultis more captivarum, falsa fortunam tegendo suos vultus. Ingreditur latè lato spectabilis auro: Qualiter in Phrygiâ tu quoque cultus eras. Dat vultum populo sublime sub Hercule victo: Oechaliam vivo stare parente putes. 130 Forſitan &, pulſâ Ætolide Dejanirâ, Nomine deſiſto pellicis, uxor erit: Eurytidôsque Ioles, atque infani Alcideæ Turpia famoſus corpora junget Hymen. Mens fugit admonitu, frigidiſque perambulat artus, Et jacet in gremio languida facta manus. 136 Me quoque cum multis, ſed me finè crimine amâſti:

Ne pigeat, pugnae bis tibi cauſa fui. Cornua flens legit ripis Achelous in udis; Truncaque limoſa tempora merſit aquâ. 140 Semivir occubuit in letifero Eveno Neſſus; & infecit ſanguis equinus aquas. Sed quid ego hæc refero? ſcribenti nuncia venit Fama, virum tunicæ tabe perire meæ. Hei mihi! quid feci? quò me furor egit amantem? 145 Impia quid dubitas Dejanira mori? An tuus in mediâ conjux lacerabitur Oetâ? Tu ſceleris tanti cauſa ſuperſtes eris? Si quid adhuc habeo facti, cur Herculis uxor Credar; conjugii mors mihi pignus erit. 150 Tu

Oeta; et tu cauſa tanti ſceleris eris ſuperſtes? ſi habeo adhuc quid facti, cur credar uxor Herculis, mors erit mihi pignus conjugii.

NOTES.

A great many Copies read *bina tropæa*; making the one Trophy refer to his Love, the other to the Spoils wherewith she had deck'd herself.

119. *Hæc tamen audieram.*] Dejanira is not willing to provoke her Husband beyond Redress. Therefore after having thrown out against him a Load of Reproaches, she endeavours here again to sooth him, by dis-

crediting Reports to his Disadvantage; or at least laments, that she had in other Instances but too strong and sensible Proofs of his Baseness.

121. *Pellex.*] Iole, the Daughter of Eurytus, King of Oechalia, the last whom Hercules tell in Love with.

139. *Achelous.*] The Son of Oceanus and Terra, or, as others will rather have it, *Thetis*.

heard, and was willing to disbelieve common Report; but now the mournful Tale forces itself upon my Senses. A foreign Harlot is careles'd before my Eyes; nor is it any longer in my Power to hide what I suffer. I am not even allowed to be absent. The Captive, whom I behold with unwilling Eyes, is led through the Midst of the City, not in the Manner of Slaves with her Hair disheveled, and hiding her Face in Token of her Disaster; but in triumphal Pomp, adorned with shining Gold, and clad in the same Attire which you wore when in Phrygia. She carries her Head high amidst the Captives subdued by Hercules, as if Oechalia still stood, and her Father were yet alive. Perhaps too, laying aside the Name of Mistress, she will be received as your Spouse, and Dejanira of Ætolia be banished from your Bed. An impious Marriage may join together in unchaste Bands Iole Daughter of Eurytus, and infatuated Alcides. My Mind sickens with the Apprehension, a shivering Coldness spreads itself over all my Limbs, and my languid Hands lie motionless upon my Knees. You loved also me among many others; but your Love to me was without a Crime. Think it no Dishonour that twice you fought victorious in my Behalf. Achelous gather'd his shattered Horns upon his oozy Banks, and plunged his mutilated Temples in the muddy Stream. Nessus the Centaur fell by the Stream of fatal Evenus, and ting'd the Waters with his unnatural Blood. But why do I now mention these Things? Even, while I write, Fame brings me the News that my Husband perishes by the Poison of the Shirt that I sent him. Alas! what have I done? Whither has my despairing Love driven me? Wretched Dejanira, dost thou yet doubt if thou shouldst die? Shall your Husband perish miserably on Mount Oeta, and you, the Cause of that barbarous Crime, survive? If there yet aught remains to be done by which I may show myself the Wife of Hercules, Death shall be the Confirmation of our Union. You also, Meleager, shall

N O T E S.

Thetis. He had obtain'd this Gift of his Mother, that with whomsoever he engag'd, he should have it in his Power to assume what Form he pleas'd. Contending with Hercules for Dejanira, he fought first in the Shape of a Serpent, afterwards of a Bull; being at length overcome, he hid himself in the River *Achelous*. The Meaning of this Fable is explain'd at large by Mythologists. Ovid afterwards gives it more particularly in his *Metamorphoses*.

141. *Semivir occubuit.* Nessus the Centaur, whom Hercules shot with an Arrow, because in passing over the River *Evenus*, he attempted to ravish Dejanira.

144. *Tunicæ tabe.* The Shirt poisoned with the Blood of the *Lernæan Hydra*, and Nessus the Centaur. For Hercules, after overcoming the *Hydra*, dipt some Arrows in its Blood, that with them he might always wound mortally. It was with one of these poison'd Arrows that he shot the Centaur Nessus, who finding himself a-dying, and desirous that it might not pass unrevenge'd, called to him Dejanira, and told her, that if she wanted a Philtre, whereby to secure her Husband's Love wholly to herself, she should dip a Shirt in the Blood that flowed from the Wound he had received by the Arrow. Dejanira, too easy

of

In quoque Meleagre cognosces sororem in me. Impia Dejanira, quid dubitas mori? Heu domus devota! Agrios sedet alto folio: senecta nuda premit Oeneæ desertum. Tydeus germanus exulat in oris ignotis. Alter fuit vivus in igne fatali. Mater exegit ferrum per sua præcordia. Impia Dejanira, quid dubitas mori? Deprecor hoc unum per facerrima jura læsti, ne videar infidiata tuis fati. Nessus ut est percussus quod ad pactus avidum, arundine, dixit, hic sanguis habet vires amoris. Misi texta illita veneno Nessus tibi. Impia Dejanira, quid dubitas mori? Jamque vale seniorque pater. germanaque Gorge, et patria, et frater adempte tue patriæ; et tu lux hodierna, novissima nostris oculis; virque (sed o possis valere!) et puer Hylle, vale.

Tu quoque cognosces in me Meleagre, sororem.
Impia quid dubitas Dejanira mori?
Heu devota domus! folio sedet Agrios alto:
Oenea desertum nuda senecta premit.
Exulat ignotis Tydeus germanus in oris. 155
Alter fatali vivus in igne fuit.
Exegit ferrum sua per præcordia mater.
Impia quid dubitas Dejanira mori?
Deprecor hoc unum, per jura facerrima læsti;
Ne videar fatis infidiata tuis. 160
Nessus, ut est avidum percussus arundine pectus,
Hic, dixit, vires sanguis amoris habet.
Illita Nessus misi tibi texta veneno.
Impia quid dubitas Dejanira mori?
Jamque vale, seniorque pater, germanaque Gorge,
Et patria; & patriæ frater adempte tuæ. 166
Et tu lux oculis hodierna novissima nostris,
Virque, (sed o possis!) & puer Hylle, vale.

NOTES.

of Belief, obeyed him, without letting Hercules know any thing of the Matter. Hearing afterwards that he had fallen in Love with Iole, the Daughter of Eurytus, she sent him this Shirt; which he had no sooner put on, than quite inflam'd by the Strength of the Poison, and bereft of his

Reason, he threw himself upon a Funeral Pile, and caused Fire to be set to it.

147. Octa.] A Mountain of Thessaly, where, by the Admonition of the Oracle, the Funeral Pile was built, on which Hercules was consumed.

153. Agric.] The Brother of Oeneas, who

EPISTOLA X.

ARIADNE THESEO.

ORDO.

Inveni omne genus ferarum mitius quam te: non eram credita ulli pejus quam tibi. Mitto tibi, O Theseu, quæ legis, ex illo littore, unde vela tulere suam ratem sine me.

MITius inveni, quàm te, genus omne ferarum:

Credita non ulli, quàm tibi, pejus eram.
Quæ legis, ex illo, Theseu, tibi littore mitto,
Unde tuam sinè me vela tulere ratem.

NOTES.

Minos, the Son of Jupiter and Europa, had treacherously slain his Son Androgeus, offended with the Athenians, because they made War upon them, and oblig'd them

shall own in me a true Sister. Wretched Dejanira, dost thou yet doubt if thou shouldst die? Oh! ill-fated House! Agrios usurps the lofty Throne, and a desolate Old-age oppresses Oeneus. My Brother Tydeus wanders an Exile on unknown Coasts, the other perished alive in devouring Flames. My Mother transfixed her Heart with Steel. Wretched Dejanira, and dost thou yet doubt if thou shouldst die? 'Tis my only Request, by all the most sacred Ties of Marriage, that I may not be thought to have betrayed you to your Fate. Nessus, when his Breast was pierc'd by the flying Arrow, told me, this Blood of mine contains the Powers of Love. I sent you a Robe stain'd with the Poison of the Centaur; wretched Dejanira, and dost thou yet doubt if thou shouldst die? And now, my aged Sire, and Sister Gorge, adieu. Farewel my Country, and Brother, banished from your native Home. Adieu ye Light of Day, the last to my now fading Eyes. Farewel my Husband (Oh that thou couldst farewell!) Hyllus, my dear Hyllus, adieu.

NOTES.

who taking Advantage of the Disasters in his Brother's Family, invaded the Kingdom of *Etolia*, and made himself Master of it. This *Dejanira* here recounts amongst the other Calamities of her House.

155. *Tydeus*.] My Brother. He having slain his Brother *Menalippus*, fled to *Adrostat* King of the *Argives*, whose Daughter *Deiphile* he took to Wife.

156. *Alter*.] *Meleager*, whose History we have already given at large in a former Epistle.

157. *Exegit ferrum*.] *Althea*, dissatisfied with herself because she had occasion'd the Death of *Meleager*, ended her Life by her own Hands.

168. *Sed o possis*.] *Scil. Valere*.

EPISTLE X.

ARIADNE TO THESEUS.

THE most savage Kind of Beasts have been more mild and gentle to me than you; nor could I possibly have been entrusted to more faithless Hands. The Epistle you now read, Theseus, is sent you from that Shore, whence your Ship leaving me behind, was born by the spreading Sails; where soft

Sleep

NOTES.

to send yearly seven young Men, and as many Virgins, to be devoured by the *Minotaur*. At last the Lot fell upon *Theseus*, who arriving in *Crete*, slew the *Minotaur*; and being instructed by *Ariadne* how to

escape out of the winding Labyrinth, afterwards fled with her to the Isle of *Naxos*. There, admonished by *Bacchus*, he left *Ariadne*, and carried *Phædra* her Sister, whom he had also brought along

P

with

In quo somnūque meus prodidit me male, et tu, infidiate meis somnis per facinus. Erat tempus quo terra primum spargitur vitrea pruinā, et aves tectæ fronde queruntur. Vigilans incertum, languida à somno, semisupina, movi manus prensuras Thesea. Nullus erat: referoque manus, retentoque iterum, moveoque brachia per torum: nullus erat. Metus excussere somnum: surgo conterrita: membroque precipitata sunt viduo toro. Protinus pectora sonuerunt palmis adductis: comaque ut erat turbida a somno, rapta est. Luna fuit: spectro si cernam quid nisi littora. Oculi habent nil quod videant nisi litus. Curro nunc huc, nunc illuc, et utroque sine ordine: alta arena tordat pedes puellares. Interea saxa concava reddebant nomen suum mihi clamanti, O Theseu, toto littore. Et quoties ego vocabam te, toties ipse locus vocabat te. Ipse locus volebat ferre opem mihi miseræ. Mons fuit: frutices rari apparent in vertice: hinc scopulus adesus raucis aquis pendet. Ascendo: animus dabat vires: atque ita metior late alta æquora meo prospectu. Inde ego vidi carbasa tenta præcipiti noto: (nam usa sum quoque ventis crudelibus.) Aut vidi, aut etiam cum putarem me vidisse, sui frigidior glacie, semanimisui. Nec dolor patitur languere diu, excitor illo; excitor, et voco Thesea summa voce.

In quo me somnūque meus malè prodidit, & tu Per facinus somnis infidiate meis. 6
Tempus erat, vitrea quo primum terra pruinā Spargitur, & tectæ fronde queruntur aves: Incertum vigilans, à somno languida, movi Thesea prensuras semisupina manus. 10
Nullus erat: referoque manus, iterumque retento,

Pérque torum moveo brachia: nullus erat. Excussere metus somnum. conterrita surgo: Membræque sunt viduo præcipitata toro. Protinus adductis sonuerunt pectora palmis: 15
Utque erat è somno turbida, rapta coma est. Luna fuit: spectro, si quid, nisi littora, cernam. Quod videant oculi, nil, nisi litus, habent. Nunc huc, nunc illuc, & utroque sinè ordine curro:

Alta puellares tardat arena pedes. 20
Interea toto clamanti littore, Theseu, Reddebant nomen concava saxa tuum: Et quoties ego te, toties locus ipse vocabat. Ipse locus miseræ ferre volebat opem. Mons fuit; apparent frutices in vertice rari: 25
Nunc scopulus raucis pendet adesus aquis. Ascendo; vires animus dabat: atque ita latè Æquora prospectu metior alta meo. Inde ego (nam ventis quoque sum crudelibus usa) Vidi præcipiti carbasa tenta noto. 30
Aut vidi: aut etiam, cum me vidisse putarem, Frigidior glacie semanimisuique fui. Nec languere diu patitur dolor. excitor illo, Excitor; & summâ Thesea voce voco.

N O T E S.

with him, forward to Athens. She awaking out of Sleep, during which he had taken the Opportunity to desert her, writes this Epistle, in which she expostulates with him for what he had done, accuses him of Cruelty and Ingratitude, and endeavours to move him to Compassion, by a mournful Representation of her Misery.

1. Mitius inveni, quam te, genus omne ferarum.] This whole Epistle is an Expositi-

tion with Theseus for his Cruelty and Ingratitude. She begins therefore with reproaching him as more savage than the fiercest wild Beasts. She felt the Effects of his Barbarity, in that he had abandoned her, whereas hitherto the wild Beasts had given her no Disturbance.

7. Vitrea quo primum terra pruinâ.] She begins with taking Notice of the Season, which, by the Description here given, seems to be Autumn. Some Commentators re-

Sleep fatally betrayed me, and you who barbarously watched the Opportunity of my Slumbers. 'Twas the Season when the Earth begins to be covered over with shining Frost, and the Birds, lurking among the Leaves, complain of the decaying Year, when half awake, and still with Slumbers languidly reclined, I stretched my Arms to grasp my Theseus. No Theseus was there: I suddenly pull back my Hands, and then try once more to find him. I wander with my Arms over all the Bed, still no Theseus was there. Fear instantly shook off Sleep, I start up in a Consternation, and headlong throw my Limbs from the deserted Bed. Forthwith my Breast resounded with the repeated Strokes of my Hands, and I tore my Hair, as yet disheveled from Sleep. The Moon shone: I look round if I can discern any thing besides the Shore. My eager Eyes found nought to look at but the Shore. I run sometimes here, sometimes there, and with wild Disorder on either Side; the deep yielding Sands impede my tender Feet. Mean while the hollow Rocks over all the Shore resounded the Name of Theseus to my unceasing Cries. As often as I nam'd you, so often did the Place echo back the Sound; the very Place seem'd willing to alleviate my wretched Lot. Hard by was a Mountain, whose Top was thinly covered with tufted Shrubs; and where a steep Rock, undermin'd by the beating Waves, impended. I mount the Ascent, my Passion gave me Strength, and thence with wide Prospect survey the mighty Deep. Hence (for the Winds also were cruelly unkind) I could observe your Sails full-stretch'd by stiff Southern Gales. I either saw, or when I thought I saw, I remain'd cold as Ice, and half dead with Concern. Nor did Grief permit long this indolent Respite: I am rous'd by that; I am rous'd, and in a loud complaining Strain call upon Theseus. Where do you

NOTES.

fer this rather to the Time of the Day, viz. early in the Morning.

9. *Incertum vigilans.*] That is, *nescio an vigilarem*; scarce awake.

10. *Theseus.*] A Greek Accusative. *Theseus* was the Son of *Ægeus* King of *Athens*.

Ibid. *Prensuras semisupina manus.*] Some Copies have *semisopita*; but the other is the preferable Reading, as it prevents a Tautology. 'Tis moreover a Phrase by no Means unusual with our Poet. Thus *Amor*, *Lib. I. El. 14.*

Purpureo jacuit semisupina thoro.

And again, *de Arte amandi*, III.

Cum jacet in dextrum semisupina latus.

19. *Utroque.*] *Sursum, deorsum, dextror-*

sum, sinistrorsum, rursus, prorsus, huc et illuc. *Helvetius.*

20. *Tardat.*] For Sand, unless when wet, yields to the Feet, and fatigues them extremely.

26. *Nunc scopulus.*] Some Copies here read *hinc*, that of *Vossius hinc*. *Helvetius* sticks to *nunc*, the common Reading, and explains it *autem*, and observes that it is often used in that Sense by some of the best Latin Poets, who place a particular Elegance in it. *Pendet.*] *Mari imminet.* Hangs over the Sea, forms a Precipice. *Adesus.*] *Corrosus et cavatus.* Eaten away, undermin'd.

30. *Præcipiti noto.*] We may easily con-

Quo fugis? exclamo: re-
vertere, scelerate Theseu.
Flecte ratem, illa non ha-
bet suum numerum. Ego
hæc: replebam plangore
quod deerat voci. Verbera
fuere mista cum meis verbis.
Manus jactatæ late dedere
signa, ut si non audires,
saltem posses cernere. Im-
posuique velamina candida
longæ virgæ, scilicet ad-
monitura vos oblitos mei.
Jamque eras ereptus oculis:
tum denique fleui: molles genæ
ante torpuerant dolore.
Quid mea lumina
potius facerent quam fle-
rent me, postquam desie-
rant videre tua vela? Aut
ego erravi sola diffusis ca-
pillis, qualis Baccha con-
cita ab Deo Ogygio: aut
prospiciens mare, sedi fri-
gida in saxo: tamque fui
ipsa lapis, quam sedes fuit
lapis. Sæpe repeto torum,
qui acceperat nos ambos,
sed non erat exhibiturus
nos acceptos. Et tango
tua vestigia pro te qua
possum, strataque quæ in-
tepuere tuis membris. In-
cumbo, toroque manante
profusus lacrymis exclamo:
nos duo pressimus te, redde
nos duos. Ambo venimus
huc, cur non ambo discedi-
mus? Perfide lectule, ubi
est major pars nostri? quid
faciam? quo sola ferar?
insula vacat cultu. Ego
non video facta hominum,
non boum. Mare cingit
omne latus terræ. Navita
nusquam est. Nulla pup-
pis itura per ambiguas vi-
as. Finge comitesque, ventosque
ratemque dari mihi, quid sequar?
terra paterna negat accessus.
Ut labar per æquora pacata rate
felici; ut Æolus temperet ventos;
attamen exul.

Quò fugis? exclamo: scelerate, revertere, The-
seu.

Flecte ratem, numerum non habet illa suum. 35
Hæc ego; quod voce deerat, plangore replebam.

Verbera cum verbis mista fuere meis.
Si non audires, ut saltem cernere posses,

Jactatæ latè signa dedere manus. 40

Candidâque imposui longæ velamina virgæ,
Scilicet oblitos admonitura mei.

Jamque oculis ereptus eras: tum denique fleui.
Torpuerant molles antè dolore genæ.

Quid potius facerent, quàm me mea lumina fle-
rent, 45

Postquam desieram vela videre tua?

Aut ego diffusis erravi sola capillis,
Qualis ab Ogygio concita Baccha Deo:
Aut mare prospiciens in saxo frigida sedi:

Quàmque lapis sedes, tam lapis ipsa fui. 50

Sæpe torum repeto, qui nos acceperat ambos;
Sed non acceptos exhibiturus erat.

Et tua, quæ possum, pro te vestigia tango;
Stratâque, quæ membris intepuere tuis.

Incumbo; lacrymisque toro manante profusus, 55
Pressimus, exclamo, te duo: redde duos.

Venimus huc ambo: cur non discedimus ambo?
Perfide, pars nostri, lectule, major ubi est?

Quid faciam? quo sola ferar? vacat insula cultu.
Non hominum video, non ego facta boum. 60

Omne latus terræ cingit mare. navita nusquam:
Nulla per ambiguas puppis itura vias.

Fingo dari comitesque mihi, ventosque, ratemque;
Quid sequar? accessus terra paterna negat.

Ut rate felici pacata per æquora labar; 65
Temperet ut ventos Æolus; exul ero.

Non

NOTES.

ceive that *Ariadne's* Concern would exag-
gerate Matters. She was left by herself on
an unknown desert Island. When she ran
to the Sea-coast, she found the Ship had
sail'd, and was on its Way. Her Case was
then irretrievable, and her Imagination
multiplied the Dangers. She accuses the
Winds as conspiring against her, and as

too favourable to the fatal Project; even
now they seem'd striving with Violence, to
bear the Vessel out of Sight.

36. *Numerum non habet illa suum.*] Your
Ship has not got the full Number she ought
to have; for *Ariadne*, whom she brought
with her from *Crete*, is wanting.

37. *Plangore replebam.*] The unhappy
Circumstances

you fly? Return, perjur'd Wretch, change your Course, one is still wanting to the Number. Thus I complained: I made up in Shrieks what was wanting in articulate Sounds, and mingled my Words with repeated Blows upon my Breast. My Hands, wav'd high in the Air, made Signs, that if you could not hear, you might at least perceive me. I also held out a white Robe upon a long Pole, to admonish you of her whom you had left behind. But alas! I soon lost Sight of you; 'twas then I began to weep; my tender Cheeks had hitherto been stiffened with Grief. What could my Eyes do better, after ceasing to behold your Sails, than help me to bemoan my forlorn State? Sometimes I wander solitary, with my Hair disheveled, like the raving Priestesses inspired by the Theban God. Sometimes fixing my Eyes upon the Sea, I silently seat myself upon some pointed Rock, cold and senseless as the Stone whereon I sit. Often I repair to the Bed which once sheltered us both: Alas! it will never more exhibit the once happy Lovers. I kiss the Print left by your dear Body, and love to repose myself upon the Spot which your dear Joints have warm'd. I lay me down, and watering the Couch with profuse Tears, here, I cry, we pressed thee together, bring us together again. Hither we both came, why not both also depart? Perfidious Bed, what is become of my dearer Half? What shall I do? Whither, thus desolate and forsaken, shall I fly? The Island lies uncultivated, and affords no Prints either of Men or Cattle. The Sea incloses me on every Side. No Mariner appears, no Ship to bear me through the ambiguous Tract. And suppose a Ship, Companions, and Winds were in my Power, what could I do? my native Country denies Access. When in a prosperous Ship I had traversed the quiet Seas, Æolus restraining the murmuring Winds, still I should remain an Exile.

I shall

N O T E S.

Circumstances of *Ariadne* are here painted with great Spirit and Life. Our Poet has a wonderful Talent of representing the violent Emotions and Transports of the Mind arising from a sudden Conflict of Passions. Her Surprise on first missing *Theseus*, running instantly to the Shore, Despair upon seeing the Ship under Sail, Accusations of the Winds, Exclamations, beating of her Breast, are all the genuine Symptoms of a Heart pierc'd with Grief from the Sense of losing what is most dear and valuable.

48. *Ogygia Deo*.] The *Theban Bacchus*, so called from *Ogygius*, who had been King of *Thebes*. *Bacchus* was born of *Semele*, the Daughter of *Cadmus*, who first founded this City and Kingdom.

53. *Et tua qua possum*.] Nothing could have been more happily conceiv'd than this Behaviour of *Ariadne*. The whole is so natural, and suits so well her present Situation, that a Reader is apt to think she could not have acted otherwise, and fancies that the same Sentiments must have occur'd to him on a like Subject; a sure Sign that the Description is according to Nature and Truth. *Horace* admirably well expresses this Effect of just Writing in the Art of Poetry.

— *Ut sibi quisvis*
Speret idem, sudat multum frustra que laborat
Aufus idem. —

66. *Æolus*.] The God of the Winds, whose it was to let loose or restrain them.

67. *Crete*

Ego non aspiciam te, O Crete, digesta per centum urbes, terra cognita Jovi puero. Nam pater, et tellus regnata parenti, nomina cara, sunt prodita meo facto. Cum dedi tibi fila pro duce quæ regerent passus, ne victor morerere tectis recurvo. Cum dicebas mihi, ego juro per ipsa pericula, te fore meum dum uterque nostrum vivet. Vivimus: et, O Theseu, non sum tua; si modo vivis, O femina sepulta fraude perjuri viri. Mactasses me quoque improbe, clavâ qua mactasti fratrem meum: Fides quam dederas esset soluta morte. Nunc ego non tantum recorder quæ sum passura, sed quæcumque ulla relicta potest pati. Mille figuræ pereundi occurrunt animo, morsque habet minus pœnæ, quam mora mortis. Suspicio lupos jam venturos aut hæc, aut illac, qui lanient viscera avido dente. Forsitan et ista tellus alat fulvos leones. Quis scit an hæc insula habet sævas tigridas? Et freta dicuntur expellere magnas phocas. Quid vetat et gladios ire per meum latus? Tantum ne captiva religer dura catena; neve trabam grandia pensa serua manu: cui Minos est pater, cui filia Phœbi mater: quæque, (quod magis memini) sui pacta tibi.

Non ego te, Crete, centum digesta per urbes, Aspiciam, puero cognita terra Jovi. Nam pater, & tellus justo regnata parenti, Proditæ sunt factis nomina cara meo. 70
Cum tibi, ne victor tectis morerere recurvo, Quæ regerent passus, pro duce fila dedi. Cum mihi dicebas, Per ego ipsa pericula juro, Te fore, dum nostrum vivet uterque, meam. Vivimus: & non sum, Theseu, tua. si modò vivis, 75
Fœmina, perjuri fraude sepulta viri. Me quoque, quâ fratrem, mactasses, improbe, clavâ:
Esset, quam dederas, morte soluta fides. Nunc ego non tantum, quæ sum passura, recorder; Sed quæcumque potest ulla relicta pati. 80
Occurrunt animo pereundi mille figuræ. Morsque minus pœnæ, quàm mora mortis, habet. Jam jam venturos aut hæc, aut suspicor illac, Qui lanient avido viscera dente, lupos. Forsitan & fulvos tellus alat ista leones, 85
Quis scit, an hæc sævas tigridas insula habet? Et freta dicuntur magnas expellere phocas. Quid vetat & gladios per latus ire meum? Tantum ne religer durâ captiva catenâ; Neve traham servâ grandia pensa manu: 90
Cui pater est Minos, cui mater filia Phœbi: Quodque magis memini, quæ tibi pacta fui.

Si

N O T E S.

67. *Crete centum digesta per urbes.*] The hundred Cities of Crete are often mention'd in the Writings of the Ancients. This was what of old rendered it so famous. The Notion took its first Rise from Homer, who often takes Notice of it in his Poems. We may suppose that the small Towns and Villages were computed to make up this Number.

71. *Tectis morerere recurvo.*] She means the Labyrinth from which Theseus extricated himself by Means of a Clue he received from her.

77. *Fratrem.*] The Minotaur. Pasiphae being enamour'd of a Bull, had her Desire gratified by the Contrivance of Dædalus,

who shut her up in a wooden Machine resembling a Cow. The Bull being deceiv'd by this Artifice, Pasiphae conceived the Minotaur, a Monster, whose upper Parts were those of a Man, and the under Parts of a Bull. The Athenians having treacherously slain Androgeos the Son of Minos, and being unsuccessful in the War made upon them by the Cretans, to revenge that Perfidy, were obliged to send yearly to Crete seven of their Nobles to be devoured by this Monster. The Lot, among others, falling at last upon Theseus, he had the good Fortune to overcome the Minotaur, and deliver his Country from this insupportable Thralldom. Servius explains the Fable thus:

Minos

ile. I shall never more behold you, O Crete, planned out into an hundred Cities, the Isle where Infant Jupiter was nurs'd. I have basely betray'd my Father, and his Kingdom rul'd by just Laws, Names that must be ever dear to me. For you have I betray'd them, when anxious lest the Victor should be bewilder'd in the winding Labyrinth, I gave you a Clue to guide your uncertain Steps. When you deceived me by false Protections, and swore by the Dangers you had escaped, that while Life remain'd, we should be inseparably one. We live: and yet, Theseus, I am no longer thine, if indeed an unhappy Woman, oppress'd by the Treachery of a perjur'd Man, can be said to live. Had you, barbarous Man, murdered me with the Club wherewith you slew my Brother, my Death had then absolved you from your Vow. Now I not only figure to myself those Ills I shall suffer, but every Mishap that can possibly befall one in my forlorn Condition. A thousand Shapes of Death wander before my Eyes. Death itself appears less terrible, than the lingering Life that threatens me. Sometimes I fancy ravenous Wolves may rush upon me unseen, and tear my Bowels with their bloody Teeth. Who knows but the Island may nourish savage Lions? perhaps too it is infested with fierce Tigers: The Shores are moreover said to be fertile in Sea-Calves. How am I screen'd from the Stroke of a piercing Sword? But most I dread to be led a Captive in cruel Chains, and labour at the toilsome Task with servile Hands. I who boast of Minos for my Father, who was born of the Daughter of Phoebus; and, what is still more to me, who was solemnly engaged to you. If I turn my Eyes towards

N O T E S.

Minos had for his Secretary one nam'd *Taurus*, who being greatly in Favour with *Pasiphae*, she brought forth Twins, one of which resembled *Minos*, the other *Taurus*.

Ibid. *Maestres*.] *Utinam* is wanting. *Utinam me interfecisses*.

78. *Soluta*.] *Helvetius* upon this. *Quia tantum dum uterque viveret fidem suam dederat Theseus. Ingeniosum vero est istud; quasi tantum nefas ille patravisset, ut interfecta conjuge, fidem servasse videretur.*

81. *Occurrunt animo pereundi mille figurae*.] *Figurae pereundi, mortis genera*. Death in a thousand Shapes presents himself before me. 'Tis certain, that when a Person is in Distress, the Imagination is then fruitful in multiplying the Dangers. He is industrious in tormenting himself, and collects together in his Mind all the several Images of Misery wherewith he can be af-

faulted. This is exactly the Case of *Ariadne*. She is left in a desert Island, no Soul to protect her, and, as she apprehends, surrounded with wild Beasts. We are not to wonder therefore that she is alarm'd with the Foresight of imaginary Dangers. The Thing is natural and just, and what might be expected from her in these Circumstances.

87. *Expellere*.] *In siccum ejicere, in siccum mittere*. *Helvetius* upon this Passage. *In terra vero vivere, spirare, prae aliis etiam omnibus animalibus gravissimo somno dormire, phoea dicuntur, auctore Plinio.*

91 *Filia Phaebi*.] *Pasiphae*, who was the Daughter of *Phaebus*, and Wife to *Minos*. Slavery then was what she dreaded most. It appeared shameful for her, the Daughter of a King, a Descendant of *Phaebus*, and above all, one who had promised herself

to

Si vidi mare, si terras,
littoræque porrecta: ter-
ræ minantur multa mihi,
aquæ multa. Cælum res-
tabat: timeo simulacra
Deorum. Destituor præda
cibusque rapidis feris. Si-
ve viri colunt habitantque
hanc insulam, diffidimus
illis: læsa didici timere
externos viros. Utinam
Androgeos viveret: nec
tu, terra Cecropi, luisses
facta impia tuis funeribus!
Nec tua, Theseu, ardua
dextra mollasset nodoso sti-
pite, fratrem parte virum,
parte bovem! Nec dedis-
sem tibi filia quæ monstra-
rent reditus, fila sæpe re-
cepta per manus adductas!
Non miror equidem si vic-
toria stat tecum, belluæque
strata tinxit humum Cretæ-
am: præcordia tua fer-
rea non poterant figi cor-
nu. Ut (quanquam) non
tegeres te, eras tutus pec-
tore. Illic tu tulisti filices,
illic adamanta: illic
habet Thesea qui vincat
filices. Crudeles somni, quid
tenuistis me inertem? at
semel sui præmenda æterna
nocte. Vos quoque venti
crudeles nimiumque parati,
flaminaque officiosa in meas
lacrymas. Dextera cru-
delis quæ necavit me fra-
tremque; et fides (nomen
inane) data mihi poscenti.
Somnus, ventusque, fides-
que jurarunt in me. Una puella sum prodita causis tribus. Ergo ego moritura nec videbo la-
crymas matris: nec aliquis erit qui condant mea lumina digitis? Spiritus infelix ibit in auras
peregrinas; nec amica manus unget artus positos?

Si mare, si terras, porrectæque littora vidi;
Multa mihi terræ, multa minantur aquæ.
Cælum restabat. timeo simulacra Deorum. 95
Destituor rapidis præda cibusque feris.
Sive colunt habitantque viri, diffidimus illis.
Externos didici læsa timere viros.
Viveret Androgeos utinam: nec facta luisses
Impia funeribus, Cecropi terra, tuis! 100
Nec tua mollasset nodoso stipite, Theseu,
Ardua parte virum dextera, parte bovem!
Nec tibi, quæ reditus monstrarent, fila dedissem,
Fila per adductas sæpe recepta manus!
Non equidem miror, si stat victoria tecum, 105
Stratæque Cretæam bellua tinxit humum.
Non poterant figi præcordia ferrea cornu:
Ut te non tegeres, pectore tutus eras.
Illic tu filices, illic adamanta tulisti:
Illic qui filices Thesea vincat habes. 110
Crudeles somni, quid me tenuistis inertem?
At semel æternâ nocte præmenda fui.
Vos quoque, crudeles venti, nimiumque parati;
Flaminæque in lacrymas officiosa meas.
Dextera crudelis, quæ me fratremque necavit: 115
Et data poscenti nomen inane fides.
In me jurarunt somnus ventusque fidesque.
Prodita sum causis una puella tribus.
Ergo ego nec lacrymas matris moritura videbo:
Nec, mea qui digitis lumina condant, erit? 120
Spiritus infelix peregrinas ibit in auras:
Nec positos artus unget amica manus?

Olla

NOTES.

to Theseus, to be made a Captive, and sub-
jected to the imperious Humour of a Mis-
tress, who, without Regard to her Birth,
might require the most servile Submission
and Attendance.

95. Cælum restabat.] Helvetius. Quod
contra me non esset. Timeo simulacra.] Fi-
guras in quas Dii se dicuntur mutare.

98. Externos didici læsa timere viros.]
The ill Usage I have met from Strangers,
makes me suspicious and distrustful. This
Reflection is intended chiefly against The-

seus, who was a Stranger to her native
Country, and had deceived and forsaken her.

99. Androgeos.] The unhappy Fate of
Androgeos, was the first Spring of all that
happened to Ariadne. He was one of Mi-
nor's Sons, and had been treacherously slain
by Theseus the Father of Theseus. This
was the Cause of the War that afterwards
ensued, and of the Penalty imposed upon
the Athenians of sending yearly seven young
Noblemen to Crete, in Consequence of
which Theseus arrived.

100. Funeribus,

towards the Sea, the Earth, or the winding Shore, both Earth and Waves threaten me with a thousand Dangers. Heaven only remains, and yet even here I fear the Forms of the Gods. I am left a Prey, and Food for savage Beasts. If Men inhabit or cultivate these Fields, I am apt to mistrust even them. Already a Sufferer, I have learned to be slow in giving Credit to Strangers. O that Androgeos had still liv'd, nor the Land of Cecrops been condemned to expiate that wicked Deed by its Funerals! Would thy strong Arm, Theseus, had never killed my monstrous Brother, half Ox, half Man, with a knotted Club! Would I had never given you the Thread whereby to guide your returning Steps, the Thread often grasp'd by your alternate Hands! No wonder that Victory declar'd for you; and the prostrate Monster ting'd with its Blood the Cretan Ground. A Heart so steel'd could not be pierc'd by the sharpest Horn. Had you encounter'd him with your Breast uncovered, you were yet safe from Harm. There you were arm'd with Flint and Adamant; there you bore Theseus, yet harder than Adamants. Cruel Sleep, why did you bind me over to a fatal Sloth? It had been better for me to have sunk in eternal Night. You also, barbarous Winds, too readily conspired against me. Ye officious Gales have been to me the Cause of many Tears. O inhuman Right-hand, the Ban of both me and my Brother; and Faith, an empty Name plighted at my Request! Sleep, the Winds, and strongest Vows combin'd against me, and join'd together to deceive a harmless unsuspecting Maid. Alas! must I then here breathe my last, nor see the Tears of a pitying Mother? Shall none attend to close my dying Eyes? Must I breathe out my mournful Soul in foreign Air, and no friendly Hand anoint

NOTES.

100. *Funeribus.*] The Funerals of the seven young Men and Virgins that were sent yearly to be devoured by the *Minotaur*.

Ibid. *Cecropi terra.*] *Attica*, so call'd from *Cecrops*, one of its Kings. *Cecropi* here is a Greek Vocative from the Patronymick *Cecropis*, *Cecropidas*.

101. *Nidosi stipite.*] So she terms the Club which *Theseus* made use of in fighting against the *Minotaur*.

106. *Stratæque Cretæam bellua tinxit humum.*] So a great many Editions; others read *stravit humum*. *Heinsius* seems to give the Preference to *planxit*; and endeavours to confirm it by similar Passages in which this Word is used. Thus, in the Epistle to *Paris*:

Uelæque sanguineam viscina plantis humum.

Again, in the *Met. de Terrigenis*.

Sanguineam trepidos plangebant pectore matrem.
So, *Fast.* IV.

Atque indignanti pectore planxit humum.

107. *Cornu.*] *Viz.* of the *Minotaur*.

108. *Ut te non tegeres.*] *Ut* is here put for *quomodo*.

112. *At semel æterna.*] *Helvetius*. *Corroboratio ingeniosa: quasi dicat, imo in æternum debuissim dormire*. Nothing can be more natural, than to introduce her thus inveighing against the Sleep, during which *Theseus* took the Opportunity to make off.

114. *Flamina.*] *Ventorum status*.

119. *Ergo.*] This Particle is not here introduced as drawing towards a Conclusion, but because she was full of Indignation. She cannot without Horror reflect upon her

Volucres marinæ superflabant ossa inhumata? hæc sepulchra sunt digna officiis meis? Ibis portus Cecropios: cumque receptus patria steteris celsus in arce urbis tuæ; et narraris bene letum taurique virique, testaque saxea sceta per dubias vias: narrato me quosque reliquam sola cellure. Ego non sum surripienda tuis titulis. Nec est Ægeus pater tuus; nec es tu filius Æthrae Pittheidis: saxa fretumque fuere auctores tui. Dii facerent ut videres me de summa puppe! Figura mœsta movisset tuus vultus. Nunc quoque non oculis, sed mente, quâ potes, aspice me hærentem scopulo, quem aqua vaga pulsavit. Aspice capillos demissos in ore lugentis; et tunicas graves lacrymis sicut ab imbre, Corpus burret ut segetes impulsæ ab Aquilonibus: litteraque pressa tremente labat. Non adoro te per meritum, quoniam cessit male; nulla gratia sit debita facto meo: sed nec quidem poena. Si ego non fui causa salutis, non est tamen cur tu sis mihi causa necis. Infelix tendo tibi trans longa freta manus lassas plangendo pectora lugubria. Mœsta ostendo tibi hos capillos qui superant. Oro per lacrymas quas facta tua movent,

Ossa superflabant volucres inhumata marinæ?
Hæc sunt officiis digna sepulchra meis?
Ibis Cecropios portus: patriâque receptus
Cum steteris urbis celsus in arce tuæ,
Et bene narrâris letum taurique virique,
Sectâque per dubias saxea testâ vias;
Me quoque narrato solâ tellure relictam.
Non ego sum titulis surripienda tuis.
Nec pater est Ægeus; nec tu Pittheidos Æthrae
Filius: auctores saxa fretumque tui.
Di facerent, ut me summâ de puppe videres!
Movisset vultus mœsta figura tuos.
Nunc quoque non oculis, sed, quâ potes, aspice
mente

Hærentem scopulo, quem vaga pulsât aqua.
Aspice demissos lugentis in ore capillos;
Et tunicas lacrymis, sicut ab imbre, graves.
Corpus, ut impulsæ segetes Aquilonibus, horret:
Litterâque articulo pressa tremente labat.
Non te per meritum, quoniam malè cessit, adoro.
Debita sit factô gratia nulla meo:
Sed nec poena quidem. si non ego causa salutis,
Non tamen est, cur sis tu mihi causa necis.
Has tibi, plangendo lugubria pectora lassas,
Infelix tendo trans freta longa manus.
Hos tibi, qui superant, ostendo mœsta capillos.
Per lacrymas oro, quas tua facta movent,

Flecte

N O T E S.

desolate Situation. It brings back to her Mind all the Miseries she is exposed to, and occasions a sorrowful Remembrance of those agreeable Enjoyments she is now deprived of.

121. *Peregrinos ibit in aures.*] Heloetius fancies, this Manner of speaking in *Ariadne* proceeds from an innocent Simplicity, as if she thought that by thus dying at a Distance from her Friends, her Soul must wander through Regions of strange Air.

126. *Cum steteris urbis celsus in arce tuæ.*] In some Manuscripts we read, *Turbæ celsus in arce.* But the first is preferable; as it is, moreover, a Way of speaking not unusual with *Ovid*. Thus, in the Epistle of *Dido*:
Et videas populos altus ab arce tuos,

131. *Nec pater Ægeus.*] This is suggested by her Rage, which prompts her to believe him of another Race than what he pretended to. 'Tis an Insinuation that he dishonours his Ancestors, and behaves not as might be expected from one so descended. Rage is very apt to beget this Sentiment; and we find the best Poets give a Sanction to it. Thus *Virgil*, in his fourth *Æneid*, makes *Dido* say of *Æneas*:

Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanius auctor,

Perfide.

Ibid. *Pittheidos Æthrae.*] For *Æthra*, the Mother of *Thebes*, was the Daughter of *Pittheus*.

134. *Mœsta figura.*] The mournful, disconsolate

anoint my motionless Limbs? Shall my unburied Carcass be left a Prey to devouring Vultures? Are these the Returns made for all my affectionate Services? When you enter the Port of Cecrops, and, welcom'd by your Country, mount the lofty Citadel that overlooks the Town; when there you relate your Victory over the doubtful Monster, and your Escape from the Labyrinth branched out into a thousand intricate Windings; tell also how I was abandoned in a desert Land: I ought not to be forgot in the Train of your Exploits. Sure Ægeus was never thy Father; Æthra never gave thee Birth: Thou art sprung from pointed Rocks, or the raging Sea. Could you but have beheld me from the Stern of your Ship, the mournful Figure had sure mov'd Compassion. As you cannot now see me with your Eyes, only imagine me to yourself, hanging over a frightful Rock, undermin'd by the Waves that dash against it below. Consider me with my Hair dishevelled, and carelessly spread over my disconsolate Face; behold my Cloaths heavy with Tears, as from a Shower. My Body trembles like Corn shaken by the North-Winds; and the Letters proceed unequal from my faltering Hand. I urge you not now by my Merit, since so ill plac'd, nor expect any Retribution as due to my kind Offices: But then, what Pretence have you for ill Usage? Had I contributed nothing to your Safety, even this is no Reason why you should be the Cause of my Death. To thee wretched Ariadne stretches over the wide Sea her Hands, faint with often beating her sorrowful Breast. Disconsolate as I am, I remind you of the few mangled Tresses that yet remain. I conjure you, by the Tears shed

N O T E S.

consolate Figure I made; *Movisset.*] must have soften'd, and mov'd you to Compassion.

136. *Hærentem.*] That is, suppose me standing upon the Brink of a Precipice, beat underneath by the dashing Waves, and eagerly hanging over, as if I intended to throw myself into the Sea and swim after you.

140. *Litteraque articulo pressa tremente labat.*] *Pressa*, id est, signata scripta. *Articulo*.] *Digito.* *Labat.*] *Vacillat*: id est, non habet rectum ordinem.

143. *Sed nec pœna quidem.*] viz. *Sit factis meo.* The Meaning is, if you will make no Return to my kind Offices, if you think them not worthy of a Recompence, yet they are far from meriting that you should thus neglect, and barbarously abandon me.

147. *Ilis tibi qui superant.*] *Ariadne* is

all this Time endeavouring to move *Theseus* to Pity, and, if possible, to prevail with him to return. For this Reason she here paints, in the strongest Colours, her distress'd Situation, her Fears and Anxieties, and the Havock she had committed upon herself in her Despair. The whole put together makes up such a lively Picture of Misery and Distress, that we cannot enough admire the happy Imagination of the Poet, in being thus able to assemble together a Set of Ideas so well fitted to answer his Aim, viz. moving to Sympathy and Compassion. Amidst her bitterest Reproaches there is still mixed a great deal of Tenderness and Love. One may easily perceive that this last is deeply rooted in her Heart, whereas the other proceeds from a Resentment of her Wrongs. In fine, she concludes in the

O Theseu, flecte ratem,
relabereque verso velo. Si
ego occidero prius, tamen
leges ossa.

Flecte ratem, Theseu; versoque relabere velo.
Si prius occidero; tu tamen ossa leges. 150

NOTES.

most affecting Manner imaginable. Return, were it but to pay me the last Duties, and collect my scattered Bones. For

the Ancients look'd upon it as a great Misfortune to go without a Burial. We have different Accounts given us of the Fate of Ariadne,

EPISTOLA XI.

CANACE MACAREO.

O R D O.

Si tamen, qua scripta
errabunt cæcis lituris, li-
bellus erit oblitus a cæde
dominæ. Manus dextra
tenet calamum, altera te-
net strictum ferrum, et
charta jacet soluta in me-
gremio. Hæc est imago
Æolidos scribentis fratri:
sic videor posse placere du-
ro patri. Cuperem ut ipse
adesset spectator nostræ
necis, utque opus exigere-
tur in oculis auctoris. Ut
est ferus, multoque trucu-
lentior suis Euris, spectasset
nostra vulnera siccis genis.
Scilicet est aliquid vivere
cum sævis ventis: ille convenit ingenio sui populi.

SI qua tamen cæcis errabunt scripta lituris;
Oblitus à dominæ cæde libellus erit.

Dextra tenet calamum; strictum tenet altera
ferrum:

Et jacet in gremio charta soluta meo.

Hæc est Æolidos fratri scribentis imago: 5

Sic videor duro posse placere patri.

Ipse necis cuperem nostræ spectator adesset;
Auctorisque oculis exigeretur opus.

Ut ferus est, multoque suis truculentior Euris,
Spectasset siccis vulnera nostra genis. 10

Scilicet est aliquid, cum sævis vivere ventis:

Ingenio populi convenit ille sui.

Ille

NOTES.

Macareus and Canace, Son and Daughter of Æolus, God of the Winds, indulging a criminal Passion for each other, conceal'd their Familiarity under the Pretence of Consanguinity. At last, Canace proving with Child, was, by the Contrivance of her old Nurse, privately delivered of a Son. Æolus sitting at that Time with his Council in the great Hall, through which the only Passage out of the Palace from Canace's Chamber lay; the Nurse found Means to carry off the Child, under Pretence of being engaged in the Celebration of sacred Rites. But when the Nurse had almost made her Way through the Hall, the unhappy Infant betrayed himself to his Grandfather by crying. Æolus, astonish'd

at what he heard, and coming to know what the Case was, is incens'd in the highest Degree at the Impiety of his Children, and commands the innocent Babe to be expos'd to the wild Beasts. When retiring, and reflecting upon the Stain brought upon his House, he sends an Officer to Canace with a drawn Sword, and commands her to use it as she was conscious her late Impiety deserved. Canace is supposed to have slain herself with it. But before she gave the fatal Blow, she writes this Letter to Macareus, who had taken Refuge in the Temple of Apollo, in which she pathetically represents her Case, inveighs against her Father's Cruelty, and begs he will gather up the Bones of the exposed Innocent,

and

shed for your cruel Departure, turn your Ship, dear Theseus, and bear back your inverted Sails: If I am dead ere you arrive, you may yet gather my scatter'd Bones.

NOTES.

Ariadne. The most commonly receiv'd Opinion makes her to have afterwards become the Wife of *Bacchus*, by whom *Theseus* had been admonished to desert her, as we have before observed in the Argument.

EPISTLE XI.

CANACE to MACAREUS.

IF any of these Lines shall appear stain'd and obscured by Blots, know that they will be occasion'd by the Death of the Writer. My Right-hand holds the Pen, my Left a drawn Sword, and the Paper lies unfolded in my Lap. This is the true Picture of Canace writing to her Brother; it is only in this Manner, it seems, that I can satisfy a hard-hearted Father. I could wish him here present a Spectator of my untimely Death, that the Blow might be given before his Face who commanded it. Fierce, and far more cruel than those eastern Blasts he rules, he would view without a Tear the mortal Wound. For it is infectious to live with savage Winds; and therefore he contracts the Temper of his People. He commands

NOTES.

and deposit them in the same Urn with her's.

1. *Si qua tamen.*] The Word *tamen* seems to refer to some Lines that went before; for which Reason we find in some Copies the two following Verses prefixed to this Epistle:

Aelis Aelidae, quam non habet ipsa, salutem

Mittit, et armata verba notata manu.

But this Beginning is quite superfluous. For Canace relates the Matter afterwards fully, and her abrupt Manner of beginning here is a particular Beauty, which would be lost by prefixing the above Lines, which yet show the Sense of the Passage. *Si qua scripta.*] *Si quæ epistolæ meæ partes*, if any

of the Lines were stain'd or blotted, think it is with the Blood of her who sends them. How warm and interesting the Words are; how cold if any Thing is added to supply the Sense!

5. *Hic est Aelidos.*] *Aelis, Aelidos*, a Patronymick, from *Aelus* the Father of Canace.

8. *Autoris.*] viz. Her Father, who had sent a drawn Sword by an Officer, which he commanded her to plunge into her own Breast.

11. *Scilicet est aliquid.*] She here seemingly offers a Reason in Excuse of her Father's Cruelty: But it is to be consider'd as expressed in Indignation, and by Way of Irony.

Ille imperat Noto, Zephyroque, et Sithonio Aquiloni, et suis pennis, proterve Eury. Heu! imperat ventis, non imperat tumidae iræ; et possidet regna minora suis vitiiis. Quid juvat me admotam cælo per nomina avorum, posse referre Jovem inter cognatos? Num teneo fœminea manu ferrum minus infestum, funebria munera, et tela non mea? O Macareu, utinam hora quæ commisit nos in unum, venisset serior leto! O frater, cur unquam amasti me plus quam frater? et cur sui tibi quod soror non debet esse? Ipsa quoque incalui; sensique in repente corde nescio quem Deum, qualem solebam audire. Color fugerat ore; macies adduxerat artus; ora coacta sumebant minimos cibos. Nec somni erant faciles nobis, et nox erat annua; et læsa nullo dolore, dabam gemitum. Nec poteram reddere causam mihi cur facerem hæc; nec novam quid amans esset, at eram illud. Nutrix prima præsensit malum anili animo: nutrix prima dixit mihi, Æoli, amas. Erubui, pudorque deiecit ocellos gremio. Hæc in me tacita, erant satis signa fatentis.

Ille Noto Zephyroque, & Sithonio Aquiloni
Imperat, & pennis, Eury proterve, tuis.
Imperat (heu!) ventis; tumidæ non imperat iræ:
Possidet & vitiiis regna minora suis. 16
Quid juvat admotam per avorum nomina cælo
Inter cognatos posse referre Jovem?
Num minus infestum funebria munera ferrum
Fœmineâ teneo, non mea tela, manu? 20
O utinam, Macareu, quæ nos commisit in unum,
Venisset leto serior hora meo!
Cur unquam plus me, frater, quàm frater amasti?
Et tibi, non debet quod soror esse, fui?
Ipsa quoque incalui: qualemque audire solebam,
Nescio quem sensi corde tepente Deum. 26
Fugerat ore color; macies adduxerat artus:
Sumebant minimos ora coacta cibos.
Nec somni faciles, & nox erat annua nobis:
Et gemitum nullo læsa dolore dabam. 30
Nec cur hæc facerem, poteram mihi reddere
causam:
Nec nôram, quid amans esset: at illud eram.
Prima malum nutrix animo præsensit anili:
Prima mihi nutrix, Æoli, dixit, amas.
Erubui, gremioque pudor deiecit ocellos. 35
Hæc satis in tacita signa fatentis erant.

Jamque

NOTES.

13. *Sithonio Aquiloni.*] Thrace is often by the Poets called *Sithonia*, from *Sithon*, a Mountain in it. The Situation of *Thrace*, in respect of *Greece* and *Italy*, is northerly; whence the North-Winds and *Thracian* Winds came to signify the same thing.

14. *Pennis.*] For the Winds were feign'd to have Wings.

Ibid. Eury proterve.] These Epithets of the Winds are very common among Poets. So *Virgil*, *Æn.* 1. — *procacibus Austris.* And *Horace*, *Troadem protervis in mare Creticum portare ventis.*

17. *Quid juvat admotam.*] The Construction runs thus: *Quid juvat me admotam esse cælo per nomina avorum?* What Advantage is it to me that I am allied to Gods, and number'd among the Relations of *Jupiter*?

Ibid. Avorum.] *Helvetius* makes the following Remark upon the Use of this Word in the plural Number. "The Word *Avorum*, used here in the plural Number, seems design'd not only to help the Verification, but to add a Dignity to the Thing itself. And yet, upon a nearer Examination, it has a quite contrary Effect. For the nearer the Poet plac'd *Canace* to *Jupiter*, the more illustrious was her Pedigree. And this he might easily have done, seeing, according to some, *Æolus* was the Son of *Jupiter*. But, not to be too rash in passing a Censure on the Poet, it must be own'd that the Race of *Æolus* is very obscure, and but little known, and that Mythologists differ very much in their Sentiments about it. Hence it was the Poet's Bu-

not

mands the South, the Zephyr, and the Northern Blasts of Thrace; and, surly East, he checks thy rigid Wing. He controuls indeed the Winds, but, alas! he has no Power over his own unmeasurable Wrath, and governs a Kingdom less untractable than his own Vices. What avails it that I am allied to the Gods above, that Jupiter is in the Number of my Kindred? does it snatch from my trembling Hand the fatal Steel, that fatal Gift and Weapon, alas, unfit for me? O Macareus, I wish the Hour which joined us together, had come later than that of my Death! Why, Brother, did you ever love me otherwise than as a Brother? And why did I regard you more than became a Sister? For I also felt the powerful Flame, and perceived I know not what God take Possession of my glowing Heart; but such as I had often heard described. The Colour had forsaken my Cheeks, a Leanness had spread itself over all my Joints, and my Mouth took in with Reluctance even the smallest Food. No gentle Slumbers refresh'd me, the Nights seem'd tedious and lingering; and I often sigh'd to myself, tho' no apparent Grief oppress'd me. Nor could I give any Reason why I was thus disconsolate; nor tho' in Love myself, did I know what it was to love. My aged Nurse first divin'd the growing Mischiefs, and, wise through Years, first told me that it was Love. I blush'd; and, full of Shame, fixed my Eyes upon my Bosom; Signs which accompany'd with Silence, but too well witness'd my Confession. And now my Womb swell'd with

N O T E S.

"nests to derive *Canace* from *Jupiter* by a long Series of Ancestors, both on the "Father's and Mother's Side."

19. *Non minus.*] That is, *nihilominus*, *quomodo sine de gente Jovis*. Munera funebria.] *Munera apta meo funeri.*

22. *Leto ferior.*] This is differently explain'd by Commentators. Some will have it that it means, *Utinam prius essem mortuus, quam me unquam cognovisses*. Others interpret it, *utinam nunquam venisset quæ leti causa.*

23. *Coacta.*] I loath'd Food, and swallowed it with Reluctance. *Canace's* describing herself here as wholly a Stranger to Love, and wondering at its Effects, as not knowing whence they came, is an ingenious Supposition of the Poet, and by spreading an agreeable Variety over the Subject, heightens much the Reader's Pleasure.

29. *Annuus.*] Very long, as if every Night had seem'd a Year.

33. *Animo præsensit anili.*] *Animo anili; i. e. cauto et perito talium rerum.* *Virg. Æn. 4. Ille gradum studio celerabat anili.*

35. *Pudor dejecit ocellos.*] The usual Effect of Shame, and Description that all Poets agree in giving of it. So *Virg. Æn. 3.*

Andromache —

Dejecit vultum, et demissa voce locuta est.

In like Manner *Statius*, *Theb. 2.*

Candida purpureum fusa super ora ruborem, Dejectæque genas; tacite subit ille supremus Virginitatis amor, primæque modestia culpæ Confundit vultus. —

46. *Dea quoque luciferos Luna movebat equos.*]

Some read *premebat*, but the other is undoubtedly right. *Val. Flaccus*, *Lib. 3.*

Movet in gelidis Latonia currus.

And our Poet, in the third Book of his *Fusli*;

Luna

Jamque pondera vitii ventris tumescabant, onusq; furtivum, gravabat ægra membra. Quas herbas, quæ medicamina non nutrix attulit mihi, supposuitque audaci manu? Ut celavimus hoc unum te) crescens onus penitus excutere tur nostris visceribus. Ah! infans nimium vivax restitit admotis artibus, et fuit tutus ab æcto hoste. Jam soror pulcherrima Phæbi erat orta novies, denaque Luna movebat luciferos equos. Nescia eram quæ causa faceret subitō dolores mihi, et eram rudis ad partus, et nova miles. Nec tenui vocem. Conscia anus ait, Quid, prodis tua crimina? pressitque ora clamantis. Quid faciam infelix? dolor cogit edere gemitus; sed timor, et nutrix, et ipse pudor vetant. Contineo gemitus, rependoque elapsa verba, et cogor ipsa combibere meas lacrymas. Mors erat ante oculos, et Lucina negabat opem; et mors quoque, si morerer, erat grave crimen. Cum superincumbens scissa tunicaque comaque, revovisti nostra pectora pressa tuis, Et dixti mihi soror vive, O carissima soror vive; nec perde duos corpore unius. Spes bona det vires; nam futura es nupta fratri. Eris et uxor illius, de quo es mater.

Jamque tumescabant vitii pondera ventris, Aëgraque furtivum membra gravabat onus. Quas mihi non herbas, quæ non medicamina nutrix Attulit, audaci supposuitque manu? Ut penitus nostris (hoc te celavimus unum) Visceribus crescens excuteretur onus. Ah! nimium vivax admotis restitit infans Artibus: & tecto tutus ab hoste fuit. Jam novies erat orta soror pulcherrima Phæbi, Denaque luciferos Luna movebat equos. Nescia quæ faceret subitō mihi causa dolores, Et rudis ad partus, & nova miles eram. Nec tenui vocem. Quid, ait, tua crimina prodis? Quæque clamantis conscia pressit anus. Quid faciam infelix? gemitus dolor edere cogit! Sed timor, & nutrix, & pudor ipse, vetant. Contineo gemitus, elapsaque verba rependo: Et cogor lacrymas combibere ipsa meas: Mors erat ante oculos: & opem Lucina negabat: Et grave, si morerer, mors quoque crimen erat. Cum superincumbens, scissâ tunicâque comaque, Pressa revovisti pectora nostra tuis. Et mihi, Vive soror, soror ô carissima, dixti, Vive: nec unius corpore perde duos. Spes bona det vires: fratri nam nupta futura es. Illius, es de quo mater, & uxor eris.

Mortua

NOTES.

Luna resumebat decimo nova cornua motu. Virque pater subito, nuptaque mater erat, Gratia Lucina.

So the most authentick Copies have it, and not as in the more common *decimo mense*. This Passage gives a Sanction to the received Reading in the Verse now before us, and may serve to evince that we ought not to substitute *plena luna* instead of *dena luna*, as the learned Gronovius fancied. The great Scaliger thinks it was originally *nona*, as agreeing better with the Thing referred to. But there is no Necessity for any such nice Calculation, for we find almost all the ancient Poets allow ten Months in this Case. Witness, that well-known Line of Virgil;

Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia mense. Our own Poet also, in the second Book of his *Fæsti*;

Luna novum decies implebat cornibus orbem; Quæ fuerat virgo credita, mater erat. And Book 3.

Vel quia bis quinto sæmina mense parit. And in his *Metamorphoses*, Book 8.

Et quos sustinui bis mensium quinque labores. So also Seneca, and almost all the Poets. Now, as *quini* and *deni calculi* are commonly used for *quinque* and *decem calculi*, in like manner *luna dena* may here be supposed to imply the same as *luna decima*.

51. *Gemitus dolor edere cogit.*] We have here a strong Picture of Canace's Distress, at the Time mentioned; urged by contrary

and
Har
voul
was
51
The
for
in
Shar
that
beca
take
expo
migh
fary
58
The
extre
of he
tend
comp

with the guilty Load, and the growing Weight press'd my sickly Limbs. What Herbs, what Medicines did not my Nurse procure, and with her impious Hands apply? that the increasing Load, (this alone we hid from thee) might be entirely discharg'd from my Bowels. But, alas! the tenacious Infant too well withstood our best Artifices, securely screen'd from all hostile Attacks. And now the splendid Sister of Phœbus had nine times compleated her Course, and the tenth Moon was guiding forward her Light-revolving Steeds, when some unknown Cause afflicted me with sudden Pangs. I was a Stranger to the Throws of Child-bearing, and a mere Novice in this kind of Discipline. I suppress'd not my Cries. What, says my Nurse, do you thus openly proclaim your Crime? And knowing the Cause of my Complaint, stopp'd my Mouth with her Hand. What could I do in that unhappy Case? Pain urg'd my Groans, but Shame, Fear, and my Nurse pressed me to Silence. I nevertheless strive to repress my Groans, and struggle hard with my Cries, and am forc'd to drink the Tears that trickle from my Eyes. Death seem'd to hover round me, Lucina refused her Aid, and even Death was a grievous Crime, had I then expir'd. When entering with thy Hair and Garments torn, my Bosom cherishing close press'd to thine, thou said'st, *Live, my Sister, O live, my dearest Sister; nor destroy two Lives in that of your own. Strengthen yourself by Hope, for you shall soon be wedded to your Brother, and become the Wife of him by whom you have been made a Mother.* Tho' faint,

N O T E S.

and powerful Motives, Pain on the one Hand, and Shame on the other, she endeavoured to suppress an Anguish, which it was not yet in her Power wholly to stifle.

56. *Et grave mors quoque crimen erat.*] These Words admit of different Meanings, for we may explain them either, *that Death, in this Case, serv'd only to encrease my Shame, by publishing it to all the World*; or, *that even Death itself here was a Crime*, because that by the Steps I was obliged to take in order to keep the Matter secret, I expos'd myself to manifest Danger, and might, in some Sense, be said to be accessory to my own Death.

58. *Pressa revolvisti pectora nostra tuis.*] The whole Scene, as here represented, is extremely affecting. *Conace* was conscious of her Guilt, and therefore could not pretend to vindicate herself. Her chief Concern therefore was to move Compassion,

and this it must be owned she has succeeded in wonderfully. By the pathetic Representation she here gives of her Distress, the Reader's Attention is drawn off from the View of her Guilt, and he feels his Compassion insensibly rise, until he is brought over, if not wholly to excuse, yet at least very much to commiserate and favour her.

60. *Duos.*] You and your Son. *Corpore unius*, instead of *corpore tuo*.

61. *Fratri nam nupta futura es.*] In one very ancient Manuscript, the old Reading is effac'd, and in Place of it there is written,

— *Fratri es nam nupta futura.*

Some have,

— *Germano nupta futura es;*

which *Heinsius* suspects to be the true Reading in the before-mention'd Manuscript.

62. *De quo mater es.*] *Macareus* is speaking here of himself,

R

64. *Crimen*

Mortua (crede mihi) tamen revixi ad tua verba, et crimen onusque mei uteri est positum. Quid grataris tibi? Æolus sedet media aula, crimina sunt subripienda oculis patris. Sedula anus celat infantem frugibus, ramisque albens olivæ, et levibus vittis; facitque fissa sacra, dicitque precantia verba. Populus dat viam sacris, pater ipse dat viam. Jam puer erat prope limen; vagitus ejus venit ad patrius aures, et ille proditur suo indicio. Æolus eripit infantem, revelatque mentita sacra. Regia sonat insana voce. Ut mare sit tremulum cum stringitur auræ: ut quatitur tepido fraxina virga noto; sic videres mea pallentia membra vibrari. Lectus erat quasi ab imposito corpore. Pater irruit; et vulgat nostrum pudorem clamore; et vix continet manus a misero cre. Ipsa pudibunda, præsidi nihil præter lacrymas; lingua torpuerat retenta gelido metu. Jamque jusserat parvum nepotem dari canibus avibusque, destituitque in solis locis. Ille miser dedit vagitus; (putares sensisse) rogabatque suum avum: qua voce poterat. Quid animi, germane, credas tunc fuisse mihi (Nam potes ipse colli ere ex tuo animo) cum inimicus coram me ferret in altis sylvas mea viscera edenda montanis lupis. Exierat thalamo: tunc denum contigit mihi plangi quoad pectora, inque in meas genas unguibus. Interea patrius vultu mœrente satelles Venit, & indignos edidit ore sonos. Æolus hunc enssem mittit tibi: tradidit enssem: Et jubet ex merito scire quid iste velit.

Mortua (crede mihi) tamen ad tua verba revixi: Et positum est uteri crimen onusque mei. Quid tibi grataris? mediâ sedet Æolus aula. 65 Crimina sunt oculis surripienda patris. Frugibus infantem, ramisque albens olivæ, Et levibus vittis sedula celat anus: Fictâque sacra facit, dicitque precantia verba. Dat populus sacris, dat pater ipse, viam. 70 Jam prope limen erat: patrias vagitus ad aures Venit, & indicio proditur ille suo. Eripit infantem, mentitâque sacra revelat Æolus. insanâ regia voce sonat. Ut mare sit tremulum, tenui cùm stringitur aurâ: Ut quatitur tepido fraxina virga noto; 76 Sic mea vibrari pallentia membra videres. Quassus ab imposito corpore lectus erat. Irruit; & nostrum vulgat clamore pudorem: Et vix à misero continet ore manus. 80 Ipsa nihil, præter lacrymas, pudibunda profudi: Torpuerat gelido lingua retenta metu. Jamque dari parvum canibusque avibusque nepotem Jusserat; in solis destituitque locis. Vagitus dedit ille miser; sensisse putares: 85 Quâque suum poterat voce rogabat avum. Quid mihi tunc animi credas, germane, fuisse; (Nam potes ex animo colligere ipse tuo) Cùm meâ me coram sylvâs inimicus in altis Viscera montanis ferret edenda lupis? 90 Exierat thalamo: tunc demum pectora plangi Contigit, inque meas unguibus ire genas. Interia patrius vultu mœrente satelles Venit, & indignos edidit ore sonos: Æolus hunc enssem mittit tibi: tradidit enssem: Et jubet ex merito scire quid iste velit. 96

Scimus;

NOTES.

64. Crimen onusque.] Instead of *criminosum onus*.

65. Quid tibi grataris.] This is an Address to herself. Though you are safely delivered of your Burden, yet the Danger is far from being over. My Crime must by

all Means be hid from Æolus, who will never be able to brook the Disgrace. She then describes the Difficulty that attended this material Point. The only Way from her Apartment lay through a Hall where Æolus sat in Council, and how to convey off the

Bote

faint, and almost dead, yet (believe it) your Words reviv'd me, and the guilty Load sprung forward from my Womb. Why do you rejoice at this Danger over? In the Mid-hall sits Æolus; and from a Parent's Eyes our Crimes must be conceal'd. The cunning old Nurse shrouds the Babe with Leaves, white Olive Boughs, and holy Fillets; then feigning sacred Rites, and muttering Prayers, the People, nay my Father, make Way for the Solemnity. And now she had almost reach'd the Threshhold, when the Infant's Cry invades my Father's Ears, by its own Evidence, alas! betrayed. Instantly he seizes the Child, and unveils the feign'd Solemnity: The Palace resounds with his raging Voice. As the Sea quivers when brush'd by the curling Breeze, or a tall Ash when shaken by the stormy South-Wind; so you might see my pale Limbs shiver with Fear, and the Bed shake under my trembling Boly. Æolus rushes in with Violence, and publishes my Shame by his Clamours; nay hardly could he restrain his Hands from my Face. I overwhelm'd with conscious Guilt, answered only by my Tears; Fear had bound up my frozen Tongue. And now he commanded his little Grandchild to be thrown out a Prey to Dogs and hungry Birds, and left by itself in some solitary Place. The helpless Babe cry'd out as if he understood his Doom, and conjured his Grandfather with what Voice he could. Imagine, dear Brother, what Anguish of Soul I must then feel, (for you may easily guess the State of my Mind by your own) to hear my Bowels doom'd in my Presence a Prey to Mountain Wolves, and the savage Beasts of the Woods. My Father left me: Then was I at Liberty to beat my Breast, and wound my Cheeks with my Nails. Mean time a Messenger came from my Father, his Countenance sad, and his Words full of Cruelty. *Æolus sends thee this Sword*, and then gave the Sword into my Hand; and says, that the Sense of thy own Demerits will teach thee what it means. I know what it means; and will

NOTES.

Babe without a Discovery, was a very nice Affair: At last, the cunning old Nurse devises a Method, which, but for an unhappy Accident, had well nigh succeeded.

67. *Frugibus infantem.*] *Molâ sulcâ*, f ys Helvetius, *qua in sacris utebantur.*

70. *Dat populus sacris.*] That is, says Helvetius, *Omnes loci et via cedunt, nec quicquam anus offert impedimentum.* All gave way, as accounting it Impiety to interrupt the Solemnity.

78. *Quassus ab imposito.*] Her Fear was so great, that the very Bed shook under her

as she lay trembling.

87. *Et vix a misero continet ore manus.*] That is, *Vix continet se quin unguibus dilaceret mibi vultum, et eruat oculos.*

92. *Inque meas unguibus ire genas.*] The Meaning is: I was then at Liberty to vent my Rage against myself, and give way to all the Symptoms of a bad Despair.

93. *Patrius satelles.*] An Officer from my Father. *Vultu mœrente.*] With a sad and sorrowful Countenance, which but too well prefaged his fatal Me fate.

96. *Ex merito.*] viz. *Ido.* That is, he

Scimus, et utamur fortiter
violento ense : condam pa-
terna dona meis pectoribus.
Donasne connubia mea, ge-
nitor, his muneribus ? Fi-
lia tua, pater, eris dives
hac dote ? Decepte Hy-
menæe, tolle procul mari-
tas faces ; et fuge tecta ne-
fanda turbato pede. Atreæ
Erinnyes, ferte in me fa-
ces quas fertis, ut rogus
meus luceat ex isto igne.
Felices sorores, nubite meli-
ora parca ; sed tamen esse
memores mei admitti. Quid
puer editus tam paucis horis
admit ? quo facto, vix
bene natus, læsit avum ?
Si potuit meruisse necem,
putetur meruisse. Ab ! ille
miser plectitur meo admisso.
Nate, dolor matris, præda
rapidarum ferarum,
(hei mihi !) dilacerate tuo
natali die. Nate, pignus
miserabile parum fausti a-
moris ; hæc fuit prima dies
tibi, hæc fuit summa tibi.
Non licuit mihi perfundere
te justis lacrymis : non li-
cuit ferre tonsas comas in
tua sepulchra. Non su-
perincubui, non carpsi fri-
gida oscula. Avidæ feræ
diripiunt nostra viscera.
Ipsa quoque prosequar cum
vulnere infantes umbras.
Nec sumo dicta mater,
nec orba diu. Tu tamen
o frustra sperate miseræ so-
rori, precor collige sparsa
membra tui nati ; et refer
ad matrem, imponeque so-
cio sepulchro ; urnaque,
quamlibet arcta, habeat
nos duos. Vive memor nostri,

fundeque lacrymas in vulnere ; neve amans reformida corpore
amantis. Tu (rogo) perfer mandata sororis nimium projecta ; ipsa perfruar mandatis patris.

Scimus ; & utemur violento fortiter ense :

Pectoribus condam dona paterna meis.

His mea muneribus, genitor, connubia donas ?
Hæc tua dote, pater, filia dives erit ? 100

Tolle procul, decepte, faces, Hymenæe, maritas :
Et fuge turbato tecta nefanda pede.

Ferte faces in me, quas fertis, Erinnyes atræ :
Ut meus ex isto luceat igne rogus.

Nubite felices Parcæ meliore, sorores : 105
Admissi memores sed tamen este mei.

Quid puer admisit tam paucis editus horis ?
Quo læsit facto, vix bene natus, avum ?

Si potuit meruisse necem, meruisse putetur.
Ah miser admisso plectitur ille meo ! 110

Nate, dolor matris, rapidarum præda ferarum,
(Hei mihi !) natali dilacerate tuo :

Nate, parum fausti miserabile pignus amoris ;
Hæc tibi prima dies, hæc tibi summa fuit.

Non mihi te licuit lacrymis perfundere justis : 115
In tua non tonsas ferre sepulchra comas.

Non superincubui : non oscula frigida carpsi.
Diripiunt avidæ viscera nostra feræ.

Ipsa quoque infantes cum vulnere prosequar um-
bras ;

Nec mater fuero dicta, nec orba diu. 120
Tu tamen, ô frustra miseræ sperate sorori,

Sparsa precor nati collige membra tui :
Et refer ad matrem, socioque impone sepulchro :

Urnæque nos habeat, quamlibet arcta, duos.
Vive memor nostri, lacrymasque in vulnere
funde : 125

Néve reformida corpus amantis amans.

[Tu (rogo) projectæ nimium mandata sororis
Perfer. mandatis perfruar ipsa patris.]

N O T E S.

wille, that, from a Sense of your Crime, you understand what he means by the Gift.

105. *Parcæ.*] The *Parcæ* were three in Number, *Cloto*, *Lachesis*, *Atræpos*. Her Presence, she says, was not to be grac'd by the Marriage of *Hymenæus* ; the infernal Sisters were fittest to preside at that fatal Tie.

109. *Si potuit.*] By this seeming Con-

cession, she the more strongly asserts the Babe's Innocence. A new-born Infant could be guilty of no Crime ; and to punish it for the Fault of its Parents, wherein it had no Share, was cruel and unjust.

116. *In tua non tonsas ferre sepulchra comas.*] *Micyllus*. Solebant autem funerali more comas rescari, et in rogum ardentis, est sepulchrum mitti. So our Poet in the third

will boldly urge the piercing Steel; my Father's Gift shall be treasur'd in my Breast. Are these the Gifts wherewith a Father graces my Nuptials? This the Dower wherewith you enrich your Daughter? Deluded Hymenæus, remove far hence the Marriage Torch, and fly with Hurry and Trepidation from this detested Place. Let the hideous Furies bring hither their infernal Brands, that, kindled up by them, my Funeral Pile may blaze. Do you, my Sisters, wed, blessed with more propitious Fate; but warn'd, be ever mindful of my Crime. But what has my Infant Son, so lately born, committed? What could one scarce brought forth do to offend his Grandfather? If it was possible for him to have deserved so hard a Fate, let him be thought to have deserved it. Alas, unhappy Babe, you suffer for the Guilt of your Mother! My darling Son, born to be your Mother's Grief, and the Prey of wild Beasts: Alas! doom'd to be destroyed on the very Day of your Birth. Ill-fated Babe, the mournful Pledge of our unhappy Loves: This was your first Day of Life, this also must be your last. I was not allowed to shed over you a Mother's Tears, or offer upon your Sepulchre my shorn Hair. I did not hang over thy lifeless Corse, or snatch from thy Mouth the cold Kisses. My Bowels, alas! are made a Prey to savage Beasts. But I will soon follow by this Wound thy Infant Shade: Not long a Mother, nor long shall I be called childless. But thou, in vain alas! thy wretched Sister's Hope, fail not to gather up the scatter'd Members of thy Son; bear them to his fond Mother's Grave, and unite them with her in the social Tomb: Let the same Urn, though small, contain us both. Live ever mindful of your Canace, and shed some Tears over my Wound; nor fear to touch the breathless Body of her you lov'd. Fulfil these last Commands of thy hapless Sister, and I'll perform the cruel Mandates of my unrelenting Sire.

NOTES.

Book of his *Metamorphoses*, v. 506.

— *Sed et fratri imposuere capillos.*

120. *Nec fuero dicta diu mater.*] Because I must soon lose my Son, from whom I derive the Title of a Mother. *Nec orba diu.*] Because tho' I must lose my Son, and thus be rendered childless, yet my own Death is not far off.

121. *Tu tamen.*] From lamenting her own and Son's Fate, she addresses herself to her Brother *Macareus*, and intreats him to collect the scatter'd Bones of that dear Pledge of their former Tendernefs, and deposit them in the same Urn with her own.

125. *Lacrymasque in funere funder.*] So some read; but the greater Part, and more authentick Manuscripts, have it *vulnere*. We are the more willing to give into this, as it is a Way of speaking very common to *Ovid*. *Met.* Book 4.

Vulnera supplevit lacrymis, stetitque cruenti Miseni.

And Book 13th.

Hic quoque dat lacrymas, lacrymas in vulnere fundit.

127. *Tu rogo.*] The greatest Part of Commentators reject this whole Distich as a spurious Interpolation, and think it far short of the usual Elegance of *Ovid*.

EPISTLE

EPISTOLA XII.

MEDEA JASONI.

O R D O.

At cum essem regina Colchorum, (memini) vacavi tibi, cum peteres ut mea ars ferret opem tibi. Tunc sorores quæ dispensant mortalia fila, debuerant evoluisse meos fufus. Tunc ego Medea potui mori bene. Quidquid vitæ produxi ab illo tempore, fuit pœna. Hei mihi! cur Pelias ardor, æsta juvenilibus laceratis, unquam petiit Phryxæam ovem? cur nos Colchi unquam vidimus Magnætida Argo? vosque turba Graia bibistis Phasiacam aquam? cur tui flavi capilli, et decor, et fifta gratia tuæ linguæ, placuere mihi plus æquo? Aut (quoniam nova puppis semel venerat in nostras arenas, attuleratque audaces viros)

AT tibi Colchorum (memini) regina vacavi, Ars mea, cùm peteres, ut tibi ferret opem. Tunc, quæ dispensant mortalia fila, sorores Debuerant fufos evoluisse meos. Tunc potui Medea mori bene. quicquid ab illo 5 Produxi vitæ tempore, pœna fuit. Hei mihi! cur unquam juvenilibus æsta lacertis Phryxæam petiit Pelias arbor ovem? Cur unquam Colchi Magnætida vidimus Argo; Turbæque Phasiacam Graia bibistis aquam? 10 Cur mihi plûs æquo flavi placuere capilli; Et decor, & linguæ gratia fifta tuæ? Aut (semel in nostras quoniam nova puppis arenas Venerat, audaces attuleratque viros)

Iffet

N O T E S.

Jason, upon his Arrival in Colchos, was kindly treated by Medea, the Daughter of Æetes King of Colchos, and Hecate, who soon afterwards fell in Love with him. The Conditions of coming at the Prize being proposed to Jason, he desiring to be able of himself to execute them, applies to Medea, who, upon his promising her Marriage, teaches him how he may overcome all the Difficulties that lay in his Way. Therefore, after obtaining the golden Fleece, he fled privately from Colchos with Medea. Who hearing that her Father Æetes was in close Pursuit of her, cut in Pieces the Body of her Brother Absyrtus, and strewed his mangled Limbs along the Road, that her Father might be retarded in gathering up the Bones of his Son. By this Artifice they got safe to Thessaly, where she restored Jason, Jason's Father, now worn out with Years, to Youth. Jason after this put away Medea, and falling in Love with Creusa, Daughter of Creon King of Corinth, married her. Medea, enraged at Jason's Falseness, writes this Epistle, in which she

charges him with the highest Ingratitude, and threatens a speedy Revenge, unless he restore her to her former Place in his Affections. Criticsks, in this Epistle, as in all the rest, have furnished us with two Lines by way of an Exordium.

Exul, inops contempta novo Medea marito Dicit, an a reginis tempora nulla vacant.

1. *At tibi Colchorum.*] The Epistle begins abruptly, and with an Air of Astonishment. To be deserted by Jason who had so often vowed an eternal Fidelity, and whom she had bound to her by so many important Services, was what of all Things she least apprehended, and could not reflect upon without Wonder. Many of Ovid's Epistles begin thus, and it is a particular Beauty in them, tho' some injudicious Criticsks have taken it in their Heads to supply these seeming Defects.

Ibid. Colchorum.] The Colchi were a People of Scythia, inhabiting upon the East-side of the Euxine-Sea. She calls herself the Queen of this Country, as being the Daughter of Æetes the King. *Va-*

6271.

EPISTLE XII.

MEDEA to JASON.

WELL I remember, that though Queen of Colchos, I found Leisure to provide for your Safety, when you begg'd the Help of my Art. Then, if ever, the Sisters who measure out the Thread of human Life, ought to have finished the Number of my Days. Then might Medea have died honourably. Life ever since has been a continued Series of Woes. Alas! why did the Theſſalian Bark mann'd by a Troop of resolute Youths, sail in Quest of the golden Fleece? why did Argo come within Sight of Colchos, or a Grecian Band drink of the Water of Phasis? why was I so much pleas'd with your golden Locks, your Comeliness, and the dissembled Eloquence of your enchanting Tongue? Doubtless, (as a strange Ship had arriv'd on our Coasts, and landed a Set of bold enterprizing

NOTES.

civi.] *Operam præstiti, infervivi.* I willingly undertook, I found Leisure to help you.

2. *Ar.*] Magick Arts; for Medea was fam'd for her Enchantments.

3. *Mortalia fila sorores.*] The *Parceæ*, or Sisters were three in Number, to whom was committed the Duration of human Life. The Poets represent this by a Thread, in which each Sister had a separate Province. The first was employ'd to spin it out, the second to wind it up, and the third to cut it, and thereby put an End to Life. This may serve to illustrate the Manner of Expression used in the next Verse, *Fusus evoluisse meos*; ought to have wound up the Thread of my Life, *i. e.* finished my Days.

8. *Phryxæam ovem.*] The golden Fleece consecrated to Mars by *Phryxus*.

Ibid. *Pelias arbor.*] The Theſſalian Bark, so call'd here from *Pelion*, a Mountain of Theſſaly, where the Trees of which the Ship Argo was built were cut. As is natural to that Sex, she deduces the Cause of her Misfortunes from the remotest Events that gave Rise to them.

9. *Magneida Argo.*] Theſſalian Argo, from Magnesia, a Region of Theſſaly, in which was Mount Pelion.

10. *Phœbiacæ aquam.*] The Water of

the River Phasis, which was in Colchus. The Argonauts were oblig'd to sail up this River in order to come at the Palace of *Æetes*.

Ibid. *Bibisis.*] To drink of the Water of any Place, is a Phrase often used by the Ancients to signify inhabiting in that Place, arriving at, or residing in it for any Time. The Thing is here put as an Interrogation, which is much stronger than if she had said, *She wish'd the Argonauts had never seen Colchos.*

12. *Lingua gratia fida tua.*] She artfully here interweaves an Excuse of her own Weakness, in being so much enamour'd of Jason, and breaking through so many Obligations to give him the desired Aid. His Charms were such as might easily ensnare an innocent unpractis'd Heart. Add to all this, the irresistible Eloquence of a smooth and deceitful Tongue. 'Tis certain, that where a Man's Person has already prepossess'd us in his Favour, we are willing to believe every Thing he says, especially if it be what we ourselves wish for. This Weakness every one feels in himself in some Degree or other, and therefore will be the more apt to excuse it.

13. *Nova puppis.*] Some give out, that Argo

*Immemor Æsonides isset non præmedicatus in an-
bilatos ignes, aduncaque
ora boum. Jecisset semi-
na, sensisset et totidem bos-
tes; ut ipse cultor caderet
ab suo cultu. Quantum
perfidia parisset tecum,
scelerate! quam multa ma-
la forent demta meo capiti!
est aliqua voluptas expro-
brare meritum ingrato.
Frax hoc: seram hæc sola
gaudia de te. Tu jussus
advertere inexpertam pup-
pim Colchos, intrasti beata
regna mea patria. Illic,
ego Medea fui hoc, quod
nova nupta est hic. Pa-
ter erat mihi tam dives,
quam est illi. Illic tenet
bimarem Ephyren; ille te-
net omne latus nivosa Scy-
thia qua læva plaga Ponti
jacet. Æta accipit Pelas-
gos juvenes hospitio, et vos
Graia corpora premittis
pictos toros. Tunc ego vi-
di te: tunc cepi scire quid
esses. Illa fuit prima rui-
na mea mortis. Ut vidi,
ut perii: arsi nec notis ig-
nibus, ut pinea tæda ar-
det ad magnos Deos. Erat et formosus, et mea fata trahebant me. Tui oculi abstulerant
nostra lumina. Perfide, sensisti: enim quis celat amorem bene? flamma eminet, prodita ju-
inaicio.*

Isset anhelatos non præmedicatus in ignes 15
Immemor Æsonides, oraque adunca boum.
Semina jecisset; totidem sensisset & hostes:
Ut caderet cultu cultor ab ipse suo.
Quantum perfidia tecum, scelerate, perisset?
Demta forent capiti quam mala multa meo! 20
Est aliqua ingrato meritum exprobrare voluptas.
Hæc fruar: hæc de te gaudia sola feram.
Jussus inexpertam Colchos advertere puppim,
Intrasti patriæ regna beata meæ.
Hoc illic Medea fui, nova nupta quod hic est. 25
Quam pater est illi, tam mihi dives erat.
Hic Ephyren bimarem; Scythiæ latus ille nivosa
Omne tenet, Ponti qua plaga læva jacet.
Accipit hospitio juvenes Æeta Pelasgos,
Et premittis pictos corpora Graia toros. 30
Tunc ego te vidi: tunc cepi scire quid esses:
Illa fuit mentis prima ruina meæ.
Ut vidi, ut perii! nec notis ignibus arsi.
Ardet ut ad magnos pinea tæda Deos.
Et formosus eras, & me mea fata trahebant. 35
Abstulerant oculi lumina nostra tui.
Perfide, sensisti: quis enim bene celat amorem?
Eminet indicio prodita flamma suo.

Dicitur

NOTES.

Argo was the first Ship in which Men ventured upon the Sea. But I am rather apt to think it ought to be interpreted *strange, uncommon*. A Ship was an unusual Thing at Colchos; perhaps too it might have been the first that ever appeared there. But that Shipping was known in Greece, and other Parts of Europe long before this, is indisputable.

15. *Anhelatos ignes.*] viz. *Ignes ex saurorum abenipedum naribus emissos*. The Flame proceeding from the Nostrils of the brazen-footed Bulls.

Ibid. *Non præmedicatus.*] Not fortified by my Draughts and Medicines. For it was by Medea's Instructions, and the magick Potions she furnish'd him with, that he was enabled to tame the brazen-footed Bulls, and cast the watchful Dragon that guarded the golden Fleece asleep.

16. *Æsonides.*] Jason, the Son of Æson King of Thessaly.

18. *Ut caderet, &c.*] This Verse is thus explain'd by Helvetius. *Ut Jason, qui tanquam agricola dentes serpentis in terram misisset, ab hostibus armatis, qui ex illo semine nasceremur, interficeretur*. Till Jason, who had cast the Serpent's Teeth into the Ground after the Manner of a Sower, should perish by those arm'd Enemies that sprung from the Seed thus sown.

27. *Ephyre.*] The ancient Name of Corinth, called here *Bimaris*, as being situated between two Seas. So Horace, *Bimarifus Corinthi magna*.

Ibid. *Scythiæ latus ille nivosa, omne tenet.*] Copies differ very much in their reading this Passage. Some have it as above. Others, *Scythia tenuis ille nivosa omne tenet*. The Scythians were a People that inhabited

terprizing Youths,) ungrateful Jason should have been left to rush, unfortified with Spells, upon the glowing Nostrils of the Fire-breathing Bulls, and dare their lofty Looks. He should have been left to sow the Serpents Teeth, and feel the Arms of his numerous Foes; that the forward Tiller might thus have fallen by his own Harvest. Perjur'd Wretch! how much Perfidy had been prevented by thy Fall? how many killing Griefs might I have escaped? 'Tis some Relief to upbraid the Ungrateful with the Favours done them: This I can still enjoy; and it is indeed the only Pleasure you have now left me. Commanded by your Uncle to sail to Colchos with the unproved Ship, you entered the happy Kingdom of my native Land. There Medea held the same Place which your new Bride holds here: My Father in Wealth and Dominion came not short of her's. He rules over Corinth placed between two Seas: My Father commands all that Part of snowy Scythia, which runs along the Left-side of the Euxine Sea. Æetes gave a kind and noble Reception to the Pelasgian Youths, and placed them on richly-embroidered Couches. It was then I first saw you, and understood who you was; that was the fatal Day of Ruin to my Quiet and Peace of Mind. How did I gaze, how did I drink in the fatal Poison, and burn with Fires I had not felt before, like a Pine Torch when lighted up at the Sacrifices of the Gods! You was beautiful and charming, and my unhappy Destiny push'd me on; my Eyes remain'd continually fixed upon your's. Bafe Man, you but too well perceived it; for who was ever discreet enough to hide Love? a Flame that betrays itself by its own Light. Mean time the Law of Victory

N O T E S.

habited the north Parts of Europe and Asia.

33. *Ut vidi, ut perii*] The whole Account here given of Jason's first Appearance and the Beginning and Progress of her Passion, are extremely beautiful, and a true Copy of Nature. We may compare it with what Virgil says on the same Subject, and in nearly the same Manner. It is in Damon's Part of the eighth Eclogue, v. 37.

*Sepibus in nostris parvam te rosida mola
(Dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem :*

Alter ab undecimo tum me jam ceperat annus ;

Jam fragiles pueram a terra contingere ramos.

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut mihi malus absque error !

" The first Time I saw you, was when
" but a Child with your Mother, and gathering the dewy Apples about our
" Hedges, in which I was your Guide.
" I was at that Time just twelve Year old,
" and could scarce reach from the Ground
" the nodding Branches. How did I gaze,
" how was I lost, and hurried away by a
" fatal Error?"

Virgil was, no doubt, a greater Master in every Kind of Poetry than Ovid, and it must be own'd there are some soft and tender Strokes in these Lines that affect us strongly; yet both Poets have suited their Subject to their Design, and in that Light equally merit our Praises. Virgil describes a tender complaining Passion, that drives the Lover on to end his Misery with his Life: Ovid a strong and violent one, that,

Interea lex dicitur tibi, ut premeres dura colla ferorum bouum insolito vomere. Tauri Martis erant plus sævi quam per cornua; quorum spiritus erat terribilis ignis. Pedes erant solidi ære, æraque erant prætentæ noribus; hæc quoque sunt facta nigra per suos adflatu. Juberis præterea, spargere devota manu per lata arva, semina genitura populos, qui peterent tua corpora telis natis secum. Illa est messis iniqua suo agricolæ. Labor ultimus est decipere aliqua arte lumina custodis nescia succumbere somno. Æetes dixerat: conjurgitis omnes mæsti, mensisque alta deserit purpureos toros. Quam longe erant tibi nunc dotale regnum Creusæ, Et focer, et nata magni Creontis? Abis tristis; prosequor te abeuntem udis oculis, et lingua dixit velle, tenui murmure. Ut male saucia tetigi lectum positum thalamo, nox quanto fuit, est acta mihi per lacrymas. Taurique truces, segetesque nefandæ erant ante oculos, pervigil anguis erat ante meos oculos. Hinc amor est, hinc timor: timor auget ipsum amorem. Erat mane, et ebria soror recepta thalamo, invenit me disjectamque quod ad comas, jacentemque in averfa ora, et omnia plena meis lacrymis. Orat opem Minyis: altera petit, et altera habebit. Damus Æsonio juveni, quod illa rogat. Est nemo atrum et piceis et frondibus ilicis; vix licet radiis, solis adire illud. Delubra Dianæ sunt in eo, fuerantque diu: Dea stat aurea, facta barbarica manu.

Dicitur interea tibi lex; ut dura ferorum
Insolito premeres vomere colla bouum. 40
[Martis erant tauri plus, quam per cornua, sævi;
Quorum terribilis spiritus ignis erat.]
Ære pedes solidi, prætentæque naribus æra:
Nigra per afflatus hæc quoque facta suos.
Semina præterea populos genitura juberis 45
Spargere devota lata per arva manu,
Qui peterent secum natis tua corpora telis.
Illa est agricolæ messis iniqua suo.
Lumina custodis succumbere nescia somno
Ultimus est aliquâ decipere arte labor. 50
Dixerat Æetes. mæsti conjurgitis omnes:
Mensæque purpureos deferit alta toros.
Quam tibi nunc longè regnum dotale Creusæ,
Et focer, & magni nata Creontis erant?
Tristis abis. oculis abeuntem prosequor udis: 55
Et dixit tenui murmure lingua, Vale.
Ut positum tetigi thalamo malè saucia lectum,
Acta est per lacrymas nox mihi, quanta fuit.
Ante oculos taurique meos, segetesque nefandæ;
Ante meos oculos pervigil anguis erat. 60
Hinc amor, hinc timor est. ipsum timor auget
amorem.
Manè erat, & thalamo chara recepta soror
Disjectamque comas averfæque in ora jacentem
Invenit, & lacrymis omnia plena meis. 64
Orat opem Minyis: petit altera, & altera habebit.
Æsonio juveni, quod rogat illa, damus.
Est nemo & piceis & frondibus ilicis atrum:
Vix illuc radiis solis adire licet.
Sunt in eo, fuerantque diu, delubra Dianæ:
Aurea barbaricâ stat Dea facta manu. 70
Nescio

NOTES.

slighted, pushes on to Revenge. They both copy after *Ibscritus*, in his third *Idyl*. v. 42. *Ut vidit, ut perit, ut in profundum saltavit amorem.*

36. *Abstulerant oculis lumina nostra tui.* That is, says *Helvetius*, *Nisi te, nihil amplius videre poterant.* "They were so immoveably fixed upon you, that they could

"regard no other Object." This is one of the great Characteristics of Love.

39. *Dicitur interea tibi lex.* *Medea*, after describing the Manner in which her Passion began, its Growth and Violence, turns to the many Obligations she had heaped upon him, the Dangers he was expos'd to before he could come at the wish'd-for Prize, and

tory is laid down, that you train to the unusual Plough the unbroken Necks of the fierce Bulls. These Bulls, sacred to Mars, were otherwise terrible than by their Horns, and expired from their Nostrils Streams of Flame. Their Feet were guarded with brazen Hoofs; Plates of Brass covered also their Nostrils, that were become black by their glowing Breath. You are further required to scatter over the wide Fields, with devoted Hand, Seed suddenly to spring up a Harvest of Men, and to attack you with their self-born Darts; a Crop fatal to the Labourer. Your last and greatest Toil, is artfully to elude the Eyes of the watchful Dragon; Eyes, unacquainted with the Power of Sleep. Here *Æetes* ended. You all rise up sad: The Table is removed, and stripp'd of the Purple Carpets. Where was then the Kingdom you receive as a Dowry with *Creusa*? how little was your Father-in-law, or the Daughter of mighty *Creon* then in your Thoughts? You left us thoughtful: I follow your departing Steps with Eyes moistened in Tears; and my Tongue in a soft Accent bade you farewell. When with a Heart fatally wounded I retired to my quiet Bed, the whole Night was spent in shedding Floods of Tears. The fierce Bulls and threatening Crop of armed Men stood before my Eyes; but most I was haunted by the Image of the watchful Dragon. On the one Side was Love, on the other Fear: But Fear serv'd only to add to my Love. It was now Morning, when my darling Sister entered my Chamber, and found me lying upon my Face, my Hair dishevelled, and the Bed under me wet with my Tears. She entreats me in Behalf of the Argonauts: One asks, and another shall reap the Fruit: She craves that Aid which I freely grant to the young Son of *Æson*. There is a Grove where a darksome Shade is form'd by Pitch-Trees and leafy Oaks; scarce can the Rays of the Sun find Admittance. Here there long had been, and still was, a Temple sacred to *Diana*, with a golden Statue of the Goddesses, the Work of a barbarian Artist. Perhaps, as you have

N O T E S.

and the Care she took to fortify him against them: From all which she argues his Baseness and Ingratitude in deserting her.

41. *Martis erant tauri.*] These two Lines are rejected by *Heinsius* as spurious, and unworthy of *Ovid*. There is some Reason for this: And yet it is hard to think how they can be dispensed with out of the Text.

46. *Devota manu.*] With a devoted, or consecrated Hand. *Manu* (says *Hubertinus*) *qua se buic fatis devoverat*. Thus those

who rush'd into the Midst of the Enemy in any Case of impending Danger, were said to devote themselves for the Sake of their Country.

49. *Lumina cassidis.*] The Eyes of the watchful Dragon, who had the Care of the golden Fleece.

62. *Soror.*] viz. *Chalciope*: The Reason of her Concern for the Argonauts was, because her four Sons by *Phryxus* were engaged with them.

Nefine, an loca exciderint mecum? Venimus illic; tu prior sic ei orsus loqui infido ore. Fortuna tradidit tibi jus et arbitrium nostræ salutis; vitæque morsque mea est in tua manu. Si ipsa potestas juvet quem, est satis posse perdere; sed servatus, ero major gloria tibi. Precor per nostra mala, quorum potes esse levamen, per tuum genus, et numen avi videntis cuncta, per vultus sacraque arcana triplicis Dianæ, et si forte gens ista habet alios Deos, per eos omnes, O virgo miserere mei, miserere meorum! effice me tuum in omne tempus meritum. Quod si forte non designare virum Pelasgum (sed unde sperem Deos tam faciles mihi, tamque meos?) spiritus meus manescat in teneris auris, antequam ulla, nisi tu, sit nupta meo thalamo. Juno præsecta sacris maritis sit conscia, et Dea in marmorea æde cujus sumus. Hæc (et quota pars hæc sunt?) moveat animum simplicis puellæ; et dextra junctæ meæ dextera. Vidi etiam lacrymas: an est pars fraudis in illis? sic puella sum cito capta tuis verbis. Jungis et æripedes tauros inadusto corpore, et findis solidum humum jussu vomere.

Nostin', an exciderint mecum loca? venimus illuc.
Orsus es infido sic prior ore loqui.

Jus tibi & arbitrium nostræ Fortuna salutis

Tradidit: inque tuâ vitæque morsque manu.

Perdere posse sat est; si quem juvet ipsa potestas.
Sed tibi servatus gloria major ero.

Per mala nostra precor, quorum potes esse levamen;

Per genus & numen cuncta videntis avi;

Per triplicis vultus arcanæque sacra Dianæ;

Et si fortè alios gens habet ista Deos; 80

O virgo, miserere mei; miserere meorum!

Effice me meritis tempus in omne tuum.

Quod si fortè virum non dedignare Pelasgum,
(Sed mihi tam faciles unde meosque Deos?)

Spiritus antè meus tenues vanescat in auras, 85

Quàm thalamo, nisi tu, nupta sit ulla meo.

Conscia sit Juno, sacris præsecta maritis;

Et Dea, marmoreâ cujus in æde sumus.

Hæc animum (& quota pars hæc sunt?) moveat
puellæ

Simplicis; & dextræ dextera junctæ meæ. 90

Vidi etiam lacrymas. an pars est fraudis in illis?

Sic citò sum verbis capta puella tuis.

Jungis & æripedes inadusto corpore tauros,

Et solidam jussu vomere findis humum.

Arva

NOTES.

65. *Petit altera, et altera habebit.* *Petit altera*, my Sister Chalciope. *Altera habebit*, viz. Creusa, the Daughter of Creon. One shall intercede for them, and another enjoy the Benefit. So Commentators generally explain it: But *Heinsius* fancies an Error in the Text, and thinks the original reading to have been,

Orat opem Minyis soror altera, et altera flebit:

Æsonio juveni, quod petit illa, damus. *Æsonior* (says he) exciderat, pro quo male injuncti correctores petit supposuerunt. *Altera flebit, vel flebat, facilis mutatio ex altera habebit vel habebat, quod in multis scriptis est.*

67. *Est nemo.* These Descriptions interspersed in this Epistle, make it very interesting. The Impression which the Story makes upon us is the stronger, we become,

in a Manner, Spectators of the several Scenes, and are insensibly led to concern ourselves as Parties. A Poet's chief Art is to produce this Effect in his Readers; and, when he succeeds here, 'tis a sure Sign that his Performance is good.

79. *Per triplicis vultus Dianæ.* *Diana* is call'd here the threefold Goddess, on Account of the Fables of the Poets, who feign'd that she was the Moon in Heaven, Diana upon the Earth, and *Proserpine* in Hell.

80. *Et si forte alios gens habet ista Deos.* Almost all Manuscripts read *aliquos Deos*. Yet *Heinsius* is of Opinion, it was originally as above. He is the more confirmed in this, because *Gryphius* has annexed it to the Margin of his Edition, whence he conjectures that he probably met with it in

SOLEA

have forgot me, so have you also the Place. Thither we come. When thus you address'd me with your deluding Tongue. Fortune has given you the Disposal and Command of my Lot; my Life and Death are in your Hands. If you glory in the Possession of Power, it is enough that you can destroy: But to preserve me in Danger will do you greater Honour. I implore you by my Distresses, which thy Art alone can succour; by your Race, and the Majesty of your all-seeing Grandfather; by the Deity and sacred Mysteries of the threefold Goddess, and whatever other Gods this Nation adores; amiable Virgin, take Pity on me; take Pity on my Companions, and bind me eternally to you by your good Offices. If you disdain not to give up your Heart to a Grecian Youth, (but why should I flatter myself that the Gods will be so favourable and indulgent?) sooner may my Soul vanish into Air, than any besides Medea be received a Partner of my Bed. May Juno, who presides over the Marriage-Bed, bear Witness to this Oath, and the Goddess in whose Marble Temple we are. These (and how little a Part is this of what you promised?) made but too great an Impression upon the Mind of an innocent credulous Maid; and your Right-hand was joined to mine. I saw, moreover, your Tears; are these too capable of Deceit? Thus was I easily betrayed by your enchanting Words. You yoke the brazen-footed Bulls, unhurt by their flaming Breath, and cleave the hard Earth with the commanded

N O T E S.

some of the Copies that he made Use of. Mistakes of this Kind are no unusual Thing in ancient Authors.

83. *Quod si forte, &c.*] We have a remarkable Instance how much a Man's Views and Sentiments will change, upon a Change of his Circumstances. When Jason was at Colchos, press'd with the Dangers that attended the Enterprize he had undertaken, and saw no other Relief but in Medea, he then applies in a supplicant Manner. He thought it the greatest Happiness to be in her Favour, and dreaded nothing more than that she might despise him as a Stranger. Now the Case is chang'd. He had obtain'd all he wanted, brought his Enterprize to a successful Issue, and escap'd safe with Medea into Thessaly. As he had now no pressing Interest to bias him, his Heart is more open to Impressions from others. A more advantageous Match offering, Medea is soon abandoned, and reduced to supplicate in her Turn.

Ibid. *Pelasgum.*] A Greek: For the Pelasgi were a People of Greece, whose Name became common to all of that Country.

84. *Mæsq̃ue Deos.*] Instead of *propitiisque*. How can I flatter myself that the Gods will favour me so far, as to make me appear agreeable to you?

89. *Quota pars.*] How small a Part is this of all you said? She here endeavours to set his Baseness in the strongest Light, by a Representation of the many Promises he had falsified.

91. *An pars est fraudis.*] This is much the same with what the Poet has before made Phyllis say, in his Epistle to Demophoon:

Credidimus lacrymis, an et hæc simulare docentur?

Hæc quoque habent artes, quæque jubentur eunt?

We have there taken particular Notice of the natural Turn and Beauty of the Sentiment.

Imples arva venenatis dentibus pro femine; miles nascitur, et habet gladios scutaque. Ipsa ego, quæ dederam medicamina, pallida sedi; Cum vidi subitos arma tenere viros. Donec terrigenæ (facinus miserabile) fratres Inter se strictas conseruere manus. 100 Pervigil ecce draco squammis crepitantibus horrens Sibilat; & torto pectore verrit humum. Dotis opes ubi tunc? ubi tunc tibi regia conjux? Quisque maris gemini distinet Isthmos aquas? Illa ego, quæ tibi sum nunc denique barbara facta, 105 Nunc tibi sum pauper, nunc tibi visa nocens; Flammea subdixi medicato lumina somno: Et tibi, quæ raperes, vellera tuta dedi. Proditus est genitor: regnum patriamque reliqui: Munus in exilio quodlibet esse tuli. 110 Virginitas facta est peregrini præda latronis: Optima cum carâ matre relicta soror. At non te fugiens finè me, germane, reliqui. Deficit hoc uno littera nostra loco. Quod facere ausa mea est, non audet scribere dextra. 115 Sic ego, sed tecum, dilaceranda fui. Nec tamen extimui (quid enim post illa time-rem?) Credere me pelago fœmina, jamque nocens. Numen

Imples arva venenatis dentibus pro femine; miles nascitur, et habet gladios scutaque. Ipsa ego, quæ dederam medicamina, pallida sedi; Cum vidi subitos arma tenere viros. Donec (facinus miserabile!) terrigenæ fratres conseruere strictas manus inter se. Ecce pervigil draco, horrens crepitantibus squammis, sibilat; et verrit humum torto pectore. Ubi opes dotis tunc? ubi regia conjux tibi tunc? Isthmosque qui distinet aquas gemini maris? illa ego, quæ nunc denique sum facta barbara tibi, nunc sum pauper tibi, nunc sum visa nocens tibi; subdixi flammea lumina medicato somno, et dedi tibi tuta vellera quæ raperes. Genitor est proditus; reliqui regnumque patriamque; tuli esse munus in quolibet exilio. Virginitas est facta præda peregrini latronis, soror optima est relicta cum cara matre. At, germane, fugiens non reliqui te sine me. Nostra littera deficit hoc uno loco. Mea dextra non audet scribere quod est ausa facere. Ego fui sic dilaceranda, sed tecum. Tamen nec extimui, (enim quid timerem post illa?) fœmina, jamque nocens, credere me pelago.

Arva venenatis pro femine dentibus imple: 95
Nascitur, & gladios scutâque miles habet.
Ipsa ego, quæ dederam medicamina, pallida sedi;
Cum vidi subitos arma tenere viros.
Donec terrigenæ (facinus miserabile) fratres
Inter se strictas conseruere manus. 100
Pervigil ecce draco squammis crepitantibus horrens
Sibilat; & torto pectore verrit humum.
Dotis opes ubi tunc? ubi tunc tibi regia conjux?
Quisque maris gemini distinet Isthmos aquas?
Illa ego, quæ tibi sum nunc denique barbara
facta, 105
Nunc tibi sum pauper, nunc tibi visa nocens;
Flammea subdixi medicato lumina somno:
Et tibi, quæ raperes, vellera tuta dedi.
Proditus est genitor: regnum patriamque reliqui:
Munus in exilio quodlibet esse tuli. 110
Virginitas facta est peregrini præda latronis:
Optima cum carâ matre relicta soror.
At non te fugiens finè me, germane, reliqui.
Deficit hoc uno littera nostra loco.
Quod facere ausa mea est, non audet scribere
dextra. 115
Sic ego, sed tecum, dilaceranda fui.
Nec tamen extimui (quid enim post illa time-
rem?)
Credere me pelago fœmina, jamque nocens.
Numen

NOTES.

93. *Jungis et æripedes.*] *Medea* after reminding him of the Promises made to her, his insinuating Address, and the Success it had in gaining her over, proceeds to relate how by Means of the Assistance she gave him, he had the good Fortune to come off with Triumph in the several Tasks assign'd him by her Father. She then reproaches him with his Baseness in deserting her, after he had obtain'd his Ends, and attaching himself to another, who had only her Riches to recommend her, which in that Day of Perplexity were far from his Thoughts.

Ibid. Inadusto corpore.] Some refer this to the Bulls, but doubtless it belongs to *Janus*, whom by this we are to understand to have yok'd the Bulls, unhurt by the fiery

Exhalations from their Nostrils.

104. *Quique maris gemini distinet Isthmus, &c.*] The *Isthmus* of *Corinth*, which divides the *Sæss* that wash it on each Side.

110. *Munus in exilio quodlibet esse tuli.*] *Reinsius* thinks this Verse ought to be read, *Et minus exilio quidlibet esse tuli.*

That is, as he explains it, *I preferred a Banishment with you to all the Pleasures of Life, which I had so fair a Prospect of.* He confirms this Conjecture, by citing Abundance of similar Passages. 'Tis certain we have no other Authority for the vulgar Reading, than the single Manuscript of *Padua*.

112. *Cum cara matre.*] By some thought to be *Hypsea*, by others *Ilyia*.

113. *At non te germane.*] Her Misfortunes had now opened her Eyes, and left her

commanded Plough. You sow the Land with the Teeth of poisonous Serpents instead of Seed, and a Harvest of Soldiers springs up armed with Swords and Bucklers: Even I, who secured you by my Art, fate pale and trembling, when I saw this sudden Crop of Men grasp their Arms. But at length the Earth-born Brothers (mournful Catastrophe!) converted against one another their ready-arm'd Right-hands. And now, lo the watchful Serpent, terrible by his sounding Scales, hisses, and sweeps the Ground with his winding Breast. Where was then your rich Dowry? where then your royal Spouse? and the Isthmus which divides the circling Sea? Even I, Medea, whom you now despise as a Barbarian, whom you account indigent and criminal, forsaken Medea, lock'd up his fiery Orbs in enchanted Sleep, and left you the golden Fleece a secure and easy Prize. I betrayed my Father, abandoned my Kingdom and Country, and fancied any Exile with you a Happiness. My Virginity became the Prey of a foreign Ravisher: I left the best of Sisters, and a darling Mother. Alas! why did I not leave my Brother also? Here conscious Guilt arrests my Hand, and commands that I draw a Veil over my Crime. My Hand refuses to write what it dared to commit. In this Manner ought I to have been torn to Pieces; but with you, *who also deserved the same Fate*. Nor did I fear, (for what after this could make me afraid?) though but a weak Woman, and now a guilty Wretch, to trust myself to the Sea. Where was then the

N O T E S.

her at Liberty to reflect upon her Crime in all its Circumstances of Guilt. She was before so far over-ruled by her Passion for Jason, that no Sacrifice appeared too great, if made for his Sake. When she fled with Jason from Colchos, she had taken her Brother Absyrtus along with her; but hearing that she was closely pursued by her Father, and being apprehensive of falling into his Hands, she cut her Brother in Pieces, and scattered his Limbs upon the Road, that Aetes might be retarded in gathering them up, and allow her Time to escape. This was the Fate of that unhappy Youth, which she here bemoans too late.

114. *Deficit.*] She avoids a direct Mention of her Cruelty to her Brother, and satisfies herself with barely hinting at it. As if she had said, *Of all that I have done for you, this is the only Thing that Shame and Sense of Guilt obliges me to draw a Veil over.*

117. *Quid enim post illa timeam.*] Helvetius upon these Words has the following

Remark: *Ne jocum est verbis male captasse Najo videatur, Medæ totam sententiam sic accipe. Quanquam nunc non audeam scribere, quæ ipsa patravi; non verita sum tamen antea mari me credere; nam quid non ausa esset, quæ potuit ea omnia, quæ in patrem et fratrem peccavi, admittere? Although I now dare not write, what I yet dar'd to commit; I was not however afraid even at that Time, to expose myself to the Dangers of the Sea. For what would I not have ventured upon, after so many Crimes against my Father and Brother? Se fatetur (adds Helvetius) antea inconsulte ac veluti per dementia, aut rabie quadam divexatam, omnia fecisse.*

121. *Compress Symplegades.*] The Symplegades were two Islands, or rather Rocks, in the Thracian Bosphorus, which were feigned by the Ancients sometimes to part asunder, and sometimes to rush against one another with great Force. It was counted extremely dangerous to sail between them, because

Ubi est numen? ubi sunt
 Dii? Subeamus in alto
 meritas pœnas, tu frau-
 dis, ego credulitatis. Uti-
 nam Symplegades elississent
 nos compressos, nostraque
 ossa adhererent tuis ossibus.
 Aut Scylla rapax misisset
 nos edendos canibus. Scylla
 debuit nocere ingratis vi-
 ris. Charybdisque quæ vo-
 mit totidem fluctus, resor-
 betque totidem, supposuisset
 nos quoque Trinacriæ a-
 quæ. Reverteris sospes
 victorque ad Hæmonias
 urbes; aurea lana ponitur
 ad patrios Deos. Quid
 referam natas Pelie no-
 centes pietate, membraque
 paterna cæsa virgineæ
 manu? Ut alii culpent,
 necesse est tibi laudare me,
 pro quo sunt coacta esse to-
 tius nocens. Ausus es (O
 sua verba desunt iusto do-
 lori) ausus es dicere cede
 Æsonia domo. Iussa cessi
 domo, comitata duobus mu-
 tis, et amore tui, qui sem-
 per sequitur me. Ut Hy-
 men cantatus subito venit
 ad nostras aures, et lampa-
 des micant accenso igne;
 tibiæque effundit carmina
 socialia vobis, at mihi fle-
 biliora funesta tuba. Pertimui, nec adhuc putabam esse tantum scelus;
 sed frigus tamen
 erat in toto pectore.

Numen ubi est? ubi Di? meritas subeamus in alto,
 Tu fraudis pœnas, credulitatis ego. 120
 Compressos utinam Symplegades elississent,
 Nostræque adhererent ossibus ossa tuis!
 Aut nos Scylla rapax canibus misisset edendos!
 Debuit ingratis Scylla nocere viris.
 Quæque vomit fluctus totidem, totidémque re-
 sorbet, 125

Nos quoque Trinacriæ supposuisset aquæ.
 Sospes ad Hæmonias victorque reverteris urbes.
 Ponitur ad patrios aurea lana Deos.
 Quid referam Pelie natas pietate nocentes,
 Cæsaque virgineâ membra paterna manu? 130
 Ut culpent alii, tibi me laudare necesse est:
 Pro quo sum toties esse coacta nocens.
 Ausus es, (ô iusto desunt sua verba dolori)
 Ausus es, Æsoniâ, dicere, cede domo.
 Iussa domo cessi, natis comitata duobus; 135
 Et, qui me sequitur semper, amore tui.
 Ut subito nostras Hymen cantatus ad aures
 Venit, & accenso lampades igne micant,
 Tibiæque effundit socialia carmina vobis,
 At mihi funesta flebiliora tuba: 140
 Pertimui; nec adhuc tantum scelus esse pu-
 tabam:

Sed tamen in toto pectore frigus erat.

Turba

NOTES.

because if by any Accident the Ship should be detained longer than was expected, these Rocks running together, would be sure to crush her in Pieces. Jason is related to have pass'd between these Rocks with imminent Danger of his Ship; for it is said, that the Rocks meeting together before the Ship had passed quite through, carried off her Stern. What probably gave Rise to this Fable was the Appearance of these Rocks to Ships that sail between them; for in bearing down upon them, while the Ship is yet at some Distance, they seem to be joined together in one: But as she approaches nearer, they by Degrees open, till having passed through them, and got to some Distance on the other Side, they again seem to run together and unite. This in the first Ages of the World, while Navigation was yet in its Infancy, and

the Phenomena of Vision little understood, might pass among ignorant People for a real Motion in these Rocks, and give Oc-
 casion to this monstrous Fiction.

123. Scylla.] Scylla and Charybdis were dangerous Places to Mariners sailing between Italy and Sicily. Scylla was a huge Rock, round which the Waves constantly dashing, and throwing up great Quantities of Foam, the Poets, by Reason of the great Noise and Roaring always heard in this Place, feign'd that she was a Monster, resembling in the upper Part a Woman, but from the Middle downward surrounded with Sea-dogs and Wolves, and such like noisy barking Monsters. They tell us she was a Nymph of Crete, and Daughter of Phorcus: That Glaucus the Sea-god fell in Love with her, and met with an equal Return of Passion.

Circ

the Majesty of Heaven? where the Gods by whom we had falsely sworn? why did we not undergo the just Punishment, you of your Falseness, and I of my Cruelty? Would that the meeting Symphlegades had crush'd us into one, and my Bones been made to incorporate with your's: Or devouring Scylla made us the Prey of hungry Dogs, for thus ought Scylla to use ungrateful Men: Or the Gulf which alternately vomits up and drinks in the Waves, o'erwhelmed us in its circling Current. But Fate had otherwise decreed; you return safe and victorious to the Grecian States, and make an Offer of the rich Fleece to the Gods of your Country. Why should I mention the Daughters of Pelias, bloody through Piety, and the Slaughter of a Father by the Hands of Virgins? However others may blame, yet you are bound to commend me, for whose Sake I have so often made myself guilty. You had the Barbarity, (Oh! Words are wanting to equal my Grief;) you had the Barbarity to forbid me the House of your Father Æson. Compelled, I left the House, accompanied only by my two Sons, and that Affection for you, which never ceases to haunt me. Soon the new nuptial Songs reached my Ears, and the Torches shine with the spreading Flame: The Flute also strikes off the social Lines, to me more mournful than the Funeral Trumpet. I was frighted to Distraction, nor could as yet fancy you so completely base: Yet a Coldness spread itself over all my Breast.

The

NOTES.

Circe was in Love with *Glaucus* at the same Time, and being filled with Indignation that her Rival *Scylla* was preferred, poison'd the Fountain in which she used to wash herself with noxious Herbs. The Nymph, ignorant of what had been done against her, came to the Fountain according to Custom to bathe; which she had no sooner entered, than she perceived that from the Middle downward she was transformed into Dogs and Wolves. Whereupon, out of Despair for the Loss of her former Beauty, she threw herself into the neighbouring Sea, where she was changed into a Rock that afterwards became famous for the many Shipwrecks made upon it. This is the *Scylla* most commonly referred to by the Poets. But *Ovid* here seems to confound her with another *Scylla*, the Daughter of *Nisus*, King of the *Megarensians*. She falling in Love with *Minos* while he besieged *Megara*, betrayed to him her Father and Country; who afterwards despised and abandoned her. Hence we have the Reason of *Medea's* saying,

Debit ingratis Scylla nocere viis:

For she finding herself cast off by *Minos*, for whom she had done so much, might with Reason be supposed an Enemy to ungrateful Men.

125. *Quaque vomit.*] She means *Charybdis*, a rapid Whirlpool on the Coast of *Sicily*, which draws in and throws out the Water with incredible Force and Swiftness twice every twenty-four Hours. This *Charybdis*, as the Poets feign, was a very voracious Woman, who having stolen the Oxen of *Hercules*, *Jupiter* struck her with a Thunderbolt and threw her into the Sea, where she yet retains her former Nature, and swallows all that comes near her.

126. *Trinacriæ.*] *Sicily*; so called by the Greeks because of its Figure, the three Sides of the Island forming a kind of Triangle.

129. *Quid referam Pelia.*] *Medea* here puts *Jason* in Mind of another Act of Kindness she had done him. This *Pelias* was the Son of *Neptune* and *Tyro*, King of *Thessaly*, and Uncle to *Jason*, to whom he bore a Grudge, and therefore put him upon the

T

Expedition

*Turba ruunt, et clamant
Hymen, frequentantque Hy-
menæe. Quorum vox hæc est pro-
pior, hoc erat pejus mihi.
Servi diversi flebant, te-
gebantque lacrymas. Quis
enim vellet esse nuncius
tanti mali? Juvabat me
quoque potius nescire quid-
quid erat, sed mens erat
tristis mihi tamquam scirem.
Cum minor e pueris, jussus,
studioque videndi, constitit
ad prima limina geminæ
foris: Hic, inquit mihi,
mater abi; pater Jason
ducit pompam, et aureus
urget ad unctos equos. Pro-
tinus planxi mea pectora veste
veste abscissa, nec ora fuere
tuta a meis digitis. Ani-
mus suadebat me ire in ag-
mina mediæ turbæ, deme-
reque ferta rapta compo-
sitis comis. Vix continui
me, quin laniata sic quod
ad capillos, clamarem meus
est, injiceremque manus.
Læse pater gaude, Colchi
relictæ gaudete, umbræ mei
fratris habete inferias.
Regno, patriæque, amo-
que amissis, deferor etiam
conjugæ; qui solus erat om-
nia nobis. Potui igitur
domare serpentes, taurisque
furentes, et non potui per-
domuisse unum virum?
Egoque ipsi, quæ doctis
medicamentibus populi feros ig-
nes, non valeo effugere me-
as flammæ? ipsi cantus,
herbæque artesque relin-
quunt me? Dea agit nil, sa-
era potentis Hecates agunt
nil? Dies non est grata mihi;
amaræ noctes vigilantur;
nectener somnus adest in mi-
sero pectore. Ego quæ non
possum sopire me, potui
sopire draconem. Cura mea est utilior cuius
quam mihi. Pellex amplectitur artus quos ego
servavi; et illa habet fructus nostri laboris. Forsitan et, dum quæris jactare te stulta ma-
rita, et huius apta injustis auribus,*

Turba ruunt: & Hymen, clamant: Hymenæe,
frequentant.

Quò propior vox hæc, hōc mihi pejus erat.
Diversi flebant servi, lacrymāsque tegebant. 145

Quis vellet tanti nuncius esse mali?

Me quoque, quidquid erat, potius nescire juvabat:
Sed tanquam scirem, mens mea tristis erat.

Cum minor è pueris, jussus, studioque videndi,
Constitit ad geminæ limina prima foris: 150

Hic mihi, Mater, abi; pompam pater, inquit,
Iason

Ducit; & adjunctos aureus urget equos.

Protinus abscissa planxi mea pectora veste:

Tuta nec à digitis ora fuere meis.

Ire animus mediæ suadebat in agmina turbæ, 155

Sertæque compositis demere rapta comis.

Vix me continui, quin sic laniata capillos

Clamarem, Meus est; injiceremque manus.

Læse pater, gaude: Colchi gaudete relictæ.

Inferias umbræ fratris habete mei. 160

Deferor (amissis regno patriæque domoque)

Conjuge, qui nobis omnia solus erat.

Serpentes igitur potui, taurisque furentes;

Unum non potui perdomuisse virum?

Quæque feros populi doctis medicamentibus ignes, 165

Non valeo flammæ effugere ipsa meas?

Ipsi me cantus, herbæque artesque relinquunt?

Nil Dea, nil Hecates sacra potentis agunt?

Non mihi grata dies: noctes vigilantur amaræ:

Nec tener in misero pectore somnus adest. 170

Quæ me non possum, potui sopire draconem.

Utilior cuius, quàm mihi, cura mea est.

Quos ego servavi, pellex amplectitur artus:

Et nostri fructus illa laboris habet.

Forsitan &, stultæ dum te jactare maritæ 175

Quæris, & injustis auribus apta loqui,

In

NOTES.

Expedition of the golden Fleece. He had
three Daughters, *Alceste*, *Amphytrone*, and
Eriadne, who trusting to the false Promises
of *Medea*, cut him in Pieces; for she had
made them believe that she would restore
him again to Youth. But all her Design

was to remove him out of the Way, because
of the ill-will he bore *Jason*.

145. *Diversi.*] That is, in *diversis di-*
mus locis, hic illic; 'some on one Side, some
' on the other.' The Word is used in the
same Sense by *Salust*, in his *Jugurthin War*.
147. *Nescire*

The Rabble shout and invoke Hymen, they redouble their Cries, and as they draw nearer, the Word appears more dreadful. The Servants weep in Corners, and strive each to hide his Tears: For who among them would be the Messenger of so great a Calamity? I was also better pleas'd to be ignorant of whatever pass'd: But still my Mind, by some secret Fore-sight, foreboded my Misfortune. When my younger Boy, by my Command, and mov'd by Curiosity, stood at the Entrance of the double Gate, *Look*, says he, *Mother, my Father Jason heads the Procession, and, array'd in Vestments of Gold, hastens on the harness'd Horses*. I then tore my Garments, and beat my Breast; nor was my Face safe from the Impression of my Nails. My Rage urg'd me to rush into the Middle of the Crowd, and tear the Garlands from off the well-dress'd Locks. Scarce could I restrain myself from appearing with my Hair torn, laying hold on him, and claiming him as mine. Injur'd Father, forsaken Colchians, now rejoice, and be satisfied with the Sacrifice made to the Manes of my murdered Brother. I am deserted by my Husband, after abandoning my Kingdom, Country, and Home. He was instead of all to me. Have I then been able to tame the Serpents and raging Bulls, and yet cannot vanquish a single Man? Could I by magick Arts repress the Fire-breathing Bulls, and not conquer the Flames of Love that rage in my own Breast? Have my Enchantments, Herbs, and Skill abandoned me? Can *Diana* and the Rites of powerful *Hecate* yield no Relief? Day is odious to me; the Nights full of cruel Bitterness; no soft Slumbers sooth my anxious Breast. I, who can do nothing to myself, could yet kill to Rest the Dragon; my Art is serviceable to every one but myself. A Rival embraces those Limbs which I preserv'd; she now enjoys the Fruit of my Toil. Perhaps too, while you endeavour to recommend yourself to your silly Spouse, and say what may be agreeable to her partial Ears, you unjustly ridicule

NOTES.

147. *Nescire juvabat.*] *Omne quod est interea tempus priusquam id rescitum, lucro est,* says an ancient comic Poet.

159. *Læse pater.*] From reflecting upon her own Calamities, she turns the Discourse to those whom she had injur'd, and, as is very natural for one in her Circumstances, concludes, that her present Disasters are the just Judgment of Heaven upon her, for those Offences.

160. *Inferias umbræ fratris habete mei.*] That is, *Umbra fratris mei esto placata, et*

habete vobis festas inferias ex malis meis. *Inferiæ* are properly Sacrifices offered to the Manes of the Dead. These are thought to be, when such as had been their Enemies died, or met with any signal Disaster.

175. *Forſitan et.*] *Ovid* very happily introduces this Sentiment here, than which nothing can be more natural and agreeable to Experience. *Medea* was now cast off, and another received in her Room. We may therefore easily suppose, that her Thoughts would be full of the good Fortune of her Rival;

ingas nova crimina in
faciem morésque meos. Illa
rideat, et sit læta meis
vitiis. Rideat, et jaceat
sublimis in Tyrio ostro;
Flebit, et adusta vincet meos
ardores. Dum ferrum,
flammæque, succusque ve-
neni aderunt, nullus hostis
Medææ erit inultus. Quod
si forte preces tangunt fer-
rea præcordia; audi nunc
verba minora meis animis.
Sum tam supplex tibi, quam
tu sæpe fuisti mihi; nec
mror procubuisse ante tuos
pedes. Si sum vilis tibi,
respice communes natos;
dira noverca sævius in
meis partus. Et sunt ni-
mum similes tibi, et tan-
gor imagine, et quoties video
eor, nostra lumina madent.
Oro per superos, per lumina
avitæ flammæ, per meum
meritum, et dæmonatos nup-
tra pignora: redde torum;
pro quo insana reliqui tot
res. Adde fidem dictis,
referque auxilium. Ego
non imploro te contra
taurósque virosque, ut-
que serpens victa quiescat ope.
Te peto, quem merui, quem nobis ipse dedisti;
Cum quo sum pariter facta parente parens.
Dos ubi sit, quæris? campo numeravimus illo,
Qui tibi laturo vellus arandus erat.
Aureus ille aries villo spectabilis aureo,
Dos mea: Quam, dicam si tibi, redde; neges.
Dos mea, tu solpes: dos est mea, Graia juvenus.
I nunc, Sisyphias, improbe, confer opes.
Quòd vivis; quòd habes nuptam focerúmque
potentem;
Hoc ipsum, ingratus quòd potes esse, meum est.
Quos equidem actutum! sed quid prædicere præ-
nam
Attinet? ingentes parturit ira minas.

In faciem morésque meos nova crimina ingas.
Rideat, et vitiis læta sit illa meis.

Rideat, & Tyrio jaceat sublimis in ostro;
Flebit: & ardores vincet adusta meos. 180
Dum ferrum flammæque aderunt, succusque ve-
neni;

Hostis Medææ nullus inultus erit.
Quòd si fortè preces præcordia ferrea tangunt;
Nunc animis audi verba minora meis.

Tam tibi sum supplex, quàm tu mihi sæpe fuisti:
Nec moror ante tuos procubuisse pedes. 186
Si tibi sum vilis; communes respice natos.

Sæviet in partus dira noverca meos.
Et nimium similes tibi sunt: & imagine tangor:
Et, quoties video, lumina nostra madent. 190

Per superos oro, per avitæ lumina flammæ,
Per meritum, & natos pignora nostra duos:
Redde torum; pro quo tot res insana reliqui.

Adde fidem dictis; auxiliumque refer.
Non ego te imploro contra taurósque virosque;
Utque tuâ serpens victa quiescat ope. 196

Te peto, quem merui, quem nobis ipse dedisti;
Cum quo sum pariter facta parente parens.
Dos ubi sit, quæris? campo numeravimus illo,

Qui tibi laturo vellus arandus erat. 200
Aureus ille aries villo spectabilis aureo,
Dos mea: Quam, dicam si tibi, redde; neges.

Dos mea, tu solpes: dos est mea, Graia juvenus.
I nunc, Sisyphias, improbe, confer opes.
Quòd vivis; quòd habes nuptam focerúmque

potentem; 205
Hoc ipsum, ingratus quòd potes esse, meum est.
Quos equidem actutum! sed quid prædicere præ-
nam

Attinet? ingentes parturit ira minas.

Rival: She would be frequent^y imagining
them together, and fancying to herself what
Scenes might possibly pass between them.
In this Train of Reflection it would natu-
rally come into her Mind, that their Dis-
course must now and then turn upon her:

And as she was no Stranger to the Structure
of the human Heart, especially of a Heart
in Love, she easily concludes, that *Jasno*,
upon these Occasions, would endeavour to
recommend himself to his new Mistress,
by depreciating and undervaluing her
Charm,

NOTES.

Quò
Quo

ridicule my Face and Manners. She stupidly laughs, and rejoices at my Defects. Laugh on, and pride yourself in your purple Bed; soon you shall mourn, and burn with Flames more fierce than mine. While Fire, Sword, and Poisons may be had, no Enemy of Medea shall escape her Resentment. Yet if Prayers are able to touch your obdurate Heart, hear me now descend to Requests below my usual Greatness of Soul. I address you with the same Submission wherewith you have often applied to me; nor delay to throw myself at your Feet. If I am now despicable to you, yet think of your Children, those common Pledges of our former Love. Must the Fruit of my Womb be exposed to the Rage of a cruel Stepmother? Alas! they too much carry your Likeness, and strike me with the Resemblance: As often as I look at them, my Eyes swim in Tears. I implore you by the Gods above, by the Splendor of my Grand-father's Chariot, by the Love I always bore you, and your two Sons, those dear Pledges of what I once was, restore me to that Bed, for which I have made so many Sacrifices; make good your Promises, and give me Relief. I ask not your Aid against the Bulls, and *Earth-born* Heroes, or to lull to Rest the watchful Dragon: I demand you whom I have dearly purchased, who yourself made a Surrender of your Heart to me; by whom I likewise have been made a Mother. If you enquire for my Dowry, remember the Field that was to be plough'd up before you could carry off the golden Fleece. My Dowry is that golden Ram, beautiful by his rich Wool; which were I to demand back, would you ever consent? I bring for a Dowry your own Safety, and that of all the Grecian Youths. Go now, perjur'd Man, and boast the ill-gotten Wealth of Sisyphus. To me you owe your Life, that you have a Spouse, a powerful Father-in-law, or even that you can be ungrateful. But hold: I will quickly be revenged. Yet what avails it to threaten before-hand? Rage drives me upon the deepest Destruction. I will yield to all the

Madness

N O T E S.

Charms, and that she, on the other Side, would feel a sensible Joy to be thus preferred to her Rival.

180. *Flebit, et ardores.*] *Medea* here threatens *Creusa* with the Disaster which afterwards befel her; for the royal Palace being set on Fire by *Medea*, *Creusa* and her Father perished in the Flames.

189. *Et imagine tangor.*] *Muvor.* *Medea* does not sit down satisfied barely with Pray-

ers and Entreaties; her Expressions are full of Love and Tenderness. Notwithstanding the many Reproaches she throws out against him, she yet here and there drops some Sentences that shew the sure Hold he still had of her Heart. The Reproaches, far from being owing to any Decay of her Passion, are the clearest Evidences of the Strength of it, and shew from a Sense of ill-requited Love.

Sequar quo ira feret. Fortasse pigebit facti. Et piget consuluisse infido viro. Deus, qui nunc versat mea pectora, viderit ista: certe mens mea agit nescio quid majus.

Quò feret ira, sequar. facti fortasse pigebit.
Et piget infido consuluisse viro.
Viderit ista Deus, qui nunc mea pectora versat.
Nescio quid certè mens mea majus agit.

210

N O T E S.

211. *Viderit ista Deus.*] The Conclusion of the Matter was thus: *Jason* paying no Regard to the Prayers and Entreaties of

Medea, but commanding her forthwith to depart the City (for she was at that Time in *Corinth*) she with some Difficulty obtain'd

E P I S T O L A XIII.

LAODAMIA PROTESILAO.

Æmonis Laodamia æmonis, mittit salutem Æmonio viro, et optat eam ire quo mittitur. Fama est se morari in Aulide retinente vento. Ab! ubi hic ventus erat cum fugeres me? Freta debuerant tum obfistere vestris remis. Illud erat utile tempus sævis aquis. Dedissem plura oscula, pluraque mandata viro; et sunt plura quæ volui dicere tibi. Raptus es hinc præceps, et erat ventus qui vocaret tua vela, quem nautæ cuperent, non ego. Ventus erat aptus nautis, non aptus amanti; sive Protésilæ ab tuo amplexu; linguæque mandantis relinquit verba imperfecta, vix potui dicere illud triste, vale.

MITTIT, & optat amans, quò mittitur, ire, salutem,

Æmonis Æmonio Laodamia viro.

Aulide te fama est vento retinente morari.

Ah! me cùm fugeres, hic ubi ventus erat?

Tum freta debuerant vestris obfistere remis.

Illud erat sævis utile tempus aquis.

Oscula plura viro, mandatæque plura dedissem:

Et sunt quæ volui dicere plura tibi.

Raptus es hinc præceps: & qui tua vela vocaret,

Quem cuperent nautæ, non ego, ventus erat.

Ventus erat nautis aptus, non aptus amanti.

Solvor ab amplexu Protésilæ tuo;

Linguæque mandantis verba imperfecta relinquit,

Vix illud potui dicere triste, Vale.

Incubuit

N O T E S.

The *Greeks* preparing for their Expedition against *Troy*, *Protesilaus*, the Son of *Iphiclus*, as we learn from *Homer*, join'd them with forty Ships. Mean Time the Fleet was detain'd by contrary Winds at *Aulis*, upon which the Oracle was consulted, who gave for Answer, That as *Agamemnon*, the Captain of that Expedition, had offended *Diana* by killing one of her Stags, nothing less would appease the Goddess for that Offence, than the Sacrifice of one of his Children. *Iphigenia* was made the unhappy

Victim for a propitious Voyage. During the Time that the Fleet lay thus Wind-bound, *Laodamia*, the Daughter of *Acæstus*, and Wife to *Protesilaus*, getting Information of it (and she was one that entirely lov'd her Husband, and had often been alarmed by ominous Dreams) she writes this Epistle, in which she endeavours to persuade him against engaging in the War, and, if possible, would prevail with him to return home. It seems the *Greeks* had been told by the Oracle, that whoever first set Foot

upon

Madness of Rage, however I may afterwards repent. I even now repent the Aid I granted to a perfidious Wretch. The God who rages in my Breast can alone see into these Designs : I only know that my Mind conceives something vast and worthy of myself.

N O T E S.

tain'd of *Cress* one Day's Delay. Whereupon disguising herself so as not to be known, and entering the Palace privately in the Night, she set Fire to it by Means of a Composition invented by *Circe*, whose

Nature was such, that the Flame rais'd by it could not be extinguish'd. *Jason* escap'd by leaping, but *Cress* and *Cressus* perish'd in the Flames.

E P I S T L E XIII.

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS.

LAODAMIA of Thessaly wishes Health to her Thessalian Husband, and ardently prays that the Gods may convey this Health whither she sends it. 'Tis said that you are detain'd at Aulis by contrary Winds; ah! cruel Winds, where were ye when he first parted from me? 'Twas then the Seas ought to have oppos'd themselves to your Oars: This was the proper Season for the Waves to rage. I would have given him a thousand Kisses, a thousand Admonitions; nor were Admonitions wanting for me to give. You was suddenly hurried from me; an inviting Gale call'd forth the Sails, a Gale grateful to the Mariners, not to me. A Gale that suited exactly their Views, but cross to those of an unhappy Lover. I am torn from the Embraces of my dear Protesilaus; my faulting Tongue gives you its last Charge in broken Words, and scarce was I able to bring forth the mournful *Adieu*. The North Wind sprung up, and

N O T E S.

upon *Trojan* Ground was doom'd to fall. *Laodamia* is not able to dissemble her Concern upon this Head, and knowing him to have a brave undaunted Soul, wills him, for her Sake, not to be too forward, but remember that her Life depends upon his, and that the same Wound must prove equally fatal to both. In fine, she exacts this as a Testimony of the Continuance of his Affection, and tells him that she will judge of his Love for her, by the Care he takes of himself.

2. *Aemonis Laodamia*.] *Laodamia* of

Thessaly; for *Thessaly* is often mentioned by the Ancients under the Name of *Aemonia*, which it had from the famous Mount *Hemus*. *Optat salutem ire quo mittitur*. That is, *mittit salutem ad maritum suum, et optat eam pervenire illic quo mittitur*. She sends Health to her Husband, and wishes that the Health she sends him may arrive.

3. *Aulide*.] *Aulis* was a Town and Harbour in *Boeotia*, over-against *Chalcis* a City of *Eubœa*. The Grecian Fleet put in here as they sail'd for *Troy*, where, as *Agamemnon* was one Day a hunting, he ignorantly

Slev

Boreas incubuit, tetendit-
que abrepta vela, jamque
meus Protefilaus erat lon-
ge. Juvabat spectare vi-
rum dum potui spectare
eum, sumque usque secuta
tuos oculos meis oculis : ut
non poteram videre te, po-
teram videre tua vela ;
vela diu detinere meos
vultus. At postquam nec
vidi te, nec fugacia vela,
et erat nil quod spectarem,
nisi pontus ; lux quoque
abiit tecum : tenebris ob-
ortis, dicor procubuisse
exsanguis succiduo genu.
Vix focer Iphiclus, vix
grandævus Acastus, vix
mæsta mater refecit me ge-
lida aqua. Fecere pium
efficium, sed inutile nobis.
Indignor non licuisse miseræ
mori. Ut unicus rediit,
dolores pariter redire ; le-
gitimus amor momordit
cussa pectora. Nec est cu-
ra mihi præbere capillos
pectendos, nec libet tegi
quoad corpora aurata ves-
te. Ex hac illuc quo furor
egit, ut illæ eunt quas Bi-
corniger creditur tetigisse
pampinea hasta. Matres
Phylleides conveniunt, et
clamant mihi ; Laodamia,
indue regales sinus. Sci-
licet ipsa geram vestes sa-
turatas murice ; ile gerat
bella sub Iliacis mœni-
bus ? Ipsa pector quoad
comas ; ille præmatur
quoad caput galea ? Ipsa
feram novas vestes ; vir
ferat dura arma ? Dicar squalore imitata tuos labores qua possum ; et agam tristis hæc tempora
belli. Pari, dux Priamide, formose damno tuorum, sis tam iners hostis, quam eras malus hospes.
Vellem aut te culpasse faciem Tænariæ maritæ, aut tuam displicuisse idi.

Incubuit Boreas, abreptaque vela tetendit. 15
Jámque meus longè Protefilaus erat.
Dum potui spectare virum, spectare juvabat :
Súmque tuos oculos usque secuta meis.
Ut te non poteram, poteram tua vela videre :
Vela diu vultus detinere meos. 20
At postquam nec te, nec vela fugacia vidi ;
Et quod spectarem, nil, nisi pontus, erat ;
Lux quoque tecum abiit ; tenebris exanguis obortis
Succiduo dicor procubuisse genu.
Vix focer Iphiclus, vix me grandævus Acastus, 25
Vix mater gelidâ mæsta refecit aquâ.
Officium fecere pium, sed inutile nobis.
Indignor miseræ non licuisse mori.
Ut rediit animus, pariter rediere dolores ;
Pectora legitimus casta momordit amor. 30
Nec mihi pectendos cura est præbere capillos :
Nec libet auratâ corpora veste tegi.
Ut quas pampineâ tetigisse Bicorniger hastâ
Creditor ; huc illuc, quò furor egit, eo.
Conveniunt matres Phylleides, & mihi clamant,
Indue regales, Laodamia, sinus. 36
Scilicet ipsa geram saturatas murice vestes :
Bella sub Iliacis mœnibus ille gerat ?
Ipsa comas pector : galeâ caput ille prematur ?
Ipsa novas vestes : dura vir arma ferat ? 40
Quâ possum, squalore tuos imitata labores
Dicar : & hæc belli tempora tristis agam.
Dux Pari Priamide, damno formose tuorum,
Tam sis hostis iners, quàm malus hospes eras.
Aut te Tænariæ faciem culpasse maritæ, 45
Aut illi vellem displicuisse tuam.

Tu,

favore
vesti
3
vici
Effe
Il
derfi
Bac
su,
to to
with
3
Mar
Thes
3
Anst
her

N O T E S.

slew a Stag belonging to Diana. The God-
dess, to be revenged, rais'd a Pestilence in
the Army, and detain'd the Fleet by con-
trary Winds. Upon this the Oracle was
consulted, who answered, that Agamemnon
could no otherwise appease the Goddess,
than by the Sacrifice of his Daughter Iphi-
genia. Ulysses obtained her of her Mother
by a Stratagem ; but, being brought to the
Alter, Diana took Pity upon her, and put

a Hart in her Place. The Virgin was af-
terwards made her Priestess. Hence our
Poet, speaking of this same Event in his
Metamorphosis, says,

Supposita fertur mutasse Mycenida ceres.
Met. 12. 34.

So Martial, Juvenal, and several other
Poets. Yet Virgil and Propertius tell us,
that she was actually sacrificed.

15. Boreas.] The north Wind. This was
favourable

and stretched the swelling Sails. My Protefilaus was soon carried far from me, Whilst my Husband remain'd in Sight, I found a Pleasure in looking at him, and incessantly pursued your Eyes with mine. Even after I could no longer behold you, I still could behold your Sails: The Sails kept my Eyes long fix'd upon them. But when I could no more behold either you or the flying Sails, and nothing appear'd to my aking Sight besides the Sea, Light fled also with you; a Darknefs hung round me, nor were my tottering Knees longer able to support my pale Carcass. My Father-in-law Iphiclus, the good old Acastus, and my sorrowful Mother, hardly recovered me by sprinkling my Face with cold Water. They were taken up in a kind good-natur'd Office, but ungrateful to me, who mourn that I was not suffered to finish a wretched Life. With my Senses, my Grievs also returned; and a just Love prey'd upon my chaste Heart. I now neglect the Care of my hanging Locks, and refuse to adorn myself with Cloth of Gold. I wander wherever my Madnefs urges me, like those whom Bacchus is believ'd to have touched with his Rod. The Thessalian Matrons flock round me; put on, they cry, Laodamia, the Royal Robes. Shall I shine in Robes of Tyrian Purple, and my Husband engag'd in a bloody War under the Walls of Troy? Shall I adorn my Hair, while his Head is loaded with a Helmet? or strut in new Apparel, while he bears about a Coat of Mail? I shall at least be said to copy your Hardships in the Negligence of my Dress, and pass the Time of this fatal War in Sadness. O Paris of the House of Priam, beautiful to the Destruction of your Country, may you prove as cowardly an Enemy, as you was a perfidious Guest. How could I wish that you had dislik'd the Face of the Lacedemonian Queen, or she found less Cause to admire your's! And you,

N O T E S.

favourable to *Protefilaus*, in sailing from the western Coast of *Thessaly* to *Aulis* and *Troy*.

33. *Bicorniger*.] *Bacchus*, who had Horns ascribed to him by the Poets, because of the Effects of Wine.

Ibid. *Pampinea basta*.] This must be understood of the Rod given by the Poets to *Bacchus*, and which they usually call *Thyrus*. They whom that Deity was supposed to touch with it, were immediately seized with a prophetic Fury.

35. *Matres Phylleides*.] The *Thessalian* Matrons, so called from *Phyllus*, a City of *Thessaly*. Some Copies read *Phylacides*.

37. *Scilicet ipsa geram*.] This is the Answer *Laodamia* gives to those who urg'd her to assume the Air and Appearance of

Royalty. 'Tis full of Affection and Tenderness for *Protefilaus*. She is so nearly concerned in whatever regards him, that she can take Pleasure in nothing where he is not a Sharer; and affects to imitate him, as far as she can, in the very Dangers and Hardships she fancies him exposed to.

Ibid. *Saturatus murice vestes*.] *Murex* is the Name of a Fish whose Blood the Ancients made Use of in dying of Purple.

38. *Iliacis mœnibus*.] The Walls of *Troy*: For this City went under divers Names. Among the rest it was call'd *Ilium*, from *Iulus* one of its Kings, who very much enlarged and fortified it.

45. *Tamiris maritima*.] *Helen*, so called from

*Tu Menelae, qui labora
nimium pro raptâ, bei mi-
hi, quam flebilis ultor eris
multis! Dii, removete
precor a nobis sinistram
omen; et meus vir det sua
arma Jovi reduci. Sed
timeo; quotiesque misera-
bile bellum subit, lacrymae
eunt more nivis madentis
sile. Ilion, et Tenedos,
Simoisque, et Xanthus, et
Ide, sunt nomina timenda
pene ipso sono. Nec hes-
per erat ausurus raptare
eam, nisi posset defendere
se: ille noverat suas vi-
res. Venerat, ut fama est,
spectabilis multo auro, qui-
que ferret Phrygias opes
suo corpore. Erat potens
classe virisque, per quæ
fera bella gerantur: et
quotacunque pars sui regi-
ni sequitur eum. Ego sus-
picio te, O Ledaæ confors
gemellis, fuisse victam his:
puto hæc posse nocere Da-
nais. Timeo nescio quem
Hæctora. Paris dixit
Hæctora movere ferrea bel-
la sanguinea navu. Si
sum cara tibi, caveto Hæ-
ctora, quisquis is est: habe
in ment. signatum memori
pectore. Ubi vitaris hunc,
memento vitare alios, et
puto esse multos Hæctoras il-
lic. Et quoties parabis pugnare, facito dicas: Laodamia iussit me partere sibi. Si fas est
Trojam cadere sub Argolico milite; cadat quoque, te non habente ullum vulnus.*

Tu, qui pro raptâ nimium, Menelaë, laboras,
Hei mihi, quam multis flebilis ultor eris!
Di, precor, à nobis omen removete sinistram:
Et sua det reduci vir meus arma Jovi. 50
Sed timeo: quotiesque subit miserabile bellum,
More nivis lacrymæ sole madentis eunt.
Ilion & Tenedos, Simoisque & Xanthus & Ide,
Nomina sunt ipso penè timenda sono.
Nec rapere ausurus, nisi se defendere posset, 55
Hospes erat: vires noverat ille suas.
Venerat (ut fama est) multo spectabilis auro,
Quisque suo Phrygias corpore ferret opes.
Classe virisque potens, per quæ fera bella ge-
runtur:
Et sequitur regni pars quotacunque fui. 60
His ego te victam, confors Ledaæ gemellis,
Suspicio: hæc Danaïs posse nocere puto.
Hæctora nescio quem timeo. Paris Hæctora dixit
Ferrea sanguineâ bella movere manu.
Hæctora, quisquis is est, si sum tibi cara, caveto.
Signatum memori pectore nomen habe. 66
Hunc ubi vitâris, alios vitare memento:
Et multos illic Hæctoras esse puta.
Et facito dicas, quoties pugnare parabis,
Parcere me iussit Laodamia sibi. 70
Si cadere Argolico fas est sub milite Trojam;
Te quoque non ullum vulnus habente cadat.
Pugnet,

NOTES.

from Tænarus, a Promontory of Laconia, where her Husband Menelaus reign'd.

[Ibid. Culpasse.] The making Laodamia thus trace back the War to its first Source, is a masterly Stroke of Art in the Poet. Nothing is more common when any Disaster happens to us, than to examine into all the minute Circumstances that contributed to it, and lament that they were not prevented. Had Paris found Helen less beautiful, he would never have thought of carrying her away, or given Occasion to that unhappy War, by which Laodamia was deprived of her Husband.

48. Hei mihi, &c.] We are usually very quick-sighted in what more nearly concerns ourselves. As Menelaus was determined if

possible to recover Helen, and avenge the Injury done him by Paris, he had engaged almost all Greece to take up Arms in his Cause, and was conducting into Asia a Set of Troops headed by the Flower of the Grecian Princes. As Troy was a very powerful City, it was natural to think that much Blood must be shed in this War, and many thousands lose their Lives. Laodamia, who was apprehensive for her Husband, quickly foresees this, and prays God to avert the Omen from her. "Alas, Menelaus, the Revenge you now take will be mournful to many: Wives shall grieve for the Loss of their Husbands, and Children of their Parents; but grant, He-

you, Menelaus, who shew too great Anxiety about one who so easily consented to be ravish'd from you, how fatal an Avenger will you prove to many? Avert ye Gods the dire Omen from me, and grant that my Husband may consecrate his Spoils to Jupiter, the Author of his safe Return. Yet I am full of Fears, and as often as I think of the dismal War, the Tears drop from me like Snow melted by the Sun. Ilion, and Tenedos, and Simois, and Xanthus, and Ida, are Names whose very Sound strike me with Terror. Nor would a Stranger have ventured to carry her away, had he not known himself able to defend the Prize. Doubtless, he was well acquainted with his own Strength. He came, as Fame reports, adorn'd with Gold and Jewels, and made a Shew in his Person of the Riches of Phrygia. He was back'd with Ships and arm'd Men, by which Wars are carried on; and yet how small a Part of his Country followed him! It was by these I suspect, Daughter of Leda, and Sister to the famous Twins, that your Heart was gain'd: These I fear, may prove fatal to the Greeks. I mightily dread some one named Hector. Hector, Paris was wont to say, knew how to support a War with bloody Rage. Beware of this Hector, whoever he is, if you retain any Regard for me; let this Name be deeply engrav'd in your mindful Breast. When you shun him, remember also to shun others, and fancy that there are many Hectors within these Walls; nor fail to say within yourself, as often as you prepare for Battle, Laodamia enjoined me to take Care of myself for her Sake. If Fate has ordained that Troy shall fall by the Hand of the Greeks, may it fall without your receiving any

N O T E S.

"ven, that I may avoid so terrible a Calamity."

53. *Tenedos.*] An Island within Sight of Troy, whither the Grecian Fleet retired when they contrived the Stratagem of the wooden Horse.

Ibid. *Simoisq; et Xanthus.*] Two Rivers that run through the Plains of Troy.

Ibid. *Ida.*] A Mountain of Phrygia. There was also another of the same Name in Crete, of great Fame among the Poets.

54. *Nomina sunt ipsa, &c.*] 'Tis very natural for Laodamia to express her Fears in this Manner. The Fame and Wealth of Troy, the Number of tributary Provinces, and Improbability that Paris would have engaged in an Attempt so hazardous, had he not known his Strength equal to it, must all appear terrible to her. The Sentiments are

admirably adapted both to the Person and her Circumstances. Fear multiplies the Dangers, and begets a thousand forboding Apprehensions.

58. *Phrygiæ corpore ferret opes.*] His Person adorned with a Magnificence that spoke the Wealth of his Country.

60. *Paris quocunque.*] How small, how inconsiderable a Part. The Meaning is, Paris came attended with a great Fleet, and numerous Crowd of Followers; and yet these were but an inconsiderable Part of what his Kingdom can furnish. By this he would insinuate to Proteusilaus, that he had engaged in a perilous War, and where the Success was very doubtful.

61. *Conjunctæ Ledaæ.*] Helen, so call'd, because she was the Daughter of Leda.

Ibid. *Conjunctæ gemellis.*] Sister to the Twins;

Menelaus pugnet, et tendat in adversos hostes, ut rapiat Paridi, quam Paris ante rapuit sibi. Irruat, et vincat armis, quem vincit et causa. Nupta est petenda e mediis hostibus viro. Tua causa est dispar: tu pugna tantum vivere, postque redire in pios finis dominæ. Dardanidæ, parcite precor uni de tot hostibus, ne meus sanguis eat ex illo corpore. Non est quem deceat concurrere nudo ferro, ferreque sæva pectora in oppositos viros. Ille potest multo fortius, quum pugnat amore. Alii gerant bella, Proteusilæus amet. Fateor nunc, volui revocare, animusque ferebat; sed lingua substitit timore mali auspicii. Cum velles exire paternis feribus ad Trojam, pes tuus dedit signa offenso limine. Ut vidi, ingemui: dixique in tacito pectore: precor ista sint signa viri reversuri. Refero hæc tibi nunc, ne sis animosus in armis. Fac omnis hic meus timor eat in ventos. Sors quoque designat nescio quem fato iniquo, qui primus Danaum tangat humum Troada. Infelix ea, quæ prima lugebit virum ademptum! Dii faciant ne tu velis esse strenuus. Puppis tua sit millesima inter mille rates; ultimæque verset aquas jam fatigatas. Præmoneo hoc quoque, exi novissimus de navis; terra quæ properes non est paterna tibi. Cum venies, move carinam remoque veloque, sisteque celerem gradum in tuo litore. Sive Phæbus latet, seu extat altior terris, tu venis dolor mihi luce, tu venis dolor mihi nocte.

Pugnet, & adversos tendat Menelaus in hostes:
Ut rapiat Paridi, quam Paris antè sibi.
Irruat; & causâ quem vincit, vincat & armis. 75
Hostibus è mediis nupta petenda viro est.
Causa tua est dispar. tu tantum vivere pugna,
Inque pios dominæ posse redire finis.
Parcite, Dardanidæ, de tot (precor) hostibus uni:
Ne meus ex illo corpore sanguis eat. 80
Non est, quem deceat nudo concurrere ferro,
Sævaque in oppositos pectora ferre viros.
Fortius ille potest multo, quum pugnat amore.
Bella gerant alii; Proteusilæus amet.
Nunc fateor; volui revocare; animusque ferebat. 85

Substitit auspicii lingua timore mali.
Cum foribus velles ad Trojam exire paternis,
Pes tuus offenso limine signa dedit.
Ut vidi, ingemui; tacitoque in pectore dixi:
Signa reversuri sint precor ista viri. 90
Hæc tibi nunc refero, ne sis animosus in armis:
Fac meus in ventos hic timor omnis eat.
Sors quoque nescio quem fato designat iniquo,
Qui primus Danaum Troada tangat humum.
Infelix, quæ prima virum lugebit ademptum! 95
Dii faciant, ne tu strenuus esse velis!
Inter mille rates tua sit millesima puppis,
Jamque fatigatas ultima verset aquas.
Hoc quoque præmoneo: de nave novissimus exi.
Non est, quò properes, terra paterna tibi. 100
Cum venies, remoque move veloque carinam;
Inque tuo celerem litore siste gradum.
Sive latet Phæbus, seu terris altior extat;
Tu mihi luce dolor, tu mihi nocte, venis.

Noctē

N O T E S.

Twins; that is, to *Castor* and *Pollux*, who both sprung from the same Egg.

63. *Hæc tibi nescio quem times.*] *Hæc tibi* was the Son of *Priam*, of distinguish'd Valour, by whose Bravery *Troy* held out against the *Greeks* for ten Years. It was in this War that he gave the greatest Proofs of his Courage. But we may suppose that he

had already gain'd considerable Fame, and that this, tho' but obscurely, might have reach'd the Ears of *Laodamia*. There is a Propriety in the Poet's thus making her speak, as if she knew him only by Name.

79. *Parcite Dardanidæ.*] This Name was given to the *Trojans* by *Dardanus*, one of their Kings. There is great Eloquence

any Hurt. Let Menelaus fight, and rush among the thickest of the Foe, that he may recover from Paris what Paris unjustly ravished from him. Let him force his Way through them; and as he triumphs in a better Cause, triumph also by Arms, and recover his Wife from amidst his Enemies. The Case is different with you; you must fight that you may live, and return safe to your Wife's tender Caresses. Spare, O Trojans, this one out of so many Enemies, and spill not my Blood by the Wounds you give to him. He is not form'd to engage a cruel Enemy in close Fight, or march up with an undaunted Breast to their foremost Ranks. He acquits himself better in the Combats of Love. Let others engage in bloody Wars, but let Protefilaus fight under the Banners of Cupid. Now I own, that fain I would have call'd you back, my Heart strongly inclin'd me to it; but my Tongue was silent from the Fear of giving a bad Omen. When you set out for Troy from your Father's Gate, your Foot gave a Prefage by striking against the Threshold. When I saw it I groan'd, and said quietly to myself; Grant Heaven that this may be a Prefage of my Husband's safe Return. These I now relate to you, that you may not be too forward in the Field, but by your Caution make all my Fears vanish in empty Air. Fortune hath also doom'd some one to an untimely Fate, who shall first of the Greeks set his Foot upon Trojan Ground. Unhappy she, fated first to deplore her lost Lord! Grant, O ye Gods, that Protefilaus's Courage may then fail! May thy Ship be the last of a thousand, and in the Rear of all the Fleet plough the foaming Deep. I further admonish you, that you be the last to leave the Ship; this is no native Shore whither you hasten to land. But when you return, urge the Bark with Sail and Oars, nor delay a Moment to set Foot upon your native Coasts. Whether Phœbus hides his Beams, or high in his Chariot o'erlooks the Earth; Day and Night you fill my Mind with Grief

N O T E S.

in the Manner in which the Poet here makes her address the *Trojans*. The Apprehension of her Husband's Danger possesses her so strongly, that she fancies herself present; she sees the Hands of his Enemies lifted up against him, and in a Transport of Passion calls out to them to spare a Life so dear to her.

83. *Fortius ille potest.*] The Sentiment here is beautiful, and happy beyond Expression. *Laodamia* had felt the Power of *Protefilaus* in the Combats of Love, and as she found her Heart wholly devoted to him,

might easily think him invincible here. But his Talent for War she was quite a Stranger to, and was, moreover, desirous that his Inclinations might not lead him to it, lest it should prompt him to expose himself too much to Danger. We shall see that *Protefilaus* distinguished himself no less afterwards by his Bravery, than he had done before by his Turn for Gallantry.

93. *Sors quoque nefcio quem.*] The Greeks had been told by the Oracle, that he of their Number who should first set Foot upon *Trojan Ground* was doom'd to fall. *Laodamia*,

Tamen magis nocte quam luce. Nox est grata puellis, quarum colla suppositus lacertus habet. Aucupor mendaces somnos in lecto cœlibe. Falsa gaudia juvant dum careo veris. Sed cur tua imago occurrit pallens nobis? cur multa querela venit a tuis verbis? Excutor somno, adoroque simulacra noctis. Nulla ara Thessalis caret meo fumo. Damus tûura, lacrymamque super, qua flamma sparfa, relucet ut solet surgere adfuso mero. Quando ego amplexa te reancem cupidis lacertis, ipsa solvar languida ab mea lætitia? Quando erit ut tu bene junctus mecum in uno lecto, referas splendida facta tuæ militiæ? Quæ dum referes mihi, quamvis juvabit audire, tamen capies multa oscula, et dabis multa oscula. Verba narrantia resistunt apte semper in his. Lingua retenta dulci mora est promptior. Sed cum Troja subit, ventique fretumque subeunt, et spes bona victa sollicito timore cadit. Hoc quoque movet me, quod venti prohibent carinas exire: poratis ire aquis invitis. Quis vellet reverti in patriam vento prohibente? Datis vela a patria, pelago vetante? Ipse Neptunus non præbet iter ad suam urbem. Quo ruitis? Redite quisque vestras domos. Dansi, quoruitis? Audite ventis ventantes. Mora ista non est subiti casus, sed numinis. Quid petitur tant bello, nisi turpis adultera? Inachiæ rata, vertite vela dum licet, Sed quid ego revoco hæc? Atq[ue] omen revocantis, blandaque aura secundet compositas aquas.

Nocte tamen, quàm luce, magis. nox grata puellis : 105

Quarum suppositus colla lacertus habet.

Aucupor in lecto mendaces cœlibe somnos.

Dum careo veris, gaudia falsa juvant.

Sed tua cur nobis pallens occurrit imago?

Cur venit à verbis multa querela tuis? 110

Excutor somno; simulacrâque noctis adoro.

Nulla caret fumo Thessalis ara meo.

Thura damus, lacrymâque super; quâ sparfa relucet,

Ut solet adfuso surgere flamma mero.

Quando ego, te reducem cupidis amplexa lacertis,

Languida lætitiâ solvar ab ipsa meâ? 116

Quando erit, ut lecto mecum bene junctus in uno

Militiæ referas splendida facta tuæ?

Quæ mihi dum referes; quamvis audire juvabit;

Multa tamen capies oscula, multa dabis. 120

Semper in his apte narrantia verba resistunt.

Promptior est dulci lingua retenta morâ.

Sed cum Troja subit, subeunt ventique fretumque;

Spes bona sollicito victa timore cadit.

Hoc quoque, quod venti prohibent exire carinas,

Me movet: invitis ire paratis aquis. 126

Quis velit in patriam vento prohibente reverti?

A patriâ pelago vela vetante datis?

Ipse suam non præbet iter Neptunus ad urbem:

Quò ruitis? vestras quisque redite domos. 130

Quo ruitis, Danaï? ventos audite vetantes.

Non subiti casus, numinis ista mora est.

Quid petitur tanto, nisi turpis adultera, bello?

Dum licet, Inachiæ vertite vela rates. 134

Sed quid ego revoco hæc? omen revocantis abesto,

Blandâque compositas aura secundet aquas.

Troasfin

Quid petitur tant bello, nisi turpis adultera? Inachiæ rata, vertite vela dum licet, Sed quid ego revoco hæc? Atq[ue] omen revocantis, blandaque aura secundet compositas aquas.

NOTES.

mita, whose Fate gave her a thousand Apprehensions, begs that he may not be too rash, and expose himself to an unavoidable Fate. This fell out afterwards to be actually Protefilaus's Case. For when the Grecian Fleet arrived in Phrygia, every one mindful of the Prediction of the Oracle,

scrupled to be the first that landed, till at length Protefilaus, full of Indignation at their unmanly Delays, boldly leap'd on Shore, and was soon after slain by Hector, according as the Oracle had foretold.

120. Multa tamen oscula capies, &c.] 'Tis impossible to imagine any Thing more finely

Grief and Anxiety. Yet the mournful Image haunts me more by Night than by Day : Night is grateful to such whose Necks are environ'd by clasping Arms. I catch at empty Dreams in a forlorn Bed, and must put up with false Joys, because the true are fled. But why does your pale Shadow stand before my Eyes ? Why do I incessantly hear you uttering mournful Complaints ? I start out of Sleep, and adore the nightly Powers. The Thessalian Altars cease not to smoke with Sacrifices for your Sake. Incense is offered, and Tears shed over it in Abundance, wherewith the Flame burns bright, as if sprinkled with Wine. When shall I again clasp you in my longing Arms, and die away with Joy in your Embraces ? When, happily united with you in the same Bed, shall I hear you recount your noble Deeds in War ? Though pleas'd with the Recital, yet will your Relation be often interrupted by our mutual Kisses. These always occasion an agreeable Pause in Discourse ; the Tongue is rendered more prompt by such alluring Delays. But when I think of Troy, the Winds, and the Sea, flattering Hopes give Way to anxious Fears. I am alarm'd that your Fleet is detained by cross Winds. How can you think to sail when the Sea forbids ? What Man returns to his own Country when the Winds are against him ? why then do you spread your Sails to leave it, when the Sea forbids ? Neptune himself stops up the Way to his own City. Whither hurry you so rashly ? Return each to his own Home. Whither, I say, O ye Greeks, do you hurry so rashly ? Attend the Voice of the forbidding Winds. This Delay is no Work of blind Chance, it comes from the Gods. What do you intend by this mighty War, but to regain a base Adulterers ? Return, ye Grecian Ships, while it yet may be done with Honour. But why do I thus call you back ? Forbid, ye Gods, every bad Omen, and may an inviting Gale bear you through the quiet Waves. How do I envy the Lot of the Trojan

N O T E S.

finely touch'd than this Account of *Laudamia*. She cannot forbear entertaining her Mind with the agreeable Imagination of his Return, and the happy Scenes that will then pass between them. Her near Concern for him will make her anxious to know every Thing that happened to him during his Absence : He must gratify her Curiosity, by relating all distinctly. As he will have frequent Occasion to mention his Dangers and narrow Escapes, her Joy to find him still safe, will be apt to express itself in

fond and endearing Caresses. They will now and then beget an agreeable Interruption of his Recital, and make him enter again upon the Story with fresh Pleasure.

135. *Sed quid ego.* The several Copies of *Ovid* differ very much in their Manner of reading this Verse. Some have it thus :

Sed quid ago revocans ? revocantis nomen abesto.

Heinsius, on the other Hand, thinks it ought to be,

Sed

*Invideo Troas in, quæ, si
conspiciunt lacrymosa fune-
ra suorum, nec hostis erit
procul: ipsa nova nupta
imponet galeam forti mari-
to suis manibus, dabitque
arma barbara. Dabit ar-
ma, dumque dabit arma,
fumet oscula simul. Hoc ge-
nus officii erit dulce duobus.
Producatque virum, et da-
bit mandata reverti, et di-
cet: Face ut referas ista
arma Jovi. Ille ferens
secum recentia mandata do-
minæ, pugnabit caute, re-
spicietque domum. Hæc
exuet clypeum reduci, re-
solvetque galeam, excipi-
etque lassa pectora suo sinu.
Nos sumus incertæ; anxius
timor cogit nos putare om-
nia facta quæ possint fieri.
Tamen, dum tu miles in
diverso orbe geris arma;
est cera mihi quæ referat
tuos vultus. Dicimus blan-
ditias illi, dicimus illi ver-
ba debita tibi: illa acci-
pit meos amplexus. Crede
mihi, imago est plus quam
quod videatur. Adde so-
num ceræ, erit Protepsi-
laus. Specto hanc, teneo-
que sinu pro vero conjuge;
et queror tamquam possi
referre verba. Juro per
reditus, tuumque corpus
mea numina; perque facies
pares animi conjugique:
perque tuum caput, quod
utinam videam albere co-
nis capillis, quod possis ipse referre tecum: me venturam comitem tibi quocunque vocaris; sive
(quod heu timeo!) sive eris superstes. Ultima epistula claudetur parvo mandato: si est tibi
cura mei, sit tibi cura tui.*

Troas in video; quæ si lacrymosa suorum
Funera conspiciunt, nec procul hostis erit;
Ipsa suis manibus forti nova nupta marito
Imponet galeam, barbarâque arma dabit. 140
Arma dabit: dumque arma dabit, simul oscula
fumet.

Hoc genus officii dulce duobus erit.
Producatque virum; dabit & mandata reverti:
Et dicet, Referas ista face arma Jovi.
Ille, ferens dominæ mandata recentia secum, 145
Pugnabit cautè, respicietque domum.
Exuet hæc reduci clypeum, galeamque resolvat,
Excipietque suo pectora lassa sinu.
Nos sumus incertæ: nos anxius omnia cogit,
Quæ possunt fieri, facta putare timor. 150
Dum tamen arma gerens diverso miles in orbe,
Quæ referat vultus, est mihi cera, tuos.
Illi blanditias, illi tibi debita verba
Dicimus: amplexus accipit illa meos.
Crede mihi; plus est, quam quod videatur imago.
Adde sonum ceræ, Protechlaus erit. 156
Hanc specto, teneoque sinu pro conjuge vero:
Et tanquam possit verba referre, queror.
Per reditus, corpusque tuum mea numina juro;
Perque pares animi conjugique facies: 160
Perque, quod ut videam canis albere capillis,
Quod tecum possis ipse referre caput;
Me tibi venturam comitem, quocumque vocaris:
Sive, (quod heu timeo!) sive superstes eris.
Ultima mandato claudetur epistola parvo. 165
Si tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui.

N O T E S.

*Sed quid ego hos revoco? revocaminis omen
abesto.*

But however we determine as to the Read-
ing, the Sense is plain. *Laodamia* fearing
that her recalling might imply some bad
Omen, stops short, and wishes a prosperous
Gale, and speedy Arrival on the Coast of *Troy*.
137. *Troas in video.*] The Sentiment
here is ingenious, and agrees exactly with
that Strength of Passion which *Laodamia*
breathes through this whole Epistle. Every
one knows, that nothing is more irksome to
Lovers than Absence. *Laodamia* is so im-
patient under it, that she thinks any Condi-

tion preferable to her's. The *Trojan* Ma-
trons were far happier, although Spectators
of the Danger and Fate of their Husbands.
They were employed in many grateful Of-
fices about them, buckled on their Armour,
charg'd them with their last Commands,
and were at once delivered from the Tor-
tures of a cruel Suspence. Whereas her
Fate was to be distracted between Hope and
Fear; while her foreboding Mind suggested
a thousand Dangers, and kept her under
perpetual Anxieties and Alarms.

153. *Illi blanditias, illi tibi debita verba.*] One may observe of this Epistle, what has
been

jan Wives, who, if doom'd to see the mournful Funerals of their Husbands, the Enemy is however not far off. The new-married Bride will with her own Hand fix the Helmet upon the Head of her gallant Spouse, and buckle on his shining Armour. She will buckle on his Armour, and as she buckles it on, often snatch a balmy Kiss. This sportive Office will be grateful to both. She will partly attend him in his March, affectionately enjoin him to return, and advise him to Caution, that he may triumph, and dedicate his Arms to Jupiter. He bearing in Mind the fresh Injunctions of his beloved Spouse, will fight with due Care of himself, and think of her he has left at Home. At his Return, she will take from him his Shield, and unbuckle the ponderous Helmet, while he eases his wearied Breast upon her soft Bosom. Unhappy we are rack'd with Uncertainty; an anxious Fear makes us apt to fancy you surrounded with a thousand Dangers. Yet while you bear Armour, and are fighting in remote Lands, I take a Pleasure in contemplating the Wax which exhibits your Likeness. As if yourself were present I let fall the softest Expressions, and address it in Words due only to my Protefilaus: I even hug and caress it. Sure it must be so: This Image is more than what it seems: Add Speech to the Statue, and it will be my Protefilaus himself. My Eyes are incessantly fixed upon it, I press it to my Bosom as if it were indeed my Husband, and pour out my Complaints to it, vainly hoping for an Answer. I swear by yourself and your Return, so dear to me above all Things; by the nuptial Torch, and that glowing Heart which is only your's; by your beloved Head, which, O ye propitious Gods, restore to me unhurt, and give me to see at length venerable with grey Hairs: That I am ready to fly whithersoever you call me, and will willingly share your Fate, whether (what I alas but too much Fear:) or Heaven fees meet to preserve you. Indulge me in concluding my Epistle with a small Request: If you have yet any Love for me, be sure to show it in the Care you take of yourself.

N O T E S.

been so often observed of *Homer's* Poems; That the Poet, far from shewing his whole Strength at the Entrance of his Work, still grows upon his Reader, and increases his Admiration the farther he proceeds. After the many endearing Expressions of Love and Tenderness which we meet with in the foregoing Parts of this Epistle, and the many natural and strong Images by which *Læda* paints so powerfully her affectionate Feelings, one would think it impossible to carry this Passion to a greater Height. And yet, behold a new Scene presented to us; a

Scene, that nothing less than the happy Imagination of an *Ovid* could have devised. Her only Compensation for the Absence of *Protefilaus*, is an Image of his, which she then took a Pleasure in viewing. To this she contracts a Fondness, and gives it the same Careless which she was wont to give her *Protefilaus*: Nay, to such a Height is it carried at last, that she is apt to imagine it more than barely an Image. She fancies, it wants only a Voice to be *Protefilaus* himself, and vainly complains to it, as if she expected an Answer.

X

EPISTLE

EPISTOLA XIV.

HYPERMNESTRA LYNCEO.

O R D O.

Hypermnestra mittit hanc epistolam Lynceo, uni de tot fratribus modo: cætera turba jacet crimine nuptiarum. Teneor clausa domo, coercitaque gravibus vinclis. Fuisse piam, est mihi causa supplicii. Sum rea, quod manus extimuit dimittere ferrum in jugulo; laudarer si forem ausa scelus. Præstat esse ream, quam sic placuisse parenti. Non piget habere manus immunes cædis. Licet pater urat me igne quem non violavimus, tendatque in ora faces quæ aderant sacris; aut jugulet illo ense quem tradidit non bene, ut nupta cadam nece, qua vir non cecidit: tamen non efficiet ut morientia ora dicant pœnitent. Non es, Hypermnestra, quam piget esse piam. Pœniteat Danaum sævasque sorores sceleris; hic eventus solet sequi nefanda facta. Cor pavet admonitu noctis temerata sanguine, et subitus tremor præpedit ossa dextra. Manus, quam tu putes potuisse fungi cæde mariti, timet scribere de cæde non facta sibi.

MITTIT Hypermnestra de tot modò fratribus uni:

Cætera nuptarum crimine turba jacet.
 Clausa domo teneor, gravibusque coercita vinclis.
 Est mihi supplicii causa, fuisse piam.
 Quòd manus extimuit jugulo dimittere ferrum, 5
 Sum rea. laudarer, si scelus ausa forem.
 Esse ream præstat, quàm sic placuisse parenti.
 Non piget immunes cædis habere manus.
 Me pater igne licet, quem non violavimus, urat;
 Quæque aderant sacris, tendat in ora faces; 10
 Aut illo jugulet, quem non bene tradidit, ense;
 Ut quâ non cecidit vir nece, nupta cadam:
 Non tamen, ut dicant morientia, Pœnitent, ora,
 Efficiet. non es, quam piget esse piam.
 Pœniteat sceleris Danaum sævasque sorores. 15
 Hic solet eventus facta nefanda sequi.
 Cor pavet admonitu temerata sanguine noctis;
 Et subitus dextræ præpedit ossa tremor.
 Quam tu cæde putes fungi potuisse mariti,
 Scribere de factâ non tibi cæde timet. 20

Sed

NOTES.

Danaus the Son of *Belus* had by several Wives fifty Daughters; *Egyptus* his Brother, who had the like Number of Sons, was desirous to have them to be his Daughters-in-law, and applied to *Danaus* for this Purpose: But he having been told by an Oracle that he should fall by the Hands of a Son-in-law, and willing, if possible, to avoid the Danger, takes shipping, and possess'd himself of *Argos*. *Egyptus* enraged to find himself thus slighted, levies a great Army, and putting his Sons at the Head of it sends it into *Greece*, with an express Command not to return till they had either slain *Danaus*, or brought him to consent to receive them as his Sons-in-Law. He sinning himself

press'd by a close Siege, is under a Necessity of promising them his Daughters: But they having all received Swords from their Father, by his Command kill'd each her Husband on the first Night, while warm with Wine and Joy they lay fast asleep; *Hypermnestra* only excepted, who spar'd her Husband *Lynceus*; and acquainting him with the Treachery of *Danaus*, advised him to fly with all Speed to his Father *Egyptus*. *Danaus*, next Day, finding that his Commands had been strictly followed by all his Daughters, except *Hypermnestra*, enraged at her Disobedience, he loaded her with Chains, and threw her into Prison. Upon this she wrote the following

following

E P I S T L E XIV.

HYPERMNESTRA to LYNCEUS.

HYPERMENESTRA sends to the now only surviving Brother of so many: The Rest have all perished by the Crime of their Wives. I am kept shut up in close Prison, and loaded with a Weight of Chains. My Piety is the alone Cause of my Punishment. I am deemed guilty, because my Hand trembled to urge the Sword to my Husband's Throat. Had I dar'd to commit the bloody Deed, I had then been extoll'd. 'Tis better to be thus deem'd guilty, than please a Father by my Barbarity. I can never repent that my Hands are unstain'd with Murder. Should my Father torture me with those Flames I have not dar'd to violate, or throw in my Face the Torches which were present at the nuptial Rites; should he butcher me with that very Sword which he gave me for an inhuman Purpose, and destroy the Wife by the Death from which she sav'd her Husband: Yet would all his Cruelty be insufficient to make my dying Lips own Repentance: Hypermnestra is not one to repeat of her Piety. Let Danaus and my bloody Sisters repent of their Wickedness; this usually follows upon Deeds of Guilt. My Heart sickens at the Remembrance of that bloody Night, and a sudden trembling enervates the Joints of my right Hand. That Hand which was thought strong enough to engage in the Murder of a Husband, even dreads to write of a Murder it did not commit; yet will

I

N O T E S.

lowing Epistle to her Husband, in which she begs him to come to her Assistance, or if she shall be put to Death before he can bring her Relief, to bestow upon her the Rites of Burial. *Lynceus*, as we shall see more fully afterwards, came, and after revenging the Murder of his Brothers by her Father's Death, set her at Liberty.

Ver. 1. *Mittit Hypermnestra.*] *Hypermnestra*, by sparing her Husband's Life, contrary to her Father's express Command, had provok'd him so far, that he had loaded her with Chains, and thrown her into Prison. Her chief Design, therefore, in writing this Epistle, was to prevail, if possible, with *Lynceus*, to set her at Liberty. She therefore artfully begins with such a

Representation of her Case as may most effectually awaken his Resentment, and beget in him a Desire of Revenge: That he was the only surviving Brother of Fifty, all the rest having been cut off by the barbarous Contrivance of her Father; and that all her own present Sufferings were occasioned by her Tenderness for him. Yet far from repenting it, the Reflection always gave her Pleasure, nor would all the Tortures and Miseries in the World be able to make her own the contrary. How could *Lynceus* deny his Aid to one that had treated him so generously, or avoid attempting to rescue her from that Bondage she was thrown into for preserving his Life?

9. *Quem non violavimus.*] *Those Flames*

Sed tamen experiar. Crepuscula erant modo facta terris. Ultima pars lucis, primaque pars noctis erat. Inachides ducimur sub testâ magni Pelasgi; et fœcer accipit æde armatus nurus. Lampades præcinctæ auro collucunt undique; impia thura dantur in invitos focos. Vulgus vocant Hymen, Hymenæ: ille fugit vocantes: ipsa conjux Jovis cœssit ab sua urbe. Ecce mariti, dubii mero, frequentes clamore comitum, novo flore impediēte madidas comas, feruntur læti in thalamos; thalamos, sua busta, premuntque corporibus strata digna funere. Jamque jacebant graves cibo, vinoque, somnoque: atque quies erat per securum Argos. Videbar audire gemitus morientum circum me; et tamen audibam, quodque verebar erat. Sanguis abijt; calor relinquit mentemque corpusque, jacuique facta frigida in novo toro. Ut fragiles aristæ vibrantur leni Zephyro, ut frigida aura quatit comas populeas: tremui aut sic, aut etiam magis. Ipse jacebas, vinaque quæ delectam tibi erant vina soporis. Jussa violenti parentis excussere metum. Frigor: et capio tela tremante manu. Ego non loquar falsa. Ter manus sustulit acutum ensē, ter recidit ensē male sublato. Admōvi jugulo, sine me tibi vera fateri;

Sed tamen experiar. Modò facta crepuscula terris; Ultima pars lucis, primâque noctis erat: Ducimur Inachides magni sub testâ Pelasgi; Et fœcer armatus accipit æde nurus. Undique collucunt præcinctæ lampades auro; 25 Dantur in invitos impia thura focos. Vulgus, Hymen, Hymenæ, vocant: fugit ille vocantes, Ipsa Jovis conjux cœssit ab urbe suâ. Ecce mero dubii, comitum clamore frequentes, Flore novo madidas impediēte comas. 30 In thalamos læti, thalamos sua busta feruntur; Stratâque corporibus funere digna premunt. Jamque cibo vinôque graves somnôque jacebant; Securûmque quies alta per Argos erat: Circûm me gemitus morientum audire videbar: 35 Et tamen audibam; quoddque verebar, erat. Sanguis abijt; mentemque calor corpusque relinquit:

Inque novo jacui frigida facta toro. Ut leni Zephyro fragiles vibrantur aristæ; Frigida populeas ut quatit aura comas; 40 Aut sic, aut etiam tremui magis. ipse jacebas: Quæque tibi dederam vina, soporis erant. Excussere metum violenti jussa parentis. Erigor; & capio tela tremante manu. Non ego falsa loquar. ter acutum sustulit ensē, 45 Ter malè sublato recidit ensē manus. [Admōvi jugulo; sine me tibi vera fateri;

Admōvi

Frigor: et capio tela tremante manu. Ego non loquar falsa. Ter manus sustulit acutum ensē, ter recidit ensē male sublato. Admōvi jugulo, sine me fateri vera tibi;

NOTES.

I have not dar'd to violate. This must be understood of the Flames of the Nuptial Torches, which *Hypermetra* here says she had not violated, because she had not, like the rest of her Sisters, violated the Matrimonial Contract by the Murder of her Husband.

21. *Modò facta crepuscula terris.* *Crepusculum* is the same as we call Twilight, either in the Dawn before Sun-rising, or the Dusk of the Evening, soon after his setting.

22. *Ultima pars lucis, primaque noctis erat.* *Heinsius*, upon the Authority of some

Manuscripts he had seen, gives a very different reading of this Verse; which he thinks ought to be thus:

Ultima pars noctis primaque lucis erat.

Whatever ground the above celebrated Critick may have for this Conjecture, we did not think proper to follow it in this Place: For the commonly received Reading agrees better with the Notion of the Marriage Ceremonies. Besides, *Hypermetra* speaks afterwards of their going to sleep; that during this the Massacre was committed, while all *Argos* was in profound Quiet; and that afterwards Morning approached.

I try. A Twilight had overspread the Earth; it was about the Close of Day, and Night hastened on apace: We, descended of Inachus, are led to the Palace of the great Pelasgus; and a Father-in-Law receives into his House, Daughters arm'd for the Destruction of their Husbands. Lamps adorned with Gold shine through all the Apartments, and impious Incense is offered to the unwilling Gods. The Crowd invoke Hymen, but Hymen neglects their Call; nay, even the Wife of Jove forsook her beloved City. And now appear the Bridegrooms, high in Wine, and surrounded with the Acclamations of their Attendants; their anointed Heads are adorned with Garlands of Flowers: They enter their Bed-chambers; Bed-chambers doom'd to be their Graves, and repose their Joints on Beds fitter for their Funeral Piles; and now they lay overcome with Food, Wine, and Sleep; and a dead Silence reign'd in unsuspecting Argos. I seem'd to hear around me the Groans of dying Men; yea, I indeed heard them, and it was really as I fear'd. At this the Blood forsook my Limbs, the vital Heat departs, and a Coldness spreads itself over all my Joints. As the bending Reeds are shaken by the mild Zephyrs, or the rough northern Blasts agitate the Poplar Leaves; a like, or more violent shaking seiz'd me. You lay quiet, lull'd to Rest by the sleepy Draught I had given. The Commands of a violent Father had banish'd Fear; I start up, and seize with a trembling Hand the deadly Sword. Why should I deceive? Thrice I laid hold on the pointed Steel, and thrice my feeble Hand drop'd the hated Load. I aim'd at your Throat; blame me not if I acknowledge

NOTES.

23. *Inachides.*] Descended of *Inachus*; for *Inachus* begot *Io*, who by *Jupiter* had *Epaphus*; *Epaphus* was the Father of *Belus*, whose Sons, as we have seen already, were *Aegyptus*, and *Danaus* the Father of the fifty Brides.

Ibid. Pelasgi.] The Son of *Jupiter* and *Niobe*, who reigned at *Argos*, whence the Royal Palace is here called *domus Pelasgi*. From him the People he reign'd over were called *Pelasgi*, which Name afterwards extended itself to all *Greece*, as did that of *Danaï*, from this *Danaus*, one of his Successors.

26. *In invitos focos.*] *Foci* is here put instead of *Diis*, who are call'd *inviti*, because the Sacrifices offered at a Marriage solemnized with so wicked a Design could

not be acceptable.

Ibid. Tiburs impia.] *Impious Incense*, instead of *Incense offered by impious Hands*.

35. *Et tamen audibam.*] The Force of the Particle *tamen* here, deserves particular Notice. *Hypermetra* would intimate by it, that she was so disturb'd by Fear, and a Consciousness of the Baseness of the Crime, as to be deprived almost of her Senses, and doubtful whether she really heard the Groans of People dying round her, or if it was only the mere Suggestions of Fancy.

47. *Admovi jugulo, sine me tibi vera fateri.*] Some, instead of this Line read:

At rursus monitis, jussuque coacta parentis. *Heinsius* thinks both this and the following Verse ought to be rejected, as none of *Ovid's*, but inserted by some ignorant Gram.

admovi paterna tela tuo
jugulo. Sed timor & pie-
tas obstitit crudelibus ausis,
castaque dextra refugit
mandatum opus. Laniata
quoad purpureos sinus, la-
niata quoad capillos, dixi
talìa verbo exiguo sono:
Sævus pater est tibi, Hy-
permnestra, effice jussa pa-
rentis, sit iste comes suis
germanis. Sum fœmina,
et virgo, mitis natura et
annis; molles manus non
faciunt ad fera tela. Quin
age, dumque jacet, imitare
fortes sorores. Est credi-
bile viros esse cæcos om-
nibus. Si hæc manus
posset committere aliquam
cædem; foret sanguino-
lenta morte suæ dominæ.
Quo meruere necem tenendo
regna patruelia, quæ tamen
sarent danda externis ge-
neris? Finge viros me-
ruisse mori: quid ipsæ
fecimus? Quo commissio non
licet mihi esse pia? Quid
mibi cum ferro? Quo bel-
lica tela puella? Lana
colusque est aptior meis di-
gitis. Ego sum questus
hæc: dumque queror la-
crymæ sequuntur sua verba,
caduntque de meis oculis
in tua membra. Dum
petis amplexus, jactasque
Jopita brachia, manus
tua est pere facta faucia
telæ. Jamque timebam
patrem, famulosque patris,
lucemque. Hæc mea dicta
expulerunt tuos somnos:
Age, surge Belide, unus
de tot fratribus modo; ni
properas ista nox erit per-
ennis tibi. Exsurgis territus, omnis inertia somni fugit. Adspicis fortia tela in timida na-
nu. Dixi tibi querenti causam, Effuge dum nox fuit. Tu fugis dum nox atra finit; ego
ipsa moror.

Admovi jugulo tela paterna tuo.]
Sed timor & pietas crudelibus obstitit ausis:
Castaque mandatum dextra refugit opus. 50
Purpureos laniata sinus, laniata capillos,
Exiguo dixi talia verba sono:
Sævus, Hypermnestra, pater est tibi. jussa pa-
rentis
Effice. germanis sit comes iste suis.
Fœmina sum & virgo, naturâ mitis & annis. 55
Non faciunt molles ad fera tela manus.
Quin age, dumque jacet, fortes imitare sorores.
Credibile est cæcos omnibus esse viros.
Si manus hæc aliquam posset committere cædem,
Morte foret dominæ sanguinolenta suæ. 60
Quo meruere necem patruelia regna tenendo,
Quæ tamen externis danda forent generis?
Finge viros meruisse mori: quid fecimus ipsæ?
Quo mihi commissio non licet esse piæ?
Quid mihi cum ferro? quò bellica tela puellæ? 65
Aptior est digitis lana colusque meis.
Hæc ego; dumque queror, lacrymæ sua verba
sequuntur,
Déque meis oculis in tua membra cadunt.
Dum petis amplexus, sopitæque brachia jactas;
Pene manus telo faucia facta tua est. 70
Jamque patrem, famulosque patris, lucemque
timebam.
Expulerunt somnos hæc mea dicta tuos:
Surge age, Belide, de tot modò fratribus unus:
Nox tibi, nî properas, ista perennis erit.
Territus exurgis: fugit omnis inertia somni. 75
Aspicias in timidâ fortia tela manu.
Quærenti causam, Dum nox finit, effuge, dixi.
Dum nox atra finit, tu fugis: ipsa moror.

Manè

NOTES.

Grammarians, who imagin'd them necessary to fill up and connect the Sense: But the same Commentator observes, that the Coherence is plain beyond Exception, if we but change the *sed* of the next Verse into *et*. The Remark is ingenious, and seems

to be well founded.

49. *Sed timor & pietas.*] The inward Struggles between her Piety, the Fear of disobeying a Father's Command, and a Horror of the Guilt, are here very happily describ'd: She knew that by saving her

Huf.

ledge the Truth: I aim'd at your Throat the Blade I had received of my Father. But Fear and Piety oppos'd the bloody Deed; and my blameless right Hand refus'd the hated Task. I tore my purple Garments, I tore my Hair; and with a faint Voice uttered this mournful Complaint: *A cruel Father you have, Hypermnestra; think of executing his Commands, and make Lynceus also a Companion to his Brothers. I am a Woman and a Virgin, mild both by Nature and Years; these gentle Hands are unfit to wield the fatal Steel: But take Courage, and while he lies defenceless, imitate the Bravery of your resolute Sisters; 'tis very likely, that ere now, all their Husbands are slain. Alas! were this Hand able to perpetrate a cruel Murder, it must first be dy'd in the Blood of it's Owner. How can they deserve Death by possessing their Uncle's Realms, which yet must have been given to foreign Sons-in-Law? If yet our Husbands have deserv'd Death, what have we done? Why urg'd to a Crime, which if committed, robs me of my Claim to Piety? What have I to do with a drawn Sword? Why are warlike Weapons put into the Hands of a Girl? A Spindle and Distaff better suit these Fingers.*

These things I revolved with myself; and as I complain'd, Tears accompanied the mournful Words; which gently falling from my Eyes, bedew'd your naked Limbs. While you sought to embrace me, and but half awake stretch'd out your clasping Arms, your Hand was almost wounded by the drawn Sword. And now I began to dread my Father, the Guards, and the approaching Light; when these my Words roused you from Sleep: *Rise speedily, Grandson of Belus, now the only Survivor of so many Brothers; unless you are nimble to escape, this is fated to be your eternal Night.* You start up in a Fright, the Fetters of Sleep are all untied, and you behold in my Hand the pointed Weapon. As you ask the Cause; *Fly, interrupted I, while Night permits.* You escape, favoured by the Darkness of the Night, and

N O T E S.

Husband she would draw upon herself her Father's Resentment, whose revengeful Temper she was no Stranger to. This Sense of Danger pushes her on several Times to the Attempt, but still an inward Restraint with-holds her Hand; till at length her Piety getting the better, she resolves to run all Hazards, rather than shed innocent Blood.

61. *Quo mernere necem.*] This Speech of Hypermnestra, is not without its Propriety. The Poet artfully puts into her Mouth a

Set of Arguments the most proper for one of her Sex and Condition; such as, that her Father's Commands were cruel and barbarous; that it was not for a Woman to handle deadly Weapons: Besides, her Husband could be charg'd with no Crime that deserved so severe a Fate; or admitting him guilty, her's was an unfit Hand to punish him. The whole is mix'd with a certain Tenderness and Softness that pleases the Reader, and begets an Esteem for Hypermnestra.

Erat mane, et Danaus dinumerat generos jacentes ex cæde, tu unus abes summæ criminis. Fert male jacturam cognatæ mortis in uno, et queritur esse parum facti sanguinis. Abstrahitur a patriis pedibus; carcerque habet me raptam capillis. Pietas meruit hæc præmia. Scilicet, ira Junonia permanet ex illo tempore quo bos est facta ex homine, Dea ex bove. At est satis pænæ, teneram puellam mugisse, nec formosam, posse modo placere Jovi. Nova vacca adfuit in ripa liquidi parentis, viditque cornua non sua, in patriis aquis; aditque mugitus ore comato queri, quæque territa sua forma, territa sua voce. Quid furis infelix? Quid miraris te in umbra? Quid numeras pedes factos quod novo membra? Tu illa pellex materda forori magni Jovis, levas nimiam famem fronde cespitibusque. Bibis ex fonte, stupefactaque spectas tuam figuram in illo; et times arma quæ geris, ne feriant te. Quæque modo eras dives, ut possis videri etiam digna Jove; nuda, recumbis nuda humo. Curris per mare, per terras, cognatæque flumina. Mare das, amnes dant, terra dat viam tibi. Quæ causa fugæ est tibi? Quid, Io, pererras longo freta?

Manè erat: & Danaus generos ex cæde jacentes
Dinumerat. summæ criminis unus abes. 80
Fert malè cognatæ jacturam mortis in uno;
Et queritur facti sanguinis esse parum.
Abstrahor à patriis pedibus: raptamque capillis
(Hæc meruit pietas præmia) carcer habet.
Scilicet ex illo Junonia permanet ira; 85
Quo bos ex homine est, ex bove facta Dea.
At satis est pænæ teneram mugisse puellam:
Nec modo formosam posse placere Jovi.
Adstitit in ripâ liquidi nova vacca parentis,
Cornuâque in patriis non sua vidit aquis: 90
Conatôque queri mugitus edidit ore:
Territâque est formâ, territa voce suâ.
Quid furis, infelix? quid te miraris in umbrâ?
Quid numeras factos ad nova membra pedes?
Illa Jovis magni pellex metuenda forori, 95
Fronde levas nimiam cespitibusque famem.
Fonte bibis, spectasque tuam stupefacta figuram:
Et te ne feriant, quæ geris, arma times.
Quæque modò, ut possis etiam Jove digna videri,
Dives eras; nuda, nudâ recumbis humo. 100
Per mare, per terras, cognatæque flumina curris.
Dat mare, dant amnes, dat tibi terra viam.
Quæ tibi causa fugæ? quid, Io, freta longa
pererras?

Non

NOTES.

85. *Scilicet ex illo.*] The Poet observes the same Conduct here, as he has done often in other Epistles; that is, he makes *Hypermetra*, after the Manner of her Sex, trace back her Disasters from far distant Events: She considers them as the Vengeance of *Juno* still pursuing her Race, because *Io* had rival'd her in the Affections of *Jupiter*.

86. *Quæ bos ex homine est.*] *Io* was the Daughter of *Inachus*, of remarkable Beauty, inasmuch that *Jupiter* fell in Love with her. *Juno* coming to understand it, and having almost surprized them together; the God to avoid Suspicion changed her into a Cow: But *Juno* having some Notion

of the Device, beg'd that he would make her a Present of the Cow. *Jupiter* fearing that a Denial would only inflame her Suspicions, comply'd with the Request of his Wife, who thereupon gave her into the Keeping of *Argos*, who had a hundred Eyes. *Jupiter*, after some time, sent *Mercury* to restore *Io*, and destroy *Argos*. The God, by the Power of his Musick lull'd him asleep, and then slew him. *Io* was at length restor'd to her former Shape in *Egypt*, and worshipp'd by the People of that Country as a Goddess, under the Name of *Isis*. We have already seen that *Danaus* and *Egyptus* were descended from her.

and I stay behind : And now, Morning coming on, Danaus numbers over his slaughter'd Sons ; you only was wanting to compleat the bloody Crime : He storms at his Disappointment in the Death of a single Kinsman, and complains that too little Blood had been spilt. I am tore from my Father as I embrac'd his Knees, and dragg'd by the Hair to Prison. Is this the due Reward of my Piety ! So it is, that Juno's Resentment has ever pursu'd our Race, since Jove transform'd Io into a Cow, and the Cow into a Goddess. But was it not Punishment enough for the unhappy Maid to lose her natural Form, and stript of her Beauty be no longer able to please the Almighty Jove ? She stood amaz'd at her new Shape, upon the Banks of her flowing Parent ; and beheld, in this paternal Mirrour, the unusual Horns. Striving to complain, her Mouth was fill'd with Lowings ; and she is equally terrified at her Form and Voice. Unhappy Maid, Why this mad Rage ? Why do you wonder at your own Shadow ? Why do you number your Feet form'd to new Joints ? This beautiful Rival, once dreaded by the Sister of Almighty Jove, now allays her raging Hunger with Leaves and Grass : She drinks of the running Stream, and is astonish'd to behold her own Shape ; she even trembles at the Arms she wears, and thinks them aim'd against herself. You lately so rich, as to be deem'd worthy even of Almighty Jove, now lie naked and defenceless in the unshelter'd Fields. You wildly run through Sea, Lands and kindred Rivers. Even Seas, Lands and Rivers permit your Wanderings. What is the Cause of your Flight ? Why, Io, do you thus traverse the spacious Main ?

N O T E S.

89. *Liquidi parentis.*] She being, as was said above, the Daughter of the River *Inachus*, which runs thro' *Peloponnesus*. This Description of *Io's* Astonishment and Behaviour after being changed into a Cow is extremely poetical and fine. *Ovid* had great Command of Wit, and Critics have not fail'd to accuse him as too lavish of it. The Passage now before us is perhaps an Instance. He may appear to some rather too long and circumstantial in the Account ; and towards the latter End of it degenerates into a mere Play upon Words : But after all, we ought in Justice to acknowledge the Beauty of the first Part of this Description. *Io's* Surprise and Concern at her new Shape, upon first perceiving it in her Father's Stream, is finely imagin'd,

and one of those happy Pictures which *Ovid* is so justly admired for.

94. *Quid numeras.*] Because the Number of her Feet were now increased to four. These Interrogations are made in a Way of Pity and Commiseration.

98. *Et ne te feriant quæ geris, arma times.*] The Thought here is natural and well judged. As that Sex is apt to be frighten'd at the Appearance of Danger, we are not to wonder if *Io* is startled when she observes her Horns, and under some Dread that she might wound herself with them.

102. *Dat mare, dant amnes.*] The Sense of this Verse is the same with that of the preceding, tho' they differ in Words : for *dant viam* here means no other than you force your Way through them.

Y

105. *Eadem*

Ipsa non poteris effugere tuos, vultus. Quo properas, Inachi? Eadem sequerisque fugisque. Tu ipsa es dux tibi comiti, tu comes tibi duci. Nilus emissus in æquor per septem portus, exiit ora pellicis insanæ bovi. Quid referam ultima, quorum cana senectus est auctor mibi? Ecce mei anni dant quod querar. Pater patriusque gerunt bella: pellimur regnoque domoque. Ultimus orbis habet ejectos. Ille solus ferrox potitur solio sceptroque; nos inopi turba vagamur cum inopi sene. Restas exiguißima pars de populo fratrum: fleo eosque qui sunt dati leto, easque quæ dedere. Nam totidem sorores periere mibi quot fratres, utraque turba accipias meas lacrymas. En ego crucianda reservor pœnæ quod vivis. Quid fiat fonti, cum agar res laudis? Et quondam centesima consanguineæ turbæ, infelix eadem, uno fratre manente? At tu Lynceu, si qua cura piæ sororis est tibi,

Non poteris vultus effugere ipsa tuos.
Inachi, quò properas? eadem sequerisque fugisque.

105

Tu tibi dux comiti: tu comes ipsa duci.
Per septem Nilus portus emissus in æquor
Exiit insanæ pellicis ora bovi.
Ultima quid referam, quorum mihi cana senectus
Auctor? dant anni quod querar, ecce, mei.
Bella pater patriusque gerunt: regnoque domoque
Pellimur. ejectos ultimis orbis habet.

Ille ferox solus solio sceptroque potitur:
Cum sene nos inopi turba vagamur inops.
De fratrum populo pars exiguißima restas.
Quique dati leto, quæque dedere, fleo.

Nam mihi quot fratres, totidem periire sorores;
Accipiat lacrymas utraque turba meas.

En ego, quòd vivis, pœnæ crucianda reservor.
Quid fiat fonti, cum rea laudis agar?

120

Et consanguineæ quondam centesima turbæ
Infelix, uno fratre manente, cadam?

At tu, si qua piæ, Lynceu, tibi cura sororis,
Quæ.

NOTES.

105. *Eadem sequerisque fugisque.*] That is, says Helvetius, *Cum ipsa vacca sis, fugiendo vaccam, eandem sequeris; nec fugiendo vaccam esse desines.* The following Verse:
Tu tibi dux comiti, tu comes ipsa duci,
is an Instance of that trifling with Words, for which, as has been before observed, our Poet is often severely censured by the Criticks.

107. *Nilus.*] A famous River of *Ægypt*, that runs into the Sea through seven Mouths: These the Poet here calls *Portus*, Flood-gates. It was in *Ægypt* that *Io* recovered her former Shape, and was advanced to be a Goddess.

109. *Ultima quid referam.*] The celebrated *Hinsius* imagines that we ought to read here *refero*; which he thinks so necessary to the Sense, as to insist strongly for it, contrary to the Authority of far the greater Number of Manuscripts. It is however difficult to discover upon what he can found so strong a Conjecture; for this other

Reading seems rather to embarrass and confuse the Sense, which is abundantly clear without any such Alteration. *Hypermetra* here intimates to her Husband, that she could relate a great deal more concerning *Io*, by which her hard Fate, and the merciless Rage of *Juno* towards all of that Race would appear, did not the present Times afford her ample Matter of Complaint. The Sense, in this Way of explaining, is plain and pertinent; and it were absurd to go about to alter it. Perhaps it may be said that she had already related the whole Story of *Io*. But to this it may be answered, that however she had mentioned all the chief Circumstances of it, she had not painted it out with all those strong Figures and Expressions which Poetry allows.

109. *Quorum mihi cana senectus auctor.*] That is, *Quæ a senibus didici.* For 'tis probable there were as yet no written Histories of past Transactions, which were handed

Main? Is it possible to fly from your own Shadow? Whither, Daughter of Inachus, do you run? It is the same who flies and who pursues; it is yourself that leads, and yourself that follows the Leader. The Nile which pours into the Ocean through seven Flood-gates, restored to her former Shape this beloved of Jove. But why do I mention remote Times, and Accounts for which I am beholden to old Age? Even the present Years give whereof to complain: My Father and Uncle are at War: We are driven from our Kingdom and Home, and wander Exiles on Earth's remotest Verge: My savage Uncle singly possesses the Throne and Scepter; we, a destitute Crowd, follow, disconsolate, a helpless old Man. You only, (how small a Part!) remain of a whole Nation of Brothers. I mourn both for them that perished, and those that gave the fatal Stroke. I have not only lost a Multitude of Brothers, but I have also lost a like Number of Sisters; and both Losses equally demand my Tears! Lo, even I am reserved to a cruel Punishment, because I saved your Life. What Fate is left for the Guilty, when I, who merit only Praise, am thus accused? And must I, once the Hundredth of a Kindred Tribe, suffer Death for saving one of *so many* Brothers? But, my dear Lynceus, if you have any Regard to the Piety of your Sister, or any Remembrance of her Love, and the Life she gave you, help me in

N O T E S.

handed down only by Tradition.

111. *Bella pater patruusque gerunt.*] She descends now to what had happened within her own Time: Her Father and Uncle are at War. This, as we have related above, was occasioned by *Danaus's* refusing to match his fifty Daughters to the fifty Sons of *Egyptus*; terrified, as appears, by an Oracle, which had foretold, that he should fall by the Hands of a Son-in-law: But fearing at the same Time his Brother's Resentment, he fled to *Peloponnesus*, whither *Egyptus* sent an Army after him, under the Command of his fifty Sons. Thus a War was commenced between the two Brothers.

112. *Ultimus orbis.*] So she calls *Peloponnesus*, either because she really fancied so, being ignorant of the true Extent of the World, *Peloponnesus* seem'd to her to be at a vast distance from *Egypt*; or, because, being surrounded by the Sea, it appeared

to be the Boundary of that Part of the World. It was in this last Sense that the Ancients called *Britain*, *Another World*.

117. *Periere sorores.*] She look'd upon her Sisters as lost to her, because they had forfeited that Title by their Barbarity.

121. *Centesima.*] For there were fifty Daughters of *Danaus*, and a like Number of Sons of *Egyptus*, which in all made 2 Hundred, and related to one another as Brother's Children. Hence *Hypermetra* calls them *consanguinea turba*.

123. *At tu, si qua, &c.*] She begs that he will either come and free her from her present Bondage; or if that could not be, take care, at least, that she might not go without the Rites of Sepulture. The Issue of all was, that *Lynceus* after making what Preparations were necessary, march'd against *Danaus*, slew him, and set *Hypermetra* at Liberty.

dignusque habes munera,
quæ tibi tibi; vel ser
opem, vel dede me neci;
addeque insuper corpora
defunctæ vitæ, furtivis
rogis; et sepeli meâ ossa
persusa fœcibus lacrymis,
sepulcraque nostra sint
scripta brevi titulo. Exul
Hypermnestra ipsa tulit
mortem quam depulit fra-
tri, iniquum pretium pi-
etatis. Libet scribere
plura; sed manus est lassâ pondere catenæ; et ipse timor subtrahit vires,

Quæque tibi tribui munera, dignus habes;
Vel ser opem, vel dede neci: defunctæque vitæ 125
Corpora furtivis insuper adde rogis.
Et sepeli lacrymis persusa fidelibus ossa:
Scriptæque sint titulo nostra sepulcra brevi.
Exul Hypermnestra pretium pietatis iniquum,
Quam mortem fratri depulit, ipsa tulit. 130
Scribere plura libet: sed pondere lassâ catenæ
Est manus; & vires subtrahit ipse timor.

EPISTOLA XV.

SAPPHO PHAONI.

O R D O.

Ecquid, ut littera stu-
diolæ dextræ est inspecta,
est protinus cognita nostra
tuis oculis? An nescires
unde hoc breve opus ve-
niret, nisi levissis nomina
auctoris Sapphus?

ECquid, ut inspecta est studiosæ littera dextræ,
Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphus,
Hoc breve nescires unde veniret opus?
Forsit

N O T E S.

Phaon, a Youth of exquisite Beauty, was
deeply enamour'd of Sappho, from whom he
met with the tenderest Returns of Passion:
but his Affection afterwards decaying, he
left her, and sail'd for Sicily; she, unable
to bear the Loss of her Lover, hearkened
to all the mad Suggestions of Despair, and
seeing no other Remedy for her present Mi-
series, resolv'd to throw herself into the
Sea from Leucate, a Promontory of Epirus,
which was thought a Cure in Cases of obstinate
Love, and therefore had obtain'd the Name of
the Lover's Leap. But before she ventur'd
upon this last Step, entertaining still some
fond Hopes that she might be able to re-
claim her Inconstant, she wrote him this
Epistle, in which she gives a strong Pic-
ture of her Distress and Misery, occasioned
by his Absence; and endeavours by all the
artful Insinuations, and moving Expressions
she is Mistress of, to sooth him to Softness
and a mutual Feeling.

1. *Ecquid.*] This Manner of Beginning
serves very much to heighten the Reader's

Compassion, who has here before his Eyes
a Lady full of the tenderest Sentiments of
Love; and yet so far neglected by the Per-
son belov'd, that notwithstanding the mutual
Endearments that had often pass'd between
them, he had entirely banished her from
his Remembrance, inasmuch that he would
not know even her Writing, but by seeing
her Name subscribed.

3. *Sapphus.*] As Sappho is a Lady that
made a considerable Figure in the poetical
World, and whose remaining Fragments
are still in the highest Esteem, the
Reader will, no doubt, expect I should be
somewhat particular about her. She was
of Lesbos, and as she grew up, discovered a
great Genius for Lyrick Poetry. She seems
to have had no great Reputation for Chasti-
ty, even in her youngest Years; and is
even tax'd with an impure and guilty Love
towards the Lesbian Ladies her Contempo-
raries. But at last an unhappy Passion for
Phaon, a Youth of exquisite Beauty, en-
gross'd

in this Extremity; or if Death set me free e'er you can arrive, bear privately my breathless Carcase to the Funeral Pile, and sprinkle my Ashes with unfeigned Tears. When you have faithfully perform'd the last Obsequies, engrave upon my Tomb this short Inscription:

Hypermnestra an unhappy Exile, was, as a Reward for her Piety, unjustly doom'd to that Death from which she had sav'd her Brother.

I have still more to write, but my Hand fails, disabled by a Weight of Chains, and boding Fears leave me no Power to think.

EPISTLE XV.

SAPPHO to PHAON.

UPON Sight of this Letter writ with an anxious Hand, will you not instantly know the Characters to be mine? Or must even the Name of the unhappy Writer be added, to prove her by whom the few Lines are sent? You may perhaps wonder

NOTES.

gross'd her whole Soul, and prov'd the Occasion of great Calamities to her. He at first return'd her Passion, but afterwards changing, retir'd to Sicily on purpose to avoid her: But Love, it would seem, had taken too deep Root in her Heart to be extinguish'd by this Slight; she was resolv'd to find him at all Hazards, and took a Voyage into Sicily for that End. It was in that Island, and on this Occasion she is supposed to have made her Hymn to *Venus*, so justly celebrated and admired by the Critics. It did not however procure her the Happiness she pray'd for; *Phaon* still continued obdurate, and *Sappho* unable to bear up any longer under the Violence of her Passion, determined not to stick at the most desperate Means of getting rid of it. There was a Promontory in *Acarnania* called *Leucate*, on the Top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this Temple it was usual for despairing Lovers to make their Vows, and beg the Favour and Protection of the God: This done, they hung themselves from the Top of the

Precipice into the Sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. The Place had from this Accident obtain'd the Name of the *Lower's Leap*; and whether the Fright they had been in, or the Resolution that could push them to so dreadful a Remedy, or the Bruises which they often received in their Fall, banish'd all the tender Sentiments of Love, and gave their Spirits another Turn, it was observ'd, that those who had taken this Leap, never relapsed into that Passion. *Sappho* tried the Cure, but perished in the Experiment. Besides the above mentioned Hymn to *Venus*, there is also preserved to us the Fragment of another of her Odes, in no less Reputation among the Poets and Critics. It seems to have been written in the Person of a Lover sitting by his Mistress, and is generally allowed to be the truest Picture of one in that Situation, that Imagination can possibly frame. *Plutarch* tells us in the famous Story of *Antiochus*, that falling in Love with *Stratonice* his Mother-in-law, and not daring to discover his Passion, he

pre-

Forſitan et requiras quare mea carmina ſint alterna ; cum ſim magis apta modis lyricis. Amor meus eſt flendus : Flageia eſt flebile carmen. Non ulla barbitos facit ad meas lacrymas. Uror ut fertilis ager ardet meſſibus accenſis, indomitis Euris exercitibus ignem. Phaon celebrat diverſa Typhoidos Ætnæ. Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit. Nec mihi, diſpoſitis quæ jungam carmina nervis, Proveniunt ; vacuæ carmina mentis opus. Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadeſve puellæ, 15 Nec me Leſbiadum cætera turba juvant. Vilis Anaſtorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno : Non oculis grata eſt Atthis, ut ante, meis. Atque aliæ centum, quas non finè crimine amavi. Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes. 20 Eſt in te facies, ſunt apti luſibus anni. O facies oculis inſidioſa meis ! Sume fidem & pharetram ; ſies manifeſtus Apollo. Accedant capiti cornua ; Bacchus eris. Et Phœbus Daphnen, & Gnoſida Bacchus amavit. 25

Nec fidem et pharetram, ſies Apollo manifeſtus : cornua accedant capiti, eris Bacchus. Et Phœbus amavit Daphnen, et Bacchus Gnoſida ;

Forſitan & quare mea ſint alterna, requiras, Carmina ; cùm lyricis ſim magis apta modis. Flendus amor meus eſt : elegeia flebile carmen. Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas. Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris, Fertilis accenſis meſſibus ardet ager. 10 Arva Phaon celebrat diverſa Typhoidos Ætnæ. Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit. Nec mihi, diſpoſitis quæ jungam carmina nervis, Proveniunt ; vacuæ carmina mentis opus. Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadeſve puellæ, 15 Nec me Leſbiadum cætera turba juvant. Vilis Anaſtorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno : Non oculis grata eſt Atthis, ut ante, meis. Atque aliæ centum, quas non finè crimine amavi. Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes. 20 Eſt in te facies, ſunt apti luſibus anni. O facies oculis inſidioſa meis ! Sume fidem & pharetram ; ſies manifeſtus Apollo. Accedant capiti cornua ; Bacchus eris. Et Phœbus Daphnen, & Gnoſida Bacchus amavit. 25

Nec

N O T E S.

pretended to be confin'd to his Bed by Sickneſs. It ſeems *Stratonice* was in the Room with the Love-ſick Prince when the Phyſician *Ereſiſtratus* came to viſit him ; and it is probable his Symptoms were the ſame with thoſe which *Sappho* deſcribes of a Lover ſitting by his Miſtreſs in the above Ode ; for it is ſaid the Phyſician found out the Nature of his Diſtemper by thoſe Symptoms of Love which he had learn'd from *Sappho's* Writings. From all this we may conclude that ſhe had a Soul made up of Love and Poetry. As ſhe was one who had felt that Paſſion in all its Warmth, ſo ſhe has deſcribed it in all its Workings and Turns. She is called by ancient Authors the Tenth Muſe ; and by *Plutarch* is compar'd to *Cæcus* the Son of *Vulcan*, who breath'd out nothing but Flame. From the Character that is given of her Works, it may be made a Queſtion, Whether it is not for the Benefit of Mankind that they are loſt.

They were filled with ſuch bewitching Tenderneſs and Rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a Reading. This Remark may perhaps appear ſomewhat long ; but *Sappho's* Character was what I thought requir'd a particular Illuſtration.

5. *Alterna requiras carmina.*] For all *Sappho's* Compoſitions were in the Lyrick Kind : Whereas this Epistle is writ after the Manner of Elegiac Poetry, that conſiſted of alternate Verſes, the one an Hexameter, the other a Pentameter.

6. *Cum Lyricis.*] *Cum magis ſoleam carmina, quæ ad lyram cantentur, componere,* ſays *Helvetius* : And this, becauſe her Genius was turn'd chiefly to Lyrick Poetry. It was from her that the *Sapphick* Verſe derived its Name, as we alſo owe the Invention of it to her.

8. *Barbitos.*] This was a Muſical Inſtrument nearly of the ſame Nature with the

der how I come to address you in alternate Measures, when Lyrick Numbers so much better suit my Genius. But unsuccessful Love complains in sadder Notes, and Elegy is fittest to express my Woe. No Harp can serve to paint my flowing Tears. I burn like a ripen'd Field of Corn, when driving East-Winds spread the catching Flames. Phaon honours the distant Fields of burning *Ætna*, while Flames fierce as those of *Ætna* prey upon my Heart. I no more take Pleasure in forming my Numbers to the tuneful Strings: Musick and Poetry are the Employment of a Mind at Ease. The Dames of *Pyrrha*, *Methymna* and the other Cities of *Lesbos* please no more. *Anactorie* and fair *Cydn* have lost their Charms; and *Atthis*, of late so grateful to my Sight; with Hundreds of others, once the Objects of my guilty Love. Faithless Man, you alone engross that Heart, formerly shar'd by many. You are happy in a fine Face, and Years fit for Pleasure and Dalliance. O enchanting Looks, so fatal to me and my Repose! Take but the Harp and Bow, and you will pass with all for *Apollo*. Adorn your Head with Wreaths of Ivy, and you will appear beautiful as *Bacchus*: Yet *Apollo* was enamour'd of *Daphne*, and *Bacchus* of the *Cretan* Maid, though neither of them was skill'd in Lyrick

N O T E S.

the Lyre and *Cithara*; and was, as we may learn of *Theocritus*, furnished with a great Number of Strings: However, the Word here is used to express that Kind of Poem, which was compos'd to be sung in Concert with this Instrument.

11. *Typboides Ætnæ*.] So called because of the Giant *Typbæus*, whom *Jupiter* having struck with a Thunder-bo't, threw over him Mount *Ætna* of *Sicily*, remarkable for it's Eruptions of Flame and Smoke.

15. *Pyrrhiades*.] Some think that this is meant of the Muses; so call'd from *Pyrra* or *Pyrrhæa*, another Name for *Ibessaly*, it being usual for Poets to distinguish them by the Names of the Places which they inhabited. But methinks it may with more Probability be refer'd to the Dames of *Pyrra*, a City of *Lesbos*; because she immediately after adds the *Methymniades*, from *Methymna* a celebrated City also of that Island; and then in the next Verse subjoins *cættera turba Lesbiodum*, "together with the rest of the *Lesbian* Ladies." From whence it is plain, that those mentioned immediately before, must also have been of that Island,

17. *Anactorie*.] One of those towards whom *Sappho* indulg'd an impure Flame. Instead of *Anactorie* and *Cydn*, *Suidas* mentions *Telephippa* and *Megara*.

20. *Improbe*.] Some Commentators out of a Desire to distinguish themselves, have been very industrious to force a Meaning upon these Words far different from the Notion which they naturally and at first Sight convey. They will have it that *improbeus* has sometimes the same Signification with *avidus*; and that by it *Phaon* is here reproach'd as one, who not content with a moderate Share, had engross'd all her Affections, and robb'd others of that Part which they had in them. But there is little need for all this Subtilty and Refining. *Improbeus* is here put for *malus*, and means to accuse *Phaon* for his Treachery in abandoning her.

23. *Videm & Pharetam*.] The Harp and Quiver were the two distinguishing Ensigns of *Apollo*, he being remarkable both for his Skill in Musick, and Dexterity in managing the Bow.

25. *Daphnen*.] *Daphne* was the Daughter of the River *Peneus*, whom, to prevent her being ravish'd by *Apollo*, *Jupiter* transform'd

nec illa, vel illa, norat
lyricos modos. At Pega-
fides dicant blandissima
carmina mihi. Nomen
meum canitur jam in toto
orbe. Nec Alcæus confors
patriæque lyræque habet
plus laudis, quamvis ille
sonet grandius. Si diffi-
cilis natura negavit for-
mam mihi, rependo dam-
na meæ formæ ingenio.
Sum brevis, at nomen est
mihi, quod impleat omnes
terras: ipsa fero mensu-
ram nominis. Si non sum
candida, Cepheia Andro-
mede, fusca colore suæ pa-
triæ, placuit Perseo. Et
albæ columbæ sæpe jun-
guntur variis, et niger
turtur amatur a viridi
ave. Si nulla est futura
tua, nisi quæ poterit vi-
deri digna te facie; nulla
est futura tua. At cum
legeres me, videbar etiam
formosa; jurabas usque
decere me unam loqui.
Cantabam, memini (a-
mantes meminerunt om-
nia:) tu dabas rapta oscu-
la mihi cantanti. Lau-
dabat hæc quoque; pla-
cebamque ab omni parte;
sed tum præcipue cum
opus amoris fit. Tunc
nostra lascivia juvabat
te plus solito, crebraque
mobilitas, verbaque apta
joco; languorque plurimus
qui erat in lasso corpore,
ubi voluptas antea non fue-
rat jam consumpta. Nunc
puellæ Sicelides, veniunt
nova præda tibi. Quid
mihi cum Lesbæ? Volo esse
Sicelis. At vos matres
Nisiades, nurusque Ni-
siades, remittite nostrum
erronem vestro tellure. Neu
mendacia blandæ linguæ decipiant vos. Dixerat ante mihi, quæ nunc dicit vobis. Taquæ
Erycina, quæ celebras montes Sicanos,

Nec nôrat Lyricos illa, vel illa modos.
At mihi Pegafides blandissima carmina dicant:
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcæus, confors patriæque lyræque,
Laudis habet: quamvis grandius ille sonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
Sum brevis. at nomen, quod terras impleat
omnes,

Est mihi: mensuram nominis ipsa fero.
Candida si non sum, placuit Cepheia Perseo 35
Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ.
Et variis albæ junguntur sæpe columbæ:
Et niger à viridi turtur amatur ave.
Si, nisi quæ facie poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est. 40
At, me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar.
Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.
Cantabam; memini: (meminerunt omnia a-
mantes)

Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.
Hæc quoque laudabas: omnique à parte place-
bam. 45

Sed tum præcipue, cum fit Amoris opus.
Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat consumpta vo-
luptas,

Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat. 50
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ.
Quid mihi cum Lesbæ? Sicelis esse volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum
Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ. 55
Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.

Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Si-
canos,

Nam

NOTES.

formed into a Laurel. Hence the Fictions
of the Poets, of the particular Regard that
Apollo bears to this Tree. The most beau-
tifully green Laurels grow, as we are in-

form'd by Pliny, upon Mount Parnassus.
Ibid. Gnosida.] Ariadne the Daughter
of Minos King of Crete. Theseus after
vanquishing the Minotaur, carried her off
with

Lyrick Measures. To me the Muses dictate the sweetest Lays, and the Name of Sappho resounds thro' all Nations. Even great Alceus the Partner of my Country and my Harp, has not more Renown, though he sings in loftier Notes. If unfriendly Nature has denied me an engaging Form, yet this is abundantly repaid by the Charms of my Wit I am small of Stature, yet have a Name that fills the whole Earth; and by my own Merit have gain'd this extensive Renown. What if I am not fair? Was not even Perseus pleas'd with Andromede, an Æthiopian Dame? Doves of various Colours often unite, and the white Turtle matches with the shining Green. If no Charms can gain your Heart, but such as equal your own, no Charms will be ever able to gain Phaon. Yet when you read my Lays, I then seem'd form'd to please: You was never enough delighted with my Voice, and swore it became me alone to speak. I remember when wont to sing (for, ah, how vast a Memory have Lovers!) how you stop'd my Tongue with Kisses; even these you prais'd: I pleas'd in all, but most when united with you in the close Bonds of Love. Then was you fir'd by my amorous Sport; each Motion, each Glance, each Word inflam'd you, till dissolving in tumultuous Raptures, gentle Faintness surpriz'd our wearied Limbs: But now the Sicilian Maids take up all your Thoughts. Why was I born at Lesbos? Why am I not a Native of Sicily? But ah! Sicilian Nymphs beware, and banish from your Isle this deceitful Wanderer. Be not deceived with the Fictions of an insinuating Tongue; those faithless Vows have all been made to Sappho. You too, Erycina, who range the Sicilian Hills, think that I am
thine,

NOTES.

with him, and arriving at the Isle of Naxos, left her there, being admonished by Bacchus. The God afterwards espoused her. *Gnosus* was a City of Crete: Hence the Epithet here given her by the Poet.

27. *Pegasides*.] The Muses, a Word of Greek Derivation *ἀπὸ τοῦ πηγῆς*: from the *Hicon* Fountain, which *Pegasus* is fabled to have opened by a Stroke of his Hoof.

29. *Alceus*.] A Lyrick Poet of *Mitylene*, a City of *Lesbos*. Hence he is here called by *Sappho*, *Consort patriæque lyre*; as being a Native of the same Island, and excelling in the same Kind of Poetry. He was remarkable for the Grandeur and Sublimity of his Style; for which Reason the Ancients gave him the golden Quill.

35. *Cepheia Andromede*.] *Andromede* was the Daughter of *Cepheus* King of *Æthiopia*. Her Mother's Name was *Cassiope*, who contending for the Prize of Beauty with the Nymphs, her Daughter *Andromede* was by them in Revenge bound to a Rock, and exposed to a Sea Monster: But *Perseus* having slain the Sea Monster, set her at Liberty, and married her.

36. *Patriæ*.] *Æthiopia*, where the Rays of the Sun are intensely hot, and the Inhabitants of swarthy Complexion.

54. *Nisidæ*.] *Sicilian* Matrons, so called from *Nisus*, who reign'd in *Megara*, a City of Sicily, not far from *Syracuse*.

57. *Erycina*.] *Venus*. She was called *Erycina*, from *Eryx*, a Mountain of Sicily, where

consule Diva tuæ vati,
nam sum tua. An gravis
Fortuna peragit inceptum
tenorem, & manet semper
acerba in suo cursu? Sex
natales ierant mihi; cum
lecto ossa parentis, bibere
meas lacrymas ante diem.
Frater captus amore mere-
tricis arsit inops, tulique
damna mista cum turpi
pudore. Factus inops
peragit cæcula freta agili
remo, quæritque male opes,
quas male amisit. Odit
me quoque, quod fideliter
monui multa bene; liber-
tas dedit hoc mihi, pia
lingua dedit hoc. Et
tanquam quæ fatigent me
sine fine desint, parva fi-
lia accumulât meas curas.
Tu accedis ultima causa
nostris querelis. Nostra
carina non agitur suo ven-
to. Ecce capilli jacent
collo sparsi sine lege, nec
lucida gemma premit meos
articulos. Tegor vili veste;
aurum nullum est in crini-
bus; capillus noster non
olet Arabo rore. Cui in-
felix colar, aut cui labo-
rem placuisse? Ille unicus
auctor mei cultus abest.
Cor meum est molle, vio-
labileque levibus telis; et
est semper causa, cur ego
semper amem. Sive so-
rores ita dixerunt legem nas-
centi, filaque nec severa
sunt data meæ vitæ; sive
studia artesque magistræ
abeunt in mores, Italia-
que facit molle ingenium
nobis. Quid mirum si ætas primæ lanuginis abstulit me, atque anni quos vir potest amare?
Timebam Aurora, ne raperes hunc pro Cephælo; et faceres, sed prima rapina tenet is.
Si tu Phæbe, quæ conspicias omnia, conspicias hunc,

(Nam tua sum) vati consule, Diva, tuæ.
An gravis inceptum peragit Fortuna tenorem,
Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo? 60
Sex mihi natales ierant; cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.
Arsit inops frater victus meretricis amore;
Mistæque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta cæcula remo; 65
Quasque malè amisit, nunc malè quærit opes.
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam desint, quæ me sine fine fatigent,
Accumulât curas filia parva meas. 70
Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis.
Non agitur vento nostra carina suo.
Ecce, jacent collo sparsi sinè lege capilli:
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veste tegor vili: nullum est in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet. 76
Cui colar infelix, aut cui placuisse laborem?
Ille mei cultus unicus auctor abest.
Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis:
Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem. 80
Sive ita nascenti legem dixere sorores;
Nec data sunt vitæ fila severa meæ;
Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistræ;
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, primæ si me lanuginis ætas 85
Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest?
Hunc ne pro Cephælo raperes, Aurora, timebam.
Et faceres: sed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc si conspicias, quæ conspicias omnia, Phæbe;
Jussus

N O T E S.

where *Æneas* built and consecrated a Temple to her.

Ibid. *Sicani*.] So the *Sicilians* were called, from *Sicanus* one of their Kings.

61. *Sex mihi natales ierant.*] *Natales*

signifies properly Birth-Days, but the Word here is us'd for Years. The Reason is obvious; for just so many Birth-Days are celebrated, as a Person has liv'd Years.

63. *Arsit inops frater.*] *Sappho* had

three

thine, and pity your Poetess's Pains. Shall cruel Fortune still run on in the same sad Tenour, and obstinately persist in heaping Woes upon me? Scarce was I in my sixth Year, when the Ashes of a deceas'd Parent drank my Tears. My Brother next, despising Wealth and Honour, burnt with an ignoble Flame, and obstinately plung'd himself into shameful Distresses: Reduc'd to Want, he travers'd the blue Ocean in a nimble Bark, and basely hunted after those Riches he had foolishly lost. My many good Advices he repaid with Hatred; such was the Reward of my Piety and Plain-dealing: And, as if Fortune had determined to oppress me without ceasing, an Infant Daughter has been lately added to my Cares. *Yet adverse Fate still pursues me*, and sends you, the last and greatest of my Woes. *Alas!* How much is this tempestuous Voyage of Life agitated by unfriendly Gales? My Locks no more hang curl'd in Ringlets round my Neck; nor do the glowing Gems adorn my Joints: I am clad in homely Weeds; no Braids of Gold bind the flowing Tresses, nor Arabian Ointments breath their sweet Perfumes. For whom shall I adorn myself, unhappy Wretch! whom shall I thus study to please? The only Object of my Tenderness is gone. The light Darts of Cupid easily wound my gentle Heart; and still there is some Cause, why Sappho still should love. Whether the Sisters have so fix'd my Doom from the Birth, and form'd my Life to the softer Ties of Venus; or my Manners are fashioned by my Studies, and those Arts in which I excel; and the Muse forms my Mind to answer the melting Notes of my Tongue. What Wonder, if my tender Age yields to the gentle Violence, and those Years that recommend to the Addresses of Men? How was I afraid lest Aurora might seize you for her Cephalus? And she would have done it, had she not been detained by her first Love. Did Cynthia, whose
Eye

N O T E S.

three Brothers, *Laryceus*, *Eurigijs*, and *Charaxus*, who all lov'd the Courtezan *Rhodope*. 'Tis of the last she speaks particularly here, who foolishly squandered away his Fortune upon this Harlot, and afterwards betook himself to pirating to repair it.

S4. *Thalia*.] One of the nine Muses, so called from the Sweetness of her Voice, and her Turn to Pleasure. She is here put

for the Study of Poetry, and such like innocent Amusements.

S7. *Cephalus*.] The Story of *Aurora* and *Cephalus*, we have already given at large on a former Epistle, to which we refer the Reader. We may only here observe *Sappho's* Manner, who seems to be entirely bewitch'd with *Phaon's* Charms: She thinks them irresistible, and such as even the Gods themselves would not be able to hold out against.

Phaon erit jussus continuare somnos. Venus vexisset hunc in cælum eburno curru, sed videt eum posse et placere suo Marti. O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer: ætas utilis! O decus, atque magna gloria tui ævi! Huc ades: relabereque, formæ, in nostros sinus. Non ero ut ames, verum ut finas me amare te. Scribimus, et oculi rorantur ebortis lacrymis; aspice, quam multa litura sit in hoc loco. Si eras tam certus ire hinc, istes modestius; & dixisses modo, vale Lesbi puella. Non tu disti lacrymas tecum, non summa oscula; denique non timui quod fui dolitura. Nil de te, nisi tantum injuria, est tecum, nec tu habes pignus quod admoneat te amantis. Non dedi mandata, neque enim dedissem ulla mandata, nisi ut nolles esse immemor mei. Juro tibi per amorem, qui nunquam discedat longe, perque novem Deas, nostra numina; cum nescio quis dixit mihi, tua gaudia fugiunt; me diu nec potuisse flere, nec loqui. Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato. Pectus erat adstrictum gelido frigore. Postquam dolor invenit se, nec puduit plangi quoad pectora, nec exululare scissis comis. Non aliter quam si pia mater portet inane corpus gnati ad extructos rogos. Frater Charaxus gaudet, et crescit e nostro mœrore; et itque reditque ante meos oculos. Utque causa mei doloris videatur pudenda, ait, quia hæc dolet? Certe filia vivit.

Julius erit somnos continuare Phaon. 90
Hunc Venus in cælum curru vexisset eburno;
Sed videt & Marti posse placere suo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer; utilis ætas!
O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades: inque sinus, formosæ, relabere nostros.
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare finas. 96
Scribimus, & lacrymis oculi rorantur ebortis.
Aspice, quàm sit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius istes;
Et modò dixisses; Lesbi puella, vale. 100
Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti.
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
Nil de te tecum est, nisi tantum injuria: nec tu
Admoneat, quod te, pignus amantis habes.
Non mandata dedi. neque enim mandata dedissem
Ulla, nisi, ut nolles immemor esse mei. 106
Per tibi, qui nunquam longè discedat, Amorem,
Perque novem juro nomina nostra Deas!
Cum mihi nescio quis, Fugiant tua gaudia, dixit;
Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui. 110
Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, & lingua palato.
Adstrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
Postquam se dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
Nec puduit scissis exululare comis.
Non aliter, quàm si gnati pia mater ademi 115
Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
Gaudet, & è nostro crescit mœrore Charaxus
Frater; & ante oculos itque reditque meos,
Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris;
Quid dolet hæc? certe filia vivit, ait. 120

Non

NOTES.

90. *Jussus erit somnos continuare.*] Sappho refers here to the Story of *Endymion*, a beautiful Shepherd the Son of *Atbus*. The Poets feign that *Cynthia* fell in Love with him, and cast him into a sound Sleep that she might kiss him without Restraint. What is thought to have given Rise to this Story was, his being the first who found out the Course of the Moon.

92. *Sed videt & Marti.*] The Story of *Mars* and *Venus*, and their being caught in a Net by *Vulcan*, is known to every body.

104. *Admoneat.*] We have here the Reason, as it is observed by *Domitius*, why Friends at parting gave and took Pledges of mutual Affection, that they might serve as Monuments of each other, and help to recall

Eye extends over all, but fix it upon you, Phaon would be commanded to prolong his Sleep. You had Venus rapt in a Chariot of Ivory to the Skies; but foresaw that you would no less charm her beloved Mars. O scarce a Youth, and yet not a tender Boy; useful Age for Lovers! O Pride and Glory of thy Age, come to these Arms; return, Darling of my Soul, to my soft Embraces: I ask not your Love, but that you will kindly receive mine. I write, and as I write, the starting Tears flow from my Eyes; see what a Number of Blots stain this very Place. If you was determined to abandon me, it might yet have been done in a kinder Way. Was it too much to say farewell, my Lesbian Maid? You saw none of my Tears, you received no parting Kisses; nor did I at all apprehend what a Load of Grief awaited me. You have left nothing with your Sappho but Wrongs and Woes; nor have carried any Pledge with you to renew the Memory of our Loves. I gave you no Charge, nor indeed had I any other Charge to give, but to be always mindful of me. I swear to you by the God of Love, by whom let me never be abandoned, and the sacred Nine, those Deities whom I adore, that when first told (I hardly know by whom) that you and all my Joys were fled, I had neither Power to speak nor weep. My Eyes were denied the Relief of Tears, and my Tongue depriv'd of all Motion; a Death-like Coldness seiz'd my boding Heart: But when impetuous Grief at last found a Vent, I beat my Breast, and rent my scatter'd Locks, raving in all the Wildness of furious Despair; like a pious Mother who bears to the Funeral-Pile the breathless Carcase of her darling Son. My Brother Charaxus rejoices at the Disaster, and barbarously triumphs in my Grievs: his hated Image is ever before my Eyes; and to reproach me with the shameful Cause: *Why*, says he, *all this Sadness? Your Daughter still lives.* Love and Shame are

ever

N O T E S.

call the Memory of the Person absent. But *Illeceus* affixes another Meaning to the Words, which he thus paraphrases, *Nec pignora quæ habes mei amoris, te admonuerunt, ut saltem discedens uollediceres.* "Not all the Tokens you have received of my Affection, have mov'd you so much as to grant me the Consolation of one parting Farewel." This seems to be the most natural and easy Sense the Words are capable of.

110. *Nec me flere diu.* We have here one of the truest and best Pictures of Grief that

Imagination can possibly form; all the different Ways in which it can discover itself are delineated with the greatest Niceness. *Ovid* copied exactly from Nature; and this is the Reason that he always succeeds so well. Any one who has observed the Manner in which Grief shews itself upon such a sudden Surprise as *Sappho* here mentions, will readily subscribe in Favour of the Poet.

113. *Ante oculos itque reditque meos.* These frequent Goings and Returnings, are always look'd upon by Persons conscious of any

Pudor atque amor non veniunt in idem; vulgus videbat omne; eram aperta quoad pectus, lacero sinu. Tu es cura mihi, Phaon; nostra somnia reducunt te; somnia candidiora formoso die. Invenio te illic, quamquam absis regionibus; sed somnus non habet gaudia satis longa. Sæpe videor onerare tuos lacertos nostra cervice, sæpe videor supposuisse meos lacertos tuæ cervici. Interdum blandior, eloquorque verba similima veris, et ora vigilant meis sensibus. Cognosco oscula quæ tu consueveris committere linguæ, accipereque apta, dareque apta. Pudet narrare ulterius, sed omnia fiunt; et juvat, et non libet mihi esse sine te. At cum Titan ostendit se, et omnia secum, queror somnos tam cito destituisse me. Peto antra nemusque profint, illa fuerunt conscia tuis deliciis. Feror illuc inops mentis, crine jacente in collo, ut quam furialis Erichtho impulit. Oculi vident antra pendencia scabro topbo, quæ erant mihi instar Mygdonii marmoris. Invenio sylvam quæ sæpe præbuit cubilia nobis, et opaca, textit nos multa comâ. At non invenio dominum meumque sylvæque. Locus est vile solum, ille erat dos loci. Agnovi pressas herbas cespitis noti mihi; gramen erat curvum d. nostro pondere. Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuisti; herba prius grata, combibit meas lacrymas.

Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor. omne videbat

Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu.

Tu mihi cura, Phaon: te somnia nostra reducunt; Somnia formoso candidiora die.

Illic te invenio; quanquam regionibus absis. 125 Sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.

Sæpe tuos nostrâ cervice onerare lacertos, Sæpe tuæ videor supposuisse meos.

Blandior interdum, verisque simillima verba

Eloquor: & vigilant sensibus ora meis. 130

Oscula cognosco, quæ tu committere linguæ, Aptâque consuêras accipere, apta dare.

Ulteriora pudet narrare: sed omnia fiunt.

Et juvat, & finè te non libet esse mihi.

At cum se Titan ostendit, & omnia secum; 135

Tam citò me somnos destituisse queror.

Antra nemusque peto; tanquam nemus antraque profint,

Conscia deliciis illa fuere tuis.

Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho Impulit, in collo crine jacente, feror. 140

Antra vident oculi scabro pendencia topho,

Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.

Invenio sylvam, quæ sæpe cubilia nobis

Præbuit, & multâ textit opaca comâ:

At non invenio dominum sylvæque meumque. 145

Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci.

Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas:

De nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.

Incubui; tetigique locum, quâ parte fuisti.

Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas. 150

Quin

N O T E S.

any shameful Grief, as an Insult upon their Misfortunes: And it is observable, that as Persons who grieve in this Manner are apt to fancy every Thing done with a malicious Design, so they on the contrary seem to take a particular Pleasure in tormenting and encreasing their Vexation.

121. *Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor*] This is said here to serve as a Reason for what follows, Love and Shame, says she, are

inconsistent; and as I am wholly a Slave to the former, the other has very little Power over me. The same Poet says in the Epistle of *Phædra* to *Hippolytus*;

Quid deceat non vidit ullus amor.

“Love never suffers itself to be under any “Restraint from Decency.”

139. *Erichtho.*] A famous *Thessalian* Enchantress.

142. *Mygdonii marmoris.*] Marble of *Phrygia*,

ever inconsistent: With Garments torn, and my Bosom bare,
 I proclaim to all the World my Guilt. You, Phaon, take up
 all my Thoughts; my Care by Day, and the nightly Object
 of my Dreams: Dreams that charm more than the brightest
 Day. In these I find you, though fled to remote Regions; but,
 alas! the Joys of Sleep are vain and short-liv'd. Oft you seem
 to wind your Arms round my yielding Neck: Oft my Arms
 fondly encircle thine. I sooth and address you in softest Words,
 and my Mouth is prompt to utter the Language of my Heart.
 I give and take the once melting and endearing Kisses; and
 yield to Joys I blush to mention, while yet I must confess
 how much they please. But when the rising Sun spreads his
 Light over all, as if once more deserted, I complain that Sleep
 has fled so soon. I retire to the Caves and Groves, as if
 Caves and Groves could yield Relief; and fondly court the
 Haunts that have witnessed your dear Embraces. Thither I
 run, my Hair loose and dishevelled, like those infatuated by
 some powerful Sorcerers. There I behold the Caves beset with
 rugged Cliffs, that to me were more pleasant than the finest
 Phrygian Marble. I find the Grove that hath often afforded
 us a flowery Bed, and shelter'd us from the Heat by its spread-
 ing Leaves. But I no more find him with whom I haunted these
 beloved Shades: They now can please no more, for to him ow'd
 they all their Chamrs. I view the press'd Grass on which we
 have repos'd our wearied Limbs, where the bending Turf re-
 tains the Print of our double Weight. I kiss the Earth press'd
 by your lovely Limbs, and bedew with Tears the grateful
 Herbs.

N O T E S.

Phrygia, which had the Reputation of being the best. The Poet here calls it *Mygdonian*, because *Mygdonia* was a Part of *Phrygia*.

147. *Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas.*] This whole Passage, from the 123d Line, is wrought up to the greatest Perfection, and shines out with innumerable Beauties. Criticks have observed, that this Epistle of *Sappho* to *Phaon* seems to be the most finish'd of all *Ovid's* Works; and I am apt to think the Passage now before us an incontestible Proof of it, for I very much question whether in all his Writings we meet with any thing that comes up to it. What can be more happily painted than her fond Behaviour to her Lover in her nightly Dreams? or how can Imagination form a more interesting Scene than that of her

retiring to the Caves and Groves they had formerly frequented together, and soothing her Mind by the Remembrance of Joys past? The Poet has omitted no Circumstance that might serve to heighten the Description, or awaken the Attention of the Reader. He sees them folded together in amorous Embraces, discerns the Print made by their Bodies upon the yielding Grass; and, to say all in one Word, has his Fancy led through a Labyrinth of Delight.

153. *Massissima mater.*] This Passage will be best illustrated by a short Account of the Story to which it refers. *Tereus* King of *Thrace* had married *Progne* the Daughter of *Pandion* King of *Athens*, and carried her with him into his own Kingdom. She after some Time being desirous to see her Sister *Philomela*, whom she had left at *Athens*, prevail'd

Quin etiam rami videntur
lucere frondibus positus, et
nullæ aves queruntur dulce.
Daulias ales sola, mater
maestissima, ulta virum non
pie, concinit Ismarium I-
tyn. Ales cantat Ityn,
Sappho desertos amores.
Haftenus; cætera silent ut
media nocte. Est fons sa-
cer nitidus, magisque per-
lucidus vitreo amni, multi
putant hunc habere numen.
Supra quem aquatica lo-
tos expandit ramos, una
nemus: terra viret tenero
cespite. Cum ego hic pos-
suissem artus lassos fletibus,
Naias una constitit ante
meos oculos. Constitit, et
dixit: Quoniam ureris igni-
bus non æquis, terra
Ambracias est petenda tibi.
Phæbus adspicit æquor,
quantum patet, ab excelso;
populi vocant eum Actia-
cum Leucadiumque. Deu-
calion succensus amore Pyr-
ræe misit se hinc, et pres-
sit aquas illæso corpore.
Nec mora: amor versus
tetigit lentissima pectora
Pyræe: Deucalion erat
levatus igne. Ille locus tenet
hanc legem. Pete pro-
tinus altam Leucada, nec
time defluisse saxo. Ut
monuit, abiit cum voce.
Ego surgo frigida, nec gra-
vidæ genæ continuere lac-
rymas. Ibimus, O Nym-
phe, petemusque monstrata
saxa: timor sit procul,
victus insano amore. Quid-
quid erit, erit melius quam nunc: aura subito;
Tu quoque mollis Amor, suppone pennas cadenti;

Quin etiam rami positis lugere videntur
Frondius; & nullæ dulcè queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta piè mœstissima mater
Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores. 155
Haftenus; ut mediâ cætera nocte silent.
Est nitidus, vitreoque magis perlucidus amni,
Fons sacer: hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus: tenero cespite terra viret. 160
Hic ego cum lassos posuissem fletibus artus,
Constitit ante oculos Naias una meos.
Constitit, & dixit, Quoniam non ignibus æquis
Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.
Phæbus ab excelso, quantum patet, aspicit
æquor: 165

Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhæ succensus amore
Misit, & illæso corpore pressit aquas.
Nec mora: versus Amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhæ
Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat. 170
Hanc legem locus ille tenet. Pete protinus altam
Leucada; nec saxo defluisse time.
Ut monuit; cum voce abiit. ego frigida surgo:
Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.
Ibimus, ô Nymphæ, monstratæque saxa petemus.
Sit procul insano victus amore timor. 176
Quidquid erit, melius quam nunc erit. aura, subito.
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas suppone ca-
denti:

Ne sim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ. 180

Indè

hæc mea corpora non habent magnum pondus.
Tu quoque mollis Amor, suppone pennas cadenti; ne mortua, sim crimen Leucadiæ aquæ.

NOTES.

prevail'd with Tereus to sail thither, on
purpose to conduct her to Thrace. He un-
happily falling in Love with her by the
Way, and finding it impossible for him to
obtain the Gratification of his Passion by
her own Consent, ravish'd her; and then
to prevent her disclosing the Secret, and
drawing upon him the Vengeance of his
Wife Progne, cut out her Tongue and im-
prison'd her. However, she found Means
to work the whole Story into a Web, which

she sent as a Present to her Sister, who by
this coming to the Knowledge of her Sis-
ter's Disaster, and the Barbarity of her
Husband, took the Opportunity of a Fe-
stival to deliver her Sister. Then killing her
own Son Itys, serv'd him up in a Dish to his
Father; who discovering what had been
done, would have slain both. But as he
pursued them, Progne was suddenly chang'd
into a Swallow, Tereus into a Lapwing,
Itys into a Pheasant, and Philomela into a
Nightingale.

Herbs. For thee the Trees, dropping their Leaves, appear to mourn, and the tuneful Birds deny their Songs. Philomel alone, that disconsolate Mother, who took so cruel a Revenge on her Thracian Lord, mourns the hard Fate of Itys. Philomel mourns the Fate of Itys; Sappho, that she is deserted by Phaon. All else is silent, and involv'd in the Shades of Night. A Spring there is, whose Waters run clear and transparent as Crystal: Here, as many think, a Deity resides. Above, a flowery Lotos spreads its shading Branches, and seems itself a Grove. The Banks around are edged with eternal Green. Here, as spent with Tears I rested my wearied Limbs, a Naiad suddenly stood before my Eyes. She stood, and said: *O you that burn with an ill-requited Flame, fly to the Acarnanian Shore. Apollo from an impending Rock surveys the extended Ocean below, which is called by the Inhabitants, the Sea of Aëtium and Leucate: Hence Deucalion, inflam'd with the hopeless Love of Pyrrha, plung'd himself unhurt into the Main. Forthwith Love changing, possess'd the obstinate Heart of Pyrrha, and Deucalion was freed from his Flame. Such is the Law of the Place. Haste then, throw yourself from high Leucadia, nor dread the threatening Steep.* She spoke, and disappeared with the Voice. I rise amaz'd, and my dim Eyes overflow with Tears. I go, O Nymphs, to prove these healing Rocks; Fear recedes, born down by powerful Love. My Fate, whatever it is, will be milder than at present. Blow up, gentle Gales, beneath my falling Body, and lay me softly on the swelling Waves. And thou too, gentle Love, bear up my sinking Limbs with out-spread Wings, nor let Sappho's Death profane the guiltless Leucadian Flood.

I will

NOTES.

Nightingale. It is to be observed however, that *Ovid* here differs somewhat from common Tradition, in making *Progne* to have been chang'd into the Nightingale, wherein several others who relate that Fable agree with him.

154. *Isnarium Ityn.*] *Thracian Itys*, from *Isnarus* a Mountain of *Thrace*, where, as we have already observed, *Tereus* the Father of *Itys* reign'd.

Ibid. *Daulias ales.*] *Philomel*, or the Nightingale, called here *Daulias ales* from *Daulium* a City of *Phœcis*, where, according to *Thucydides*, *Tereus* also reigned.

159. *Lotos.*] The *Lotos* was a noted Tree in *Africa*: Its Fruit was so pleasant to the Taste, that they who had once eat of it could never be prevail'd with to return into their own Country, or abandon the Climate

where it grew. Hence *Lotophagus*, one who had forgotten his native Country; and *lotos gustavit* was a proverbial Phrase, to signify that a Man had been long from home.

160. *Una nemus.*] Itself a Grove: That is, the Branches of this Tree, by spreading out to a great Length, and then bending towards the Ground, framed a kind of Grove.

162. *Naias una.*] One of the *Naiads*. The Nymphs who presided over Fountains and Springs, were by the Ancients called *Naiades*.

164. *Ambraciac terra.*] Others read *Ambracia*. She means to *Acarnania* in the *Ambracian Gulf*: The Reader will better understand this Speech, by consulting what we have said above on *Sappho*.

A a

167. *Drac.*

Inde ponam Chelyn communia munera Phœbo, et
unus et alter versus erunt
sub ea. Ego poetria Sappho grata, posui lyram tibi.
Phœbe, illa convenit mihi,
illa convenit tibi. Cur
tamen mittis me miseram
ad Aſtiacas eras, cum
possis ipse referre profugum
pedem? tu potes esse salu-
brior mihi Leucadi unda:
tu eris Phœbus mihi et
forma et meritis. An po-
tes, O ferocior scopulis, il-
laque unda, habere titulum
meæ mortis, si moriar?
At quanto melius poterant
mea pectora jungi tecum,
quam dari præcipitando
faxis! Hæc Phaon sunt
sila, quæ tu solebas lauda-
re, quæque sunt toties
visa ingeniosa tibi. Vel-
lem forent nunc facunda;
dolor obstat artibus, am-
que ingenium substitit meis
malis. Veteres vires non
respondent mihi in carmina;
plectra tacent dolore: lyra
est muta dolæ. Lesbides
æquoræ, proles nuptura-
que nuptaque, Lesbides,
nomina dicta Æoliæ lyra.
Lesbides, quæ amata fe-
cisti me infamem, desinite
venire turba ad meas citha-
ras. Phaon abstulit omne
quod ante placebat vobis
(me miseram! quam pene modo dixi meus.) Efficite ut redeat, votes vestra quoque redibit.
Ille dat, ille rapit vires ingenio. Ecquid ago precibus? pectusne agreste movetur? an riget?
et Zephyri ferunt verba caduca?

Indè chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam:
Et sub eâ versus unus & alter erunt.
Grata lyram posui tibi, Phœbe, poetria Sappho:
Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi.
Cur tamen Aſtiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem? 186
Tu mihi Leucadiâ potes esse salubrior undâ:
Et formâ & meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.
An potes, ô scopulis undâque ferocior illâ,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ? 190
At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quàm poterant faxis præcipitando dari!
Hæc sunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare solebas:
Visâque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.
Nunc vellem facunda forent. dolor artibus obstat;
Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis. 196
Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires.
Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra est.
Lesbides æquoræ, nupturâque nuptâque proles;
Lesbides, Æoliâ nomina dicta lyra; 200
Lesbides, infamem quæ me fecisti amata;
Desinite ad citharas turba venire meas.
Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis antè placebat.
(Me miseram! dixi quàm modò penè, meus!)
Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque vestra redibit.
Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit. 206
Ecquid ago precibus? pectusne agreste movetur?
An riget? & Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?

Qui

N O T E S.

167. Deucalion.] The Son of Prometheus, who, with his Wife Pyrrha, were all that surviv'd the universal Deluge, so famous among the Ancients.

179. Pennas suppose cadenti.] Helvetius upon this Passage observes, that in the sacred Solemnities celebrated in Honour of Apollo of Aſium, this was a Part, to doom some guilty Criminal to be thrown down from the Top of the Promontory. This they thought averted the Anger of the God, and rendered him propitious. It was however the Custom to furnish him with Wings, and have several small Boats plying underneath, that if possible he might be ta-

ken up alive; which done, they banished him into some distant Country. He therefore imagines that Sappho in these Words alludes to this Custom.

181. Chelyn Phœbo.] The Chelys is originally Greek, and comes from χελύς, Testudo, a Tortoise. Testudo is often used by the Latin Poets for a Harp, either because the first Harps were made of the Shells of that Animal, or because there was a great Resemblance between them. The Greeks used the Word χελύς in the same Sense, whence Chelys is here put by Ovid for Cithara.

Ibid. Communia.] The Harp belong'd properly

I will then hang up my Lyre to Phœbus, and under it write this Inscription: *Grateful Sappho consecrates her Harp to Phœbus, a Gift that agrees both to the Giver and the God.* But why, ah relentless Youth, do you drive me to distant Coasts, who can so easily cure me by your Return? Thy Charms are more powerful than the Leucadian Waves, and your Merit and Beauty make you a Phœbus to me. Can you bear, O more hard-hearted than the Rocks and Waves, to be reputed the Cause of my untimely Death? Hadst thou rather see this Breast dash'd on pointed Rocks, than press'd to thine? This Breast, which you, Phaon, have so often praised as the Seat of Love and Ingenuity. But now Ingenuity is no more, Grief checks my Thoughts, and the Edge of my Wit is blunted by my Misfortunes. My wonted Strength no more furnishes the flowing Lines; my Lute is silent, and the sounding Notes sink under a Weight of Woe. Ye Lesbian Virgins and Dames, so often celebrated by the Æolian Lyre; Lesbians, the Objects of my guilty Love; cease to hope that I will more touch the sounding Harp. Phaon is gone, and with him all my Joys are fled. Unhappy Wretch, I had almost call'd him mine. Make but him return, no more shall you complain of the Absence of your Poetess; 'tis he, he only, that inspires or quenches the Poetick Flame. Can Prayers avail nothing? Is your savage Breast Proof against all the tenderest Feelings? or have the flying Zephyrs lost my Words in Air? O that the Winds

N O T E S.

properly to *Apollo* as the Inventor of it: *Sappho* also calls it her's, because of her composing *Lyrick* Poems to be play'd upon, or sung in Concert with it.

191. *At quanto melius.*] This is *Sappho's* last Effort to move *Phaon*. She has acquainted him with her Resolution of throwing herself headlong from *Leucate*; the Despair she had conceived upon his Neglect, had driven her upon making Trial of this dangerous Remedy, and nothing but a Change in his Behaviour could move her from her Purpose; for her Passion was of that Kind, as to make Life insupportable without him; and all other Methods to remove it had prov'd ineffectual. Think then, says she, to what Danger you expose me; think that that Breast which has been so often fondly press'd to thine, is in Danger of being dash'd to Pieces against pointed Rocks. *Sappho* has omitted no Circum-

stance that might either soften or excite Piety; and he must be hard-hearted indeed, who could read so pathetic a Representation, without being moved to Compassion.

196. *Ingeniumque neis substitit omne malis.*] Necessity is commonly reputed the Mother of Invention, and not without Justice; yet is it not in every Case equally powerful over us: There are some Bounds which it ought not to pass, otherwise instead of setting the Mind upon Attempts to be delivered from, it will overwhelm it with such a Tide of Sorrow, as to render it quite incapable of attending to the Means of Self-preservation. This seems to have been *Sappho's* Case here.

200. *Lesbides.*] *Sappho* here calls upon the Lesbian Maids, whom she had formerly lov'd and taught. Critics have observ'd, that the Repetition here used by the Poet, is not only to make the Scene more affect-

*Vellem Zephyri, qui ferunt
mea verba, referrent tua
vela. Hoc opus, si sciperes,
decebat te lente. Sive re-
dis, votiuaque munera pa-
rantur tuæ puppi, quid
laceras nostra pectora mora.
Solve ratem? Ve-
nus orta mari, præ-
tat mare amanti. Aura
dabit cursum; tu modo
solve ratem. Ipse Cupido
residens in puppe gube-
nat, ipse dabit legetque
vela tenera manu. Sive
juvat te longe fugisse Pe-
lasgida Sappho, (tamen
non inuenies cur ego sum
digna fugâ) saltem crudelis
epistola dicat hoc mihi miseræ,*

*Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
Hoc te, si sciperes, lente, decebat opus. 210
Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
Munera; quid laceras pectora nostra morâ?
Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare præstet
eunti.*

*Aura dabit cursum. tu modò solve ratem.
Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido: 215
Ipse dabit tenerâ vela legetque manu.
Sive iuvat longè fugisse Pelasgida Sappho;
Non tamen inuenies, cur ego digna fugâ.
[O saltem miseræ, crudelis, epistola dicat:
Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.] 220*

saltem crudelis epistola dicat hoc mihi miseræ, ut fata Leucadiæ aquæ petantur mihi.

NOTES.

ing, but also, in Imitation of Sappho's own Manner of writing, who it would seem took great Delight in this Figure.

217. Pelasgida Sappho.] For Strabo,

after Homer and Hesiod, tells us, that the Pelasgi had wander'd over all Greece, and left their Name in many Places. Pelasgick Sappho therefore means here Sappho of Lesbos.

EPISTOLA XVI.

PARIS HELENÆ.

O R D O.

*Ego Priamides mitto
hanc salutem tibi Ledæo,
quæ potest tribui mihi te
sola dante. Eloquar? An
non opus est indice flammæ
notæ, et meus amor jam
exta: plus quàm vellem?
Malim quidem ille lateat,
dum tempora lætitiæ non habitura motus mixtos, dentur.*

*HANC tibi Priamides mitto, Ledæa, salutem;
Quæ tribui solâ te mihi dante potest.
Eloquar? an flammæ non est opus indice notæ,
Et plus, quàm vellem, jam meus exta: amor?
Ille quidem malim lateat; dum tempora dentur;
Lætitiæ mistos non habitura metus.*

Sed

NOTES.

Paris the Son of Priam, who was also called Alexander, having for a Judgment given in favour of Venus been promised by that Goddess the Possession of Helen, at that Time the greatest Beauty in the World, sails for that Purpose to Lacedæmon, where he is kindly and honourably receiv'd by Menelaus. After some Time Menelaus went to Crete, to obtain the Inheritance left him by Atreus, and at parting recommends to Helen a particular Care

of the Stranger. Paris on the other side, who was deeply in Love with Helen, imagining that this Opportunity ought not to be neglected, endeavours by all the Artifices he is Master of to seduce her, and by this Epistle lets her into the Knowledge of his Passion, insinuating himself into her good Graces, by all those engaging Virtues and Charms, which usually serve to recommend a Lover: And as he was no Stranger to the Sex and their Foibles, and knew well

Winds which bear away my Words, would bring back your welcome Sails! 'Tis what, if you are wise for yourself, you ought now, though late, to hasten: Or are you already on the Way, and Sacrifices offered for your Safety? Why do you tear my Heart with cruel Delays? Spread your Sails, the Sea-born Goddess will smooth the Waves, and prosperous Gales speed your Course. Only weigh Anchor, and set Sail! Cupid himself sitting at the Helm will govern the Bark; he with a skilful Hand will unfold and gather in the Sails. Or do you choose to fly from unhappy Sappho? (Alas! what have I done to be thus the Object of your Aversion?) At least inform me of this by a few cruel Lines, that I may plunge myself, with all my Miseries, in the Leucadian Waves.

NOTES.

219. *O saltem.*] *Heinsius* rejects this last Difficil as none of *Ovid's*, and is not able to conceive what it can mean. *Helvetius* however is of a different Opinion, and thinks the Epistle would be imperfect without it.

The Sense he tells us is very evident, and paraphrases it thus: *Si velis (inquit) longe a me fugere, moneat saltem hæc epistola, ut huic malo remedium in aquis Leucadiis quæram.*

EPISTLE XVI.

PARIS to HELEN.

PARIS the Son of Priam sends Health to Helen; that Health, which he can himself no otherwise enjoy, than as it is your Gift. Shall I then speak? or is it become needless to inform you of a Passion that betrays itself? Has not my Love already laid itself but too open? I could indeed wish it to lie hid, till the Time comes when we can taste of Joys unalloyed by any Mixture of Fear. But it is in vain that I dis-

semble;

NOTES.

well what Influence Form and Address had upon them, he omits nothing which he thinks may engage the Affections of Helen to himself, and make her Husband Menelaus appear contemptible. In fine he urges her to receive him to her Bed, and endeavours to palliate the Guilt by telling her he desired to make her his Wife; for which Purpose he concludes with persuading her to fly with him to Troy, where he promises to make her a great Queen, and

assures her that he shall be able to defend her against all Attempts, by the Strength of that Kingdom.

1. *Priamides.*] Paris the Son of Priam.
Ibid. *Ledæa.*] Helen the Daughter of Leda, whom Jupiter enjoy'd under the Shape of a Swan. Hence the Story of the two Eggs so famous in Antiquity; from one of which came Pollux and Helena; from the other Castor and Clytemnestra. Helen was the greatest Beauty of her Time, and while yet

*Sed diffimulo male: quis
animi celaverit ignem, qui
ipse semper proditur suo lu-
mine? tamen si expectas
ut addam vocem quoque
rebus, uror. Habes verba
nuncia mei animi. Precor
parce fasso; nec perlege
cætera duro vultu, sed
vultu conveniente tuæ for-
mæ. Jamdudum est gra-
tum, quod nostra epistola
recepta facit spem, me quo-
que posse recipi hoc modo.
Quæ opto sint rata, nec
mater amoris, quæ iussit
hoc iter, promiserit te mihi
frustra. Namque, ne pec-
ces nescia, ego advehor di-
vino monitu, et numen non
leve adest cæpto. Posco
quidem magna præmia, sed
non indebita; Cytherea est
pollicita te meo thalamo.
Hæc duce feci dubias vias
a Sigæo littore puppe
Phereclæa per longa freta.
Illa dedit faciles auras,
ventosque secundos. Ni-
mirum orta mari, habet
jus in mare. Perstet, et ut
pelagi, sic adjuvet æstum
pectoris, et deferat mea
vota in suos portus. At-
tulimus flammæ, non invenimus illas hic. Hæc fuere mihi causa tam longæ viæ.*

Sed malè diffimulo. quis enim celaverit ignem,
Lumine qui semper proditur ipse suo?
Si tamen expectas, vocem quoque rebus ut ad-
dam;
Uror. habes animi nuncia verba mei. 10
Parce, precor, fasso: nec vultu cætera duro
Perlege, sed formæ conveniente tuæ.
Jamdudum gratum est, quod epistola nostra re-
cepta
Spem facit, hoc recipi me quoque posse modo.
Quæ rata sint, nec te frustra promiserit, opto, 15
Hoc mihi quæ suavit mater Amoris iter.
Namque ego divino monitu, ne nescia pecces,
Advehor: & cæpto non leve numen adest.
Præmia magna quidem, sed non indebita, posco.
Pollicita est thalamo te Cytherea meo. 20
Hæc duce Sigæo dubias à littore feci
Longa Phereclæa per freta puppe vias.
Illa dedit faciles auras, ventosque secundos.
In mare nimirum jus habet orta mari.
Perstet: &, ut pelagi, sic pectoris adjuvet æstum:
Deferat in portus & mea vota suos. 26
Attulimus flammæ, non hic invenimus, illas.
Hæc mihi tam longæ causæ fuere viæ.

Nam

N O T E S.

yet but very young, stolen away by *Theseus*, but he afterwards restor'd her inviolate to her Brothers *Cæstor* and *Pollux*. She was married to *Menelaus* King of *Lacedemon*, by whom she had *Hermione*. Thus it was, that *Paris* coming to *Lacedemon*, and being well received by *Menelaus*, had a Sight of *Helen*, with whom he fell deeply in Love, and taking the Advantage of *Menelaus*'s Absence, who, some time after his Arrival had sail'd for *Crete*, endeavours by this Epistle to seduce her.

3. *Eloquar?*] This implies the Notion of one debating with himself, and at a Stand whether to speak his Mind plainly, or conscious of the Badness of his Cause, not rather leave her to conjecture it from Hints, and outward Signs.

6. *Letitiæ missos non habitura metus.*] That is, till such Time as I understand that I am not disagreeable to you, and by the Return of a like Passion, have a

Pleasure unmix'd with those Fears and Perplexities that so much disturb me at present.

13. *Jamdudum gratum est.*] There is a considerable Difficulty in this Passage, arising chiefly from the Force of the Word *jamdudum*, which it is no easy Matter fully to express. As far as I am able to judge, it implies here an anticipated Pleasure. *Paris* promises himself before-hand that his Letter will be well received; and this Forethought gives him Joy. We may imagine, as he seems to have been a Man of Penetration in Love Matters, that he had discovered *Helen* had no Aversion to him; and from thence was able to judge of the Success of his Epistle. But that the Reader may be the better able to comprehend the Force of the Word, I shall here transcribe what *Helvetius* has said upon it.

“ *Temporis habet rationem hæc vocula:*
“ *at nunquam rerum de quibus agitur*
“ *quæ-*

semble; for who can conceal a Flame that always discovers itself by its own Brightness? If yet you expect that my Tongue should confirm what my Actions have so long declar'd, *I burn*. This Message brings you the true Sense of my Heart. Forgive this kind Confession, nor peruse what remains with a severe Look, but such a one as best becomes that Heavenly Form. Already it gives me Pleasure to think that my Letter is well received; for this creates a Hope that I may also meet with the same kind Entertainment. Heaven grant that my Hopes may be confirmed, and that the Queen of Love, who urg'd me to this Voyage, may not have promised in vain. For that you may not offend through Ignorance, know that I come hither by a Divine Admonition, and that one, not the meanest of the Divine Powers, favours my Design. The Prize I seek indeed is great, yet what I have just Claim to; for Venus promised you, *fair as you are*, to my Bed. Guided by her I abandoned the Sigeian Shore, and ventured upon a doubtful Fate; nor declined to plow the pathless Deep in the Pherecleian Bark. She commanded a gentle Breeze, and stretched the Canvas with auspicious Gales; for sprung from the teeming Deep, she still retains her Empire over the Main. May she still persevere, and as she calms the Sea, so may she also calm the Tempest that rages in my Breast, and bring home all my Vows and Sighs to their desired Port. My Flames I brought with me, nor first found them here: They were the Cause of my undertaking so long

NOTES.

"connexum, & consequentie necessitatem
"notat. Quæ vis vocis & significatio me-
"lius sentitur quam exprimitur. Locus est
"in Terentii Eunuchæ, ex quo maxime
"quid ego velim cognosci possit. Ibi, de
"meretricula, sic ad Thrasionem loquitur
"Gnatho."

*Quando illud, quod tu das, expectat atque
amat,*

*Jamdudum amate: jamdudum illi facile
fit quod doleat.*

"When she expects with Impatience
"your Presents, and discovers a Fondness
"for them, 'tis a sure Sign that you have
"long been dear to her; and that it is
"not of late only, you have had it in your
"Power to mortify her on that Head."

*Jamdudum in nostro Ovidii loco sic re-
latus. Statim mihi & valde gratum fuit;
mihiq; gratulatus sum,*

"It already gives me Joy to foresee
"the kind Reception of my Letter."

15. *Te frustra promiserit.*] For as we
shall see afterwards, Venus had promised to
Paris the Possession of Helen, when he
gave Judgment in her Favour upon Mount
Ida.

17. *Ne nescia peccet.*] This is an art-
ful Insinuation. He would persuade her
that he was mov'd to come in Quest of her
by a Divine Impulse; and thus prevail with
her from a Principle of Religion to favour
his Addresses; making her believe that a
Denial in this Case would be no less than
opposing the Will of Heaven.

19. *Sed non indebita.*] Because Venus had
promised them, and because for that Hope
he had rejected the glorious Offers made
him by Juno and Pallas.

20. *Cytherea.*] Venus, so call'd from the
Island Cytheris between Crete and Pelopon-
nesus. Hither that Goddess is said to have
first

*Nam neque tristis hyems,
neque error, adpulit nos huc,
Terra Tænaris est petita meæ
classi. Nec credere me fin-
dere fretum carina portante
merces. Dii tueantur opes
quas habeo. Nec venio
veluti spectator ad Graias
urbes; oppida mei regni
sunt divitiora. Peto te,
quam aurea Venus pepigit
nostro lecto. Optavi te
priusquam fores nota mihi.
Vidi tuos vultus, animo,
priusquam lumine. Fama
fuit prima nuncia tui vul-
tus. Nec tamen est mi-
rum, si istus missilibus tel-
lis arcu aminus, ano sicut
oporteat. Sic placuit fa-
tis, quæ ne tentes convellere,
accipe dicta relata
cum vera fide. Tenebar
adhuc utero matris, partu
remorante, venter erat jam
graviaus iusto pondere. Illa
visa est tibi sub imagine
somnia, reddere pleno ven-
tre ingentem flammiferam
facem. Confurgit territa,
resertque seni Priamo me-
tuenda visa opacæ noctis,
illi resert ea vatibus. Va-
tes canit Ilion arsuram in-
ni Paridis. Illa fuit saxa
mei pectoris, ut est nunc.
Forma vigorque animi,
quamvis videbar de plebe,
erant iudicium testæ nobi-
litaris. Est locus in nemo-
rosis vallibus mediæ Idæ,
deius, et frequens piceis ilicibusque;
qui carpitur nec patulo
ore tardæ bovis, nec placidæ ovis, nec capellæ amantis saxa,*

Nam neque tristis hyems, neque nos huc appu-
lit error.

Tænaris est classi terra petita meæ.

Nec me crede fretum merces portante carinâ

Findere. quas habeo, Dî tueantur, opes:

Nec venio Graias veluti spectator ad urbes.

Oppida sunt regni divitiora mei.

Te peto; quam lecto pepigit Venus aurea nostro.

Te prius optavi, quam mihi nota fores.

Antè tuos animo vidi, quam lumine, vultus:

Prima fuit vultus nuncia fama tui.

Nec tamen est mirum, si sicut oporteat, arcu

Missilibus telis eminus ictus, amo.

Sic placuit fati: quæ ne convellere tentes,

Accipe cum verâ dicta relata fide.

Matris adhuc utero, partu remorante, tenebar:

Jam gravidus iusto pondere venter erat.

Illâ sibi ingentem visâ est sub imagine somni

Flammiferam pleno reddere ventre facem.

Territa confurgit; metuendâque noctis opacæ

Visâ seni Priamo, vatibus ille, resert.

Arsuram Paridis vates canit Ilion igni.

Pectoris, ut nunc est, saxa fuit illa mei.

Forma vigorque animi, quamvis de plebe videbar,

Indicium testæ nobilitatis erant.

Est locus in mediæ nemorosis vallibus Idæ

Deius, & piceis ilicibusque frequens:

Qui nec ovis placidæ, nec amantis saxa capellæ,

Nec patulo tardæ carpitur ore bovis.

Hinc

NOTES.

first arrived when she sprung from the Sea. Here she also had a Temple, and was worshipped with great Devotion.

21. *Sigæa a littore.*] From the *Sigæon*, i. e. Trojan Shore, so call'd from the *Sigæan* Promontory.

22. *Phœreclæ puppe.*] We learn from *Hom.*, that the Ship in which *Paris* sail'd for *Sparta* was built by one *Phœreclæ*. Hence it is here called by the Poet *Puppis Phœreclæ*.

29. *Nam neque tristis hyems.*] *Hyems* is here put for *tempestas*, a way of speaking very much in use among the Poets, and supported by the Authority both of *Horace*

and *Virgil*.

30. *Tænaris terra.*] *Laconia* or *Peloponnesus*, so called from the Promontory *Tænarus*.

32. *Quas habeo Dii tueantur opes.*] As if he had said, Wealth could be no Motive to me, to expose myself to the Hazard of Storms and Tempests; I have already abundance of Riches, if the Gods are only pleased to continue them to me.

39. *Nec tamen.*] All Manuscripts agree in rejecting 104 Verses, viz. From this to 143. They are therefore not without Reason look'd upon by the Generality of Commentators as spurious. They are al-

a Voyage. For no threatening Storm, nor mistaken Course drove us hither; my Fleet was designed from the first for the Coasts of Laconia. Nor fancy that I plow'd the Waves in a Ship loaded with Merchandise: The Gods have already blessed me with ample Wealth. Nor came I so far to view and admire the Cities of Greece; my own Kingdom is filled with richer Towns. 'Tis you that I seek, whom beautiful Venus promised to my Embraces; you, who was my Wish even before I was acquainted with your Charms. Long before my Eyes beheld you, I had form'd an Image of you in my Mind; for Fame was the first Messenger of your Beauty. Nor is it so great a Wonder, that pierc'd by the swift-winged Arrow, at such a Distance, I offer you my Heart. So the Fates have ordained; which that you may not strive to resist, attend to a Relation that carries in it nothing but Truth.

I was yet shut up in the Womb of my Mother, now pregnant with a Burden almost struggling for Birth. She in a *mysterious* Dream seem'd to herself to be delivered of a burning Torch. She was frighted, and relates to Priam the tremendous Visions of the gloomy Night: He consults the sacred Seers. The Prophet foretels, that Troy in Flames was portended by the threatening Torch; but sure Fate meant the Flames that now rage in my Breast. Though expos'd among Shepherds, yet my Form and native Greatness spoke the Nobility of my Birth. In the thickest Groves of Ida there is a Place remarkably retired, and shaded with Oaks and Pitch Trees. The Grass here is not touched by the bleating Sheep, the Goat delighting in Rocks and Cliffs, or the laborious Ox. As here I stood leaning

N O T E S.

is judged to fall much short of the usual Elegance and Beauty of Ovid.

Ibid. Si sicut oporteat.] *Heinsius* thinks the Reading here wrong, and corrects it thus. *Sicut oportuit actum*, ut agi oportuit. But *Helvetius* opposes this, and thinks the Sense both evident and good without any such Alteration; and paraphrases it thus: "Nihil mirum esse, si Cupidinis arcu & telis, eminus, sicuti missilibus oporteat ictus, amari."

42. *Accipe.*] *Paris* here makes a long Digression, to explain the Causes and Origin of his Love. He begins with the Circumstances of his Birth, to what it was owing that he was expos'd on Mount *Ida*, and bred up among Shepherds; the Judgment he gave relating to three Goddesses,

and the Motives which determin'd him to visit *Sparta*.

50. *Peſſoris ut nunc est.*] The Flames which were foretold by the Seers to threaten *Troy*, are here interpreted by *Paris* of the Flames of Love that raged within his Breast. It was natural enough for a Mind that could attend to nothing else but what one Way or other concern'd its Passion, to put this Construction upon the Prediction of the Soothsayers.

51. *Forma vigorque animi.*] This Distich *Heinsius* thinks misplac'd; and that it ought not to come in till after the twentieth Verse.

Regius agnoscor per rata signa puer.
The Remark will, I believe, be allow'd just by all who consider, with any Degree

Ego eram nixus arbore
prospiciens hinc muros Dardaniæ,
excelsaque tellus, et
freta. Ecce terra visa est
mibi moveri pulsu pedum:
loquar vera, vix habitura fidem.
Constitit ante oculos, actus velocibus alis,
Atlantis Pleionæque, actus
velocibus alis, constitit ante
oculos. Fuit fas vidisse,
fit fas mihi referre visa;
aureaque virga fuit in di-
gitis Dei. Simulque tres
divæ, Venus, et Juno
cum Pallade, imposuere te-
neros pedes graminibus. Ob-
stupui, gelidusque horror
erexerat comas, cum nuncius
olus ait mihi, Pone
metum: es arbiter for-
mæ; siste certamina Dea-
rum, quæ una sit digna
vincere duas formæ. Ne-
ve recusarem, imperat me
verbis Jovis, et protinus
tollit se in astra ætheria
viâ. Mens mea convaluit,
audaciaque subito venit;
nec timui notare quamque
meo vultu. Omnes erant
dignæ vincere, judexque
verebar omnes non posse
vincere suam causam. Sed
tamen una ex illis jam
tunc magis placebat, ut sci-
res hanc esse unde amor mo-
vetur. Curaque vincendi
tanta est, ardent sollicitare
meum judicium ingentibus
donis. Conjux Jovis jac-
tat regna, filia Jovis jac-
tat virtutem: ipse dubito
velimne esse potens, an for-
tis. Venus risit dulce, ait-
que, Pari, nec munera
tangant te, utraque sunt
plena suspensi timoris. Nos
dabimus quod ames; et filia pulchræ Leda, ipsa pulchrior, ibit in tuos amplexus. Dixit, et
donis formæque probata ex æquo, illa retulit pedem victorem cælo.

Hinc ego Dardaniæ muros excelsaque tellus,
Et freta prospiciens, arbore nixus eram.
Ecce pedum pulsu visa est mihi terra moveri:
Vera loquar, veri vix habitura fidem. 60
Constitit ante oculos, actus velocibus alis,
Atlantis magni Pleionæque nepos.
Fas vidisse fuit: fas sit mihi visa referre:
Inque Dei digitis aurea virga fuit.
Trêsque simul Divæ, Venus & cum Pallade
Juno, 65
Graminibus teneros imposuere pedes.
Obstupui; gelidusque comas erexerat horror.
Cum mihi, Pone metum, nuncius ales ait.
Arbiter es formæ: certamina siste Dearum;
Vincere quæ formâ digna sit una duas. 70
Néve recusarem, verbis Jovis imperat: & se
Protinus ætheriâ tollit in astra viâ.
Mens mea convaluit, subitoque audacia venit:
Nec timui vultu quamque notare meo.
Vincere erant omnes dignæ: judexque verebar 75
Non omnes causam vincere posse suam.
Sed tamen ex illis jam tunc magis una placebat:
Hanc esse ut scires, unde movetur amor.
Tantæque vincendi cura est; ingentibus ardent
Judicium donis sollicitare meum. 80
Regna Jovis conjux, virtutem filia jactat.
Ipse potens dubito, fortis an, esse velim.
Dulcè Venus risit, Nec te, Pari, munera tan-
gant;
Utraque suspensi plena timoris, ait.
Nos dabimus quod ames: & pulchræ filia Leda
Ibit in amplexus, pulchrior ipsa, tuos. 86
Dixit: & ex æquo donis formæque probatâ,
Victorem cælo retulit illa pedem.

Interea

NOTES.

of Attention, these two Passages.

Ibid. *Quamvis de plebe videbar.*] Paris, as we before hinted, had been bred up among Shepherds. For Priam upon hearing the Interpretation given by the Soothsayers to Hecuba's Dream, commanded the Child, as soon as born, to be expos'd upon Mount Ida: But they whom he had employ'd for

that Purpose, being taken with the Beauty of the Infant, privately bred him up. Thus he was educated among the Shepherds, and pass'd for the Son of one of the Shepherds.

62. *Atlantis magni, &c.*] Atlas was married to the Nymph Pleione, the Daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, by whom he had

Maia

ing upon a Tree, and beholding from afar the Walls, lofty Towers, and winding Bays of Troy, lo, all of a sudden the Ground seem'd to be shaken with the Tread of Feet. I speak the Truth, and scarce will it be able to gain the Credit due to Truth. The Grandson of great Atlas and Pleione, born thro' the Air on nimble Wings, stood before my Eyes. As I was permitted to see, so may it be allowed me to relate what I have seen. The God stood, and in his sacred Hand a golden Rod. Three Goddesses too, Venus, Juno, and Pallas, gently pressed the Grass with their tender Feet. I stood amazed, and a chilling Horror rais'd my Hair in Bristles; when the winged Messenger thus address'd me: Banish Fear; you are appointed the Judge of Beauty; settle therefore the Contests of the Goddesses, and name her who must claim the Prize of Beauty from the other two. And that I might not decline the Task, he laid his Commands upon me in the Name of Jupiter, and then mounted aloft through the aerial Way. My Mind seem'd to gather Strength, and I was conscious of an unusual Boldness; nor did I fear to fix my Eyes upon each of them with Attention. They all seem'd worthy of the Victory; and I their Judge was griev'd to think, that all could not equally carry off the Prize. Yet even then there was one that pleas'd me more; insomuch, that it was easy to discover in her Mein and Air the Queen of Love. So strong was the Contention for Superiority, that they began to solicit my Favour by Bribes. The Wife of Jove profer'd me a Kingdom, Pallas Prudence and Valour, whilst I myself could not resolve to which to give the Preference: But Venus sweetly smiling; let not Gifts like these, Paris, sway you, for both are full of Fears and Anxieties. I will give you to taste of the Pleasures of Love; and fair Leda's yet fairer Daughter shall receive your fond Caresses. She said: And equally powerful by her Gifts and Beauty, returned to Heaven with victorious Pace.

Mean-

N O T E S.

Maia the Mother of *Mercury*.

69. *Arbiter es formæ.*] The Judgment pass'd by *Paris* with regard to Beauty between the three Goddesses *Juno*, *Pallas* and *Venus*, is well known. The chief Circumstances of the Story are here related, and therefore it will be needless to dwell upon them. We shall only remark, that so inconsiderable a Beginning gave Rise to all that Train of great Events, which soon after ensued; the Rape of *Helen*, the War of *Troy*, and Settlement of

Æneas in *Italy*.

79. *Tantaque vincendi cura est.*] There is nothing in which a Woman desires more to excel than Beauty; and we generally find it to hold true, that to detract from their Merit in this Instance, is an Offence they can never forgive: The Poets have been so sensible of this, that they represent even the Goddesses themselves, as not altogether exempt from this Weakness. The Affront given to *Pallas* and *Juno* by the Decision which *Paris* made in Favour of *Venus*,
Bb 2 was

*Interea, (credo satis ver-
sis ad prospera) agnoscor
regius puer per rata signa.
Domus est læta nato re-
cepto per longa tempora, et
Troja addit hunc diem quo-
que ad festos. Utque ego
cupio te, sic puellæ cupiere
me, sola potes tenere votum
multarum. Nec natæ re-
gum ducumque tantum pe-
tiere, sed sui etiam cura-
que amorque nymphis. At
fastidia cunctarum subeunt
mihi, postquam, O Tynda-
ri, spes tui conjugii est fac-
ta. Vigilans videbam te
eculis; nocte, cum lumina
jacenti victa placido sopore,
videbam te animo. Quid
facies præfens, quæ pla-
cebas nondum visa? Ar-
debam, quamvis ignis erat
proci binc. Nec potui
decere istam spem mihi lon-
gius, quin peterem mea
vota cærulea via. Troja
pineta cæduntur Phrygia
securi, arborque quæ erat
utilis æquoreis aquis. Ar-
dua Gargara spoliantur
proceris sylvæ, Idæque lon-
ga dat mihi innumeras tra-
bes. Robora fundatura
citas naves flectuntur, et
panda carina texitur suis
classis. Addimus antennas,
et vela sequentia malos;
et adunca puppis accipit
pictos Deos. Tamen Dea
sponsor sui conjugii, comi-
tata parvo Cupidine, stat
picta, puppe qua ipse vehor. Postquam ultima manus est imposita factæ classi, protinus lube-
bat ire Ægis aquis. Et pater et genitrix inibent mea vota rogando, moranturque propo-
situm iter pia voce.*

Interea (credo, versis ad prospera satis)
Regius agnoscor per rata signa puer. 90
Læta domus nato per tempora longa recepto,
Addit & ad festos hunc quoque Troja diem.
Utque ego te cupio, sic me cupiere puellæ.
Multarum votum sola tenere potes.
Nec tantum regum natæ petiere ducumque: 95
Sed Nymphis etiam curaque amorque fui.
At mihi cunctarum subeunt fastidia, postquam
Conjugii spes est, Tyndari, facta tui.
Te vigilans oculis, animo te nocte videbam;
Lumina cum placido victa sopore jacent. 100
Quid facies præfens, quæ nondum visa placebas?
Ardebam; quamvis hic procul ignis erat.
Nec potui debere mihi spem longius istam,
Cæruleâ peterem quin mea vota viâ.
Troia cæduntur Phrygiâ pineta securi, 105
Quæque erat æquoreis utilis arbor aquis:
Ardua proceris spoliantur Gargara sylvæ:
Innumerâque mihi longa dat Ida trabes.
Fundatura citas flectuntur robora naves:
Texitur & costis panda carina suis. 110
Addimus antennas, & vela sequentia malos:
Accipit & pictos puppis adunca Deos.
Quâ tamen ipse vehor, comitata Cupidine parvo,
Sponsor conjugii stat Dea picta sui.
Imposita est factæ postquam manus ultima classi;
Protinus Ægæis ire lubebat aquis. 116
Et pater & genitrix inibent mea vota rogando;
Propositumque piâ voce morantur iter.

Et

N O T E S.

was resented by those two Goddesses upon the whole Nation of the Trojans; nor was their Anger appeas'd, till they had over-
turn'd that ancient Kingdom.

87. *Et ex æquo donis formæque probata.*
The Meaning is, that he was equally pleas'd with the Offer which Venus made him, and her Beauty. For Helen who was esteem'd at that Time the greatest Beauty in the World, was a Gift that suited better Paris's Taste, than either Valour or a King-
dom; and Venus, who was the Goddess of

Love and Beauty, had without doubt, in Justice, the best Title to the Prize.

89. *Versis ad prospera satis.* Hitherto the Fates had been adverse to Paris; he was an Exile from his Father's House, and had been educated with Shepherds in a narrow low Way. But soon after this the Tables were turn'd, his Birth came to be known, and he was received into the Family of Priam.

96. *Sed nymphis.* We have already seen this partly confirm'd in the Epistle written to

Meantime, (the Fates beginning to be now more propitious) I am known by undoubted Signs to be the Son of Royal Priam. The Court is overjoyed to recover a Son who had so long been lost, and grateful Troy adds this Day also to her Festivals. And as I now languish for you, so did the Beauties of Troy for me : You alone reign over a Heart, for which many sigh'd in vain. Nor was I only desired by the Daughters of Kings and Heroes, I was also the Darling and Care of Heaven-born Nymphs. But all these, Tyndaris, met with a Return of cold Disdain, when the Hopes of your Embrace had fir'd my Breast. All the Day Fancy placed you before my Eyes ; at Night too, when my Eyes were seal'd by gentle Sleep, you stood before me in my Dreams. What Surprize then must your Presence give, whose absent Image so far took up my Thoughts ? I was consumed with the Flame, though it scorch'd at so great a Distance. Nor was I able longer able to refrain my ardent Hopes, from seeking the so much desired Object through the blue Ocean. The stately Trojan Pines are cut down with a Phrygian Ax, and every Tree that was fittest to plow the yielding Deep. The steep Gargarean Summits are spoil'd of their lofty Woods, and spacious Ida furnishes me with the finest Planks. Stiff Oaks are bent to form the doubling Hold, and the rising Sides are knit with jointed Ribs. Sails and Sail-yards are added to the lofty Masts, and the bending Poop is adorned with painted Gods. On my own Ship stood the Goddesses, who promis'd to make me happy in your Embraces, accompanied by her little Son Cupid.

The Fleet thus compleatly rigged out, I long to traverse the wide Ægean Sea. My Father and Mother oppose their Entreaties to my Desires, and with pious Requests withstand my intended

N O T E S.

to him by *Oenone* ; but must here make Allowance for the common Foible of Lovers, who are wont to boast of every thing, and exaggerate to a great Degree.

1b d. *Amorque sui.*] After this Verse, the *Palatine*, and several other ancient Copies add,

*Quas super Oenonen facies mutaver in orbem,
Nec Priamo est ad te dignior ulla nurus.*

Hinsius seems to think that these two Lines are really *Ovid's* ; but observes that the first is full of Errors, which may probab'y be the Reason why they have been rejected in latter Editions. In the last Verse, instead of *ad te*, we ought to read *a te*. Our Poet elsewhere writes :

A Veneris facie non est prior ulla, tuoque.

102. *Hic procul ignis erat.*] *Paris* here calls *Helen* his Fire, *ignis* ; a way of speaking strong and expressive, and not unusual with the Poets. Thus in the Eunuch of *Terence*, *Parmeno* speaking to his Master of the Courtezan *Ibais* says, *Accede, ad ignem hunc.*

107. *Gargara.*] This is a general Name for the highest Tops of Mountains : But here it is meant of that particular Part of Mount *Ida*, where stood a Town of the same Name ; it was so called from *Gargarus* the Son of *Jupiter* and *Larissa*.

112. *Accipit & pios.*] *Puppis* adunca from its Form and Make. By *pios* Deos

he

Et soror Cassandra, ut erat capillis effusis, cum nostræ rates vellent jam dare vela, exclamat: Quo ruis? referes incendia tecum: nescis quanta flamma petatur per hos aquas. Fuit vera vates; invenimus dictos ignes, et ferus amor flagrat in molli pectore. Egredior portubus, usque ferentibus ventis, adplicor, nymphæ Oebali, in tuas terras. Vir tuus excipit me hospitio. Hoc quoque non est factum sine concilio numinibusque Deum. Ille quidem ostendit mihi quidquid fuit dignum ostendi, conspicuumque in tota Lacedæmone. Sed nil aliud erat mihi cupienti cernere laudatam formam, quo lumina coperentur. Ut vidi te, obstupui: attonitusque sensi intima præcordia intumuisse novis curis. Cytherea cum venit in meum arbitrium, habebat, quantum reminiscor, vultus similes his. Si tu pariter venisses in illud certamen, palma Veneris fuit futura in dubium. Rumor quidem fecit magna præconia de te, nullaque terra est nescia de tua facie. Nec altera usquam in Phrygiæ, nec ab ortu solis, habet nomen inter formosas par tibi. Credis et hoc nobis? tua gloria est minor vero, famaque est pene maligna de tua forma. Invenio plus hic, quam quod illa promiserit, et tua gloria est victa sua materia. Ergo Theseus, qui noverat omnia, arsit merito; et es visa rapina digna tanto viro:

Et soror effusis, ut erat, Cassandra capillis,
Cum vellent nostræ jam dare vela rates; 120
Quò ruis? exclamat: referes incendia tecum.
Quanta per has, nescis, flamma petatur aquas,
Vera fuit vates; dictos invenimus ignes:
Et ferus in molli pectore flagrat amor.
Portubus egredior; ventisque ferentibus usus 125
Applicor in terras, Oebali Nympha, tuas.
Excipit hospitio vir me tuus. hoc quoque factum
Non sine consilio numinibusque Deum.
Ille quidem ostendit, quidquid Lacedæmone tota
Ostendi dignum conspicuumque fuit. 130
Sed mihi laudatam cupienti cernere formam,
Lumina, nil aliud, quo caperentur, erat.
Ut vidi, obstupui; præcordiaque intima sensi
Attonitus curis intumuisse novis. 134
His similes vultus, quantum reminiscor, habebat,
Venit in arbitrium cum Cytherea meum.
Si tu venisses pariter certamen in illud;
In dubium Veneris palma futura fuit.
Magna quidem de te rumor præconia fecit,
Nullaque de facie nescia terra tuâ est. 140
Nec tibi par usquam Phrygiâ, nec solis ab ortu
Inter formosas altera nomen habet.
Credis & hoc nobis? minor est tua gloria vero:
Famâque de formâ penè maligna tuâ est.
Plus hic invenio, quàm quod promiserat illa: 145
Et tua materiâ gloria victa suâ est.
Ergo arsit merito, qui noverat omnia, Theseus:
Et visa es tanto digna rapina viro:

More

NOTES.

he understands those Images of the Gods, wherewith they were wont to adorn the Steins of their Ships.

113. *Comitata Cupidine parvo sponsor, &c.*] That is, the Goddess who promised to make you mine, stands represented with her Son Cupid on the Stern of the Ship wherein I myself sail'd.

118. *Ægeis ire lubebat.*] This is the Reading of the celebrated *Heinsius*. Some of the most ancient Manuscripts have *jubeat* and *jubebar*; which *Micellus* explains

of his being commanded to sail by the Fates. But it seems better to refer it, with *Heinsius*, to his own Inclination and Choice: For, as we learn from the next Verse, his Father and Mother strongly opposed the Voyage, but he had determined upon it.

119. *Cassandra.*] The Sister of *Paris*, who had received from *Apollo* the Gift of Prophecy, as a Reward to comply with his Desires: But when she was once in Possession of it, she refused to grant what she had promised; whereupon the God, unable to recall

intended Voyage. Cassandra too, my Sister, her Locks loose and disordered, just as the Ships were ready to set Sail, *Whither, cries she, do you hurry without Thought, to bring back Fire and Destruction? Alas! you little think what raging Flames threaten us from beyond these Seas.* True were her Predictions: I have felt the threatened Fires, tyrannick Love rages in my yielding Breast. Yet I set Sail, and urg'd by propitious Gales, arrive, fairest Nymph, on your native Coasts. There I was kindly entertained by your Husband; nor did this happen without the Concurrence and Contrivance of the Gods. He shewed me every Thing that was remarkable or worth Notice in Lacedemon: But in vain these Objects solicited the Attention of one, who was wholly possessed with the Desire of beholding your celebrated Charms. I saw, and stood amazed: Struck to the inmost Soul with your Charms, I felt my Heart to swell with new Cares. Such was Venus, so far as I can remember, when she descended from Heaven, to submit to my Determination. Had you also come to bear a Part in that Contest, even Venus could have scarce pretended to the Prize. Fame indeed has everywhere spread abroad the Report of your Beauty, no Country is a Stranger to your Charms. Not even Phrygia can boast of your Equal, nor from the rising to the setting Sun is there one to rival you. Believe me when I tell you, that your Fame comes far short of the Truth; for even Report has invidiously denied the Share of Praise due to your Charms. I found you greatly to exceed what that had given Ground to hope, and that your Fame in every Thing fell below your Merit. Well therefore might Theseus, who knew all, feel the Power of so many Charms, and think you a Prey worthy the Possession of so great a Hero; when, after the Manner of

N O T E S.

recall his Gift, added this Circumstance to it, that her Prediction though true, should yet never be regarded.

126. *Oebali.*] *Helen*, so call'd from her Grandfather *Oebalus*, who was the Father of *Tyndarus*.

129. *Lacedæmone tota.*] In this famous City it was that *Menelaus* the Husband of *Helen* reigned. *Paris* takes Occasion from the Civility of *Menelaus* in shewing him all the Curiosities of *Sparta*, to give the Matter a very ingenious Turn in Favour of his Passion, by representing his Thoughts as so wholly taken up with the Idea of *Helen*, that he could regard nothing else, and was full of Impatience to see her.

134. *Curis intumuisse novis.*] Instead of *intumuisse* some Copies have *intonuisse*, which *Heinsius* and other Commentators have with Reason judged not at all agreeable to the Idea which the Poet plainly means to convey in this Place. *Heinsius* contends for *indoluisse*.

138. *Palma.*] It is universally known, that they who came off victorious in the several Exercises at the *Olympick Games*, were crown'd with Branches of the *Palmtree*. Hence this came to stand for a Badge of Victory, in all Contests of whatever Kind. The Meaning therefore of what *Paris* here says is this; that had *Helen* been present at the Contest, it would have been

dum more tuæ gentis ludis
nuda nitida palæstra; et
tu fœmina es mista nudis
viris. Laudo quod rapu-
it, miror quod unquam
reddidit te: præda tam
bona, fuit tenenda constan-
ter. Hoc caput recessisset
cruenta cervice, antequam
tu abstraherere de meis tha-
lamis. Manusne nostræ
unquam vellent dimittere
te? Vivusne paterer te ab-
ire meo sinu? Si fores
reddendâ, tamen tulissem
aliquid ante, nec nostra
Venus fuisset ex toto iners.
Vel virginitas esset libata
mibi, vel illud quod pote-
rat rapi virginitate salvâ.
Da te modo, cognosces quæ
constantia sit Paridi.
Flamma rogi una, finiet
meas flammâs. Ego præ-
posui te regni, quæ maxi-
ma nupta sororque Jovis
pollicita est quondam nobis.
Virtusque est contenta
mibi, Pallade dante, dum
possem circumdare brachia
tuo collo. Nec piget, aut
unquam videbor legisse
stulte. Mea mens perman-
et firma in suo voto. Pre-
cor te modo ne patiari nos-
tram spem fieri educam.
O digna peti tanto labore.
Non ego degener opto con-
jugium generosæ; nec (cre-
de mihi) eris turpiter mea
uxor. Si quæras, inve-
nietis Pliadæ Jovisque in
nostra gente: ut taceamus
medios avos. Parens tenet
sceptra Asiæ, quâ nulla
ora est beatior, vix obe-
unda immensis finibus. Videbis innumeras urbes atque aurea tecta; templaque quæ dicas decere
suos Deos. Adspicies Ilium, maniaque firmata altis turribus, structa canore Phœbeæ lyre.

More tuæ gentis nitidâ dum nuda palæstrâ
Ludis; & es nudis fœmina mista viris. 150
Quod rapuit, laudo: miror, quod reddidit un-
quam.

Tam bona constanter præda tenenda fuit.
Antè recessisset caput hoc cervice cruentâ,
Quâm tu de thalamis abstraherere meis.
Tène manus unquam nostræ dimittere vellent?

Tène meo paterer vivus abire sinu? 156
Si reddenda fores, aliquid tamen antè tulissem:

Nec Venus ex toto nostra fuisset iners.
Vel mihi virginitas esset libata; vel illud,
Quod poterat salvâ virginitate rapi. 160

Da modò te: quæ sit Paridi constantia, nosces.

Flamma rogi flammâs finiet una meas.
Præposui regni ego te; quæ maxima quondam
Pollicita est nobis nupta sororque Jovis.

Dumque tuo possem circumdare brachia collo,
Contenta est virtus Pallade dante mihi. 166

Nec piget; aut unquam stultè legisse videbor:
Permanet in voto mens mea firma suo.

Spem modò ne nostram fieri patiari caducam
Te precor, ô tanto digna labore peti. 170

Non ego conjugium generosæ degener opto:
Nec mea (crede mihi) turpiter uxor eris.

Pliada, si quæras, in nostrâ gente Jovemque
Invenies: medios ut taceamus avos.

Sceptra parens Asiæ, quâ nulla beatior ora, 175
Finibus immensis vix obeunda tenet.

Innumeras urbes atque aurea tecta videbis:
Quæque suos dicas templa decere Deos.

Ilium aspicias, firmatâque turribus altis
Mœnia, Phœbeæ structa canore lyre. 180

Quid

NOTES.

been doubtful whether even Venus herself
could have laid Claim to the Prize of
Beauty.

141. *Nec tibi par usquam Phrygiâ.*] For
in Phrygiâ. *Nec solis ab ortu*, that is, there
is not in all the East one of so great Reputa-
tion, who is equally celebrated, and whose
Name is equally in every Mouth.

149. *Palæstra.*] The Wrestling-Ring:
The Place where the Youth performed

their several Exercises and Feats of Activi-
ty. The *Lacædæmonians* were remarkably given
to this.

167. *Legisse stulte.*] *Legisse* for *elegisse*.
That I chose you preferable to Virtue and
a Kingdom. In some Copies this Verse is
followed by these two Lines:

Cum Venus & Juno Pallasque in vallibus
Hæ

Corpora judicio supposuere meo.

I can

of your Country, you contended in the Wrestling-Ring, and disputed with the other Sex the Prize of manly Exercise. I commend the bold Theft, but wonder how he ever could restore you; so inestimable a Prize ought always to have been retained. Sooner should this Head have been sever'd from the bloody Neck, than any suffered to tear you from my Embraces. Would ever this Right-hand have permitted you to be carried off? Could I, while aught of Life remain'd, have tamely seen you ravish'd from my Bosom? If Necessity had compell'd me, yet not till I had received some Pledge of your Love, some Earnest of the Strength of our mutual Flame. I would have tasted of your Virgin Charms; or, if that had been denied, have ravish'd a thousand Kisses. Fly then to my Arms, and try the Firmness and Constancy of Paris. The Funeral Flames alone shall extinguish the Flames that rage in my Breast. I prefer'd you to a Kingdom, once profer'd by the Sister and the Wife of Jove. Even Prudence and Valour, the Gift of Pallas, were postpon'd to the sweet Pleasure of throwing my Arms round your Neck. Nor do I repent, or charge myself with having made a foolish Choice; my Mind continues firm in its first Resolve. You only, to obtain whom no Labour can appear great, do not, O do not suffer my Hopes to vanish into Air. I am not one whose Birth will disgrace the noble Line of his Spouse, nor is it beneath your Dignity to be wedded to Paris. The Pleiades, and great Jove himself, ennoble my Pedigree, not to mention the long Race of succeeding Kings. My Father sways the Scepter of all Asia, a Kingdom rich and fertile, whose ample Bounds stretch as far as the rising Sun. There you will behold innumerable Cities, Houses roof'd with Gold, and Temples becoming the Gods to whom they belong. You will see Ilium and its Walls strengthened with lofty Towers, all built to the Harmony of Apollo's Lyre. Why should I mention the vast
Multitudes

N O T E S.

I can see but little Reason for admitting this Distich. For as *Paris* had before given a full Account of his Decision, we cannot well suppose that he would trouble the Reader with an unnecessary Repetition.

173. *Plüda si queras.*] *Paris* boasts here, that he was descended of an ancient Race, deducing his Pedigree from *Jupiter* and *Electra*. This *Electra* was the Daughter of *Atlas*, and one of the seven *Pleiades* that were translated into Heaven among the Stars. By her *Jupiter* had *Dardanus*, of whom *Virgil* says:

Dardanus Iliacæ primus pater urbis & auctor.

From him *Paris* derived his Pedigree, by a long Train of intermediate Ancestors; *Erichthonius*, *Tros*, *Ius*, *Laomedon*, *Priam*, 180. *Lyra Phœbeæ.*] The Walls of *Troy* were built by the joint Help of *Neptune* and *Phœbus*. This latter, as Fable has it, by the Harmony and Sweetness of his Musick, made the Stones come together of themselves, and join in an Arrangement that form'd the Walls of *Troy*.

182. *Illa tellus.*] As *Paris* desired to prevail with *Helen* to abandon her Husband and Kingdom, it was material to let her know that the Change he persued her to was

Quid narrem tibi de turbâ numeroque virorum? Tellus illa vix sustinet suum populum. Matres Troades occurrunt tibi denso agmine, nec nostra atria capient Phrygias nurus. O quoties dices, quam pauper est nostra Achaia! Una domus habebit opes quasvis urbis. Nec fuerit fas mihi contemnere vestram Sparten; terra in qua tu es nata, est beata mihi. Sed Sparte est parca, tu es digna divite cultu; iste locus non facit ad talem formam. Decet hanc faciem uti largis paratibus sine fine, luxuriareque novis deliciis. Cum videas cultum virorum de nostra gente, qualem credis nurus Dardanidas habere? Modo da te facilem, nec tu puella nata Therapnæo rure, dedignare Phrygem maritum. Ille, qui nunc cum Diis miscet aquas potandas nectare, erat Phryx, et genitus de nostro sanguine. Conjux Auroræ erat Phryx; tamen Dea quæ finit extremum iter noctis abstulit illum. Anchises etiam, cui mater volucrum anorum gaudet concubuisse Idæis jugis, erat Phryx. Nec puto, forma et annis collatis, Menelaus anteferendus nobis, te iudice.

Quid tibi de turbâ narrem numeroque virorum?
Vix populum tellus sustinet illa suum.
Occurrunt denso tibi Troades agmine matres:
Nec capient Phrygias atria nostra nurus.
O quoties dices, Quam pauper Achaia nostra est!
Una domus quasvis urbis habebit opes. 186
Nec mihi fas fuerit Sparten contemnere vestram.
In quâ tu nata es, terra beata mihi est.
Parca sed est Sparte: tu cultu divite digna es.
Ad talem formam non facit iste locus. 190
Hanc faciem largis finè sine paratibus uti,
Deliciisque decet luxuriare novis.
Cum videas cultum nostrâ de gente virorum;
Qualem Dardanidas credis habere nurus?
Da modò te facilem: nec dedignare maritum, 195
Rure Therapnæo nata puella, Phrygem.
Phryx erat & nostro genitus de sanguine, qui
nunc
Cum Dis potandas nectare miscet aquas.
Phryx erat Auroræ conjux. tamen abstulit illum
Extremum noctis quæ Dea finit iter. 200
Phryx etiam Anchises: volucrum cui mater
Amorum
Gaudet in Idæis concubuisse jugis.
Nec, puto, collatis formâ Menelaus & annis,
Iudice te, nobis anteferendus erit.

Non

anteferendus nobis, te iudice.

NOTES.

for the better. This is the Reason why Paris commends here so much the Wealth and Opulence of Phrygia, and extolls it above that of Lacedæmon. He endeavours to tempt her by a Prospect of the Honours and Court that will be paid to her upon her Arrival in her new Kingdom, and artfully dwells upon that which is most apt to engage the Notice of that Sex, Dress and Finery. Sparta, and in general all Greece, were far remov'd from the Luxury of Asia. Here the Refinements in Dress, Equipage, and Gallantry, even in that early Age of the World, were carried to a great Height.

187. *Nec mihi fas fuerit.* Paris adds this the more effectually to make his Court to Helen. He represents his Regard to that Prince as so great, that it begot a Respect to every Thing that any way concerned her.

Even Sparta, however savage and unpolish'd, however much a Stranger to the Refinements of Asia, was yet dear to him, because it was her Country.

189. *Parca sed est Sparta.* 'Tis foolish, as some have done, to refer this to the Institutions of Lycurgus, who flourish'd not till long after Paris and the Destruction of Troy. In reality Sparta came very far short of Asia in Wealth and Magnificence; and therefore must have appeared to Paris as a very poor and inconsiderable City in Comparison with that which he had left; for Troy was then the Capital of Asia, and richest City in the World. It is not therefore with an Eye to any Institutions or Forms of Government Sparta was under at this Time, that Paris here calls it parca; but in Opposition to the Wealth and Magnificence

Multitudes of People? the Country is scarce able to sustain its Inhabitants. The Trojan Matrons will meet you in Troops, nor will our Halls be able to contain the Multitude of Phrygian Dames. How often will you say, what a poor naked Country is Greece, and that one Phrygian Palace is richer than whole Cities there! Nor mean I by this to despise your native Land; for where you first drew your Breath, must ever be a dear and happy Country to me. Yet Sparta is poor, whereas you are worthy of the richest Ornaments; that sordid City but ill suits a Form so lovely. Your Face ought to shine with rich Attire, and be set off with all the Ornaments and Luxuriance of Dress. When you so much admire the Habit of the Trojans who attend me, what think you must be that of the Phrygian Ladies? Only therefore be kind, nor do you a fair Spartan, disdain to receive a Husband of Phrygia. He was of Phrygia, and sprung from our Race, who is now advanc'd to temper the Nectar of the Gods. Tithonus too was of Phrygia, whom the Goddesses who measures out the Night received to her rosy Bed. Anchises also was a Phrygian, with whom the Mother of winged Loves delighted to associate on the Summits of Ida. Nor do I think that Menelaus, whether you compare our Persons or Age, can have the Preference, even in your Judgment. 'Tis certain you will not have

N O T E S.

nificence of *Asia*.

196. *Rure Therapne*.] Don't you, who was born in *Laconia*, despise a *Phrygian*. *Therapne* was a Name belonging to some Lands in *Laconia*, upon the River *Eurotas*, not far from *Sparta*.

197. *Phryx erat*.] *Paris* is not satisfied with enlarging upon the Wealth and Grandeur of his Nation; he farther produces a great Number of Examples to prove the great Regard that had been always shewn to the *Phrygians*, and the Success they had in Attempts of that Kind which he was now meditating. The Story referr'd to in this Verse, is that of *Ganymedes* the Son of *Tros*, whose Beauty was so remarkable as to engage the Notice even of *Jupiter*, who carried him away in the Shape of an Eagle, as he was hunting on Mount *Ida*, and made him his Cup-bearer instead of *Hebe*, who had formerly serv'd in that Office.

199. *Phryx erat Aurora conjux*.] *Tithonus*, who was the Brother, or as others will have it the Son of *Laomedon*, *Aurora* fell in Love with him, because of his Beauty, and conferr'd upon him the Gift of Immortal-

ty; but not being able to prevent the Inconvenience of old Age, he found Life at last become an insupportable Burden, and desired to be changed into a Grasshopper. By him *Aurora* had *Memnon*, who afterwards came to the Assistance of the *Trojans*, and was slain by *Achilles*.

201. *Phryx etiam Anchises*.] The Son of *Cappys*, beloved by *Venus*. From their Intimacy sprung *Aeneas*; who after the final Destruction of *Troy*, led the Remains of his Countrymen into *Italy*, where settling he built *Lavinium*.

203. *Nec puto collatis*.] That is, *Forma et annis meis, cum forma et annis Menelai comparatis, Menelaus credo, non erit nobis preferendus*.

205. *Clara fugantem lumina*.] The Poet here alludes to the bloody Revenge of *Atreus* the Father of *Menelaus*. *Atreus* and *Thyestes* were Brothers, the Sons of *Pelops* and *Hippodamia*, the first of whom had married a Wife named *Aerope*. *Thyestes* falling deeply in Love with her, us'd all Means to seduce her, and at last prevail'd; which *Atreus* coming to the Knowledge of,

C c 2

banished

*Certe non dabimus fœcerum
tibi fugantem clara lumi-
na ; qui vertat equos tre-
pidos à dape. Nec pater
est Priamo, cruentus de
cæde fœceri, et qui signet
Myrtoas aquas crimine.
Nec poma captantur no-
stro proavo in Stygia unda,
nec humor quæritur in
mediis aquis. Quid tamen
hoc refert, si ortus ab illis
tenet te ? Jupiter cogi-
tur esse fœcer huic domui.
Heu facinus ! Ille indignus
tenet te totis noctibus ; per-
fruiturque tuo amplexu. At
vix conspiceris mihi, men-
sa denique posita ; tem-
pusque hoc quoque habet
multa quæ lædant. Talia
convivia eveniant nostris
hospitibus, qualia sæpe ex-
perior mero posito. Pœni-
tet hospitii, cum me spec-
tante, iste rusticus impo-
suit lacertos tuo collo.
Rumpor, et invideo (quid
enim tamen narrem om-
nia ?) cum fovet tua
membra superjecta veste.
Cum vero daretis oscula
non dura coram, posui
sumta pocula ante meos
oculos. Demitto lumina
cum ille tenet te arctius ;
et lentus cibus crejit in invito ore. Sæpe dedi gemitus, et notavi te, lasciva,*

Non dabimus certè fœcerum tibi clara fugan-
tem

205

Lumina ; qui trepidos à dape vertat equos.
Nec pater est Priamo fœceri de cæde cruentus ;
Et qui Myrtoas crimine signet aquas.
Nec proavo Stygiâ nostro captantur in undâ
Poma, nec in mediis quæritur humor aquis.
Quid tamen hoc refert, si te tenet ortus ab illis ?
Cogitur huic domui Jupiter esse fœcer.
Heu facinus ! totis indignus noctibus ille
Te tenet ; amplexu perfruiturque tuo.
At mihi conspiceris posita vix denique mensâ. 215
Multaque, quæ lædant, hoc quoque tempus
habet.

Hospitibus eveniant convivia talia nostris,
Exterior posito qualia sæpe mero.
Pœnitent hospitii, cum, me spectante, lacertos
Imposuit collo rusticus iste tuo. 220
Rumpor, & invideo (quid enim tamen omnia
narrem ?)

Membra superjectâ cum tua veste fovet.
Oscula cum verò coram non dura daretis ;
Ante oculos posui pocula sumta meos.
Lumina demitto, cum te tenet arctius ille : 225
Crescit & invito lentus in ore cibus.
Sæpe dedi gemitus : & te, lasciva,

In

NOTES.

banish'd him : But resolving upon a more
barbarous Revenge, he recall'd him, and
inviting him to a Banquet, ordered the two
Children he had by her to be kill'd, and
dress'd ; which done, they were presented
to him at the Feast. Whereupon the Sun
is said to have gone back, struck with Hor-
ror at so bloody a Sight. *Atreus* being the
first who found out the Eclipse of the Sun,
this is judg'd by some to have given Rise to
the Fable.

207. *Nec pater est Priamo.* My Father
Priam is not the Son of one who murder-
ed his Father-in-law, as was *Atreus* the
Son of *Pelops*, and Father of *Menelaus*.
For *Pelops* contending for *Hippodamia* in a
Chariot-Race with her Father *Oenomaus*,
th's latter, by the Treachery of his Chariot-
Driver *Myrtilus*, who had been corrupted

by *Pelops*, lost his Life, his Daughter and
his Kingdom.

208. *Myrtoas crimine signet aquas.* This
was the Crime wherewith *Pelops* is here re-
proach'd, that he precipitated into the Sea
Myrtilus who had deserved well at his
Hand ; and by whose Help chiefly he
gain'd the Victory in the Chariot-Race
with *Oenomaus*. It was from this *Myrtilus*
that the *Myrtian* Sea derived its Name.

209. *Nec proavo.* *Tantalus* was the Fa-
ther of *Pelops*, and consequently the Great
Grandfather of *Menelaus*. His Story, as
related by the Poets, has something in it
very remarkable. He was King of *Corinth*,
and entertaining the Gods at a Banquet, to
make Tryal of their Divinity kill'd his
Son *Pelops*, and set him before them bak'd
in a Paste. They all abstain'd from the
Feast

have a Father-in-law who made the Sun withdraw his Light, and turn away his frighted Steeds from the dire Banquet. Nor is Priam the Son of one stain'd with the Blood of a Father-in-law, or whose Crime gives a Name to the Myrtoan Waves. No Great-Grandfather of mine catches at Apples in the Stygian Flood, or set to the Chin in Water, dies of Thirst. But what does this avail me, if one so descended possesses Helen, and Jove himself is a Father-in-law to this Line? Yet he (O ye Gods) a Wretch unworthy of so much Happiness, is lock'd whole Nights in your Arms, and shares, uninterrupted, your fondest Caresses. I can scarce have a short Glance of you at Table; and even then there are many Things that give me Pain. May such Feasts fall to the Lot of my worst Enemies, as those I often meet with in your Palace. I repent of my Entertainment at his Court, when I see him throw his rude Arms round your snowy Neck. I swell, and am ready to burst with Envy (yet why do I thus relate all?) when he folds his flowing Robe round your tender Limbs. But when you give and take in my Presence the melting Kisses, I am then forc'd to take the Cup, and hold it before my Eyes. As often as you close in strict Embraces, I cast my Eyes upon the Ground; and the loath'd Food becomes more and more nauseous to my Taste. I often sigh to myself, and have mark'd

NOTES.

Feast but *Ceres*, who eat a Part of his Shoulder; for which Reason, when he was restor'd to Life, he had a Shoulder given him of Ivory. *Tantalus*, as a Punishment for his Impiety, was condemned in Hell to a perpetual Hunger and Thirst; and to stand up to the Chin in Water, and to have Apples hanging just to his Lips, without being able to touch either. There are some who give a different Account of this Matter; they tell us, that his Crime was divulging the Secrets of the Gods, and his Punishment the Fear of a great Stone, always ready to fall upon his Head. *Ovid. Amor. L. 3.* makes this latter his Crime, but gives the same Account of his Punishment as in the first Part of this Note.

*Sic arct mediis taciti vulgator in undis:
Pomaque, quæ nullo tempore tangat, habet.*

Ibid. Stygia.] *Styx*, the Name of a River in Hell, by which the Gods were said to swear when they made an irrevocable Oath.

212. *Jupiter cogitur esse socer.*] For, as

before, *Helen* the Wife of *Menelaus* was the Daughter of *Jupiter* by *Leda*.

219. *Pœnitet bospirii.*] This Description given by *Paris* of what he suffers, when forc'd to witness the mutual Endearments of *Helen* and *Menelaus*, is finely conceived, and set off with all the Embellishments that Imagination can give. *Paris* as a Lover is attentive to every Motion and every Look: He can't bear that *Helen* should show any Signs of Tendernefs, even for her own Husband; and his Uneasiness upon such Occasions is so great, that he finds himself scarce able to conceal it. At the same time as he finds *Helen* was not quite a Stranger to what he endur'd for her Sake, he omitted no Opportunity of giving her Hints of his Passion. While he affected to give only the History of others, he under borrowed Names gave her a Description of his Love, and made her acquainted with all his tenderest Sentiments. He even sometimes counterfeited Drunkenness, that he might use the more Liberty, without having any particular Notice taken of it. All this agrees

non tenuisse risum in meo
gemitu. Sæpe volui com-
pescere flammam mero : at
illa crevit, et ebrietas fuit
ignis in igne. Recumbo-
que versa cervice, ne vi-
deam multa, sed protinus
ipsa revocas meos oculos.
Dubito quid faciam : est
meus dolor videre illa ;
sed est major dolor abesse
a tua facie. Luctor celare
furorem qua licet et pos-
sum ; sed tamen amor
dissimulatus apparet. Nec
damus verba tibi ; sentis,
sentis mea vulnera, atque
utinam ea sint nota tibi
soli. Ab quoties reflexi
ora lacrymis venientibus,
ne ille quæreret causam
mei fletus ! Ab quoties po-
tus, narravi amores ju-
venum, referens singula
verba ad tuos vultus ! Fe-
ci que indicium mei, sub
ficto nomine ; si nescis,
ego eram ille verus amator.
Quin etiam, ut possem pe-
tulantius uti verbis, ebri-
etas est non semel simulata
mibi. Tua pectora, me-
mini, sunt prodita tunica
laxa, atque nuda, dedere
aditum meis oculis. Pecto-
ra candidiora vel puris
nivibus, vel lacte, Jove-
que complexo tuam matrem.
Dum stupeo visis (nam
forte tenebam pocula) tor-
tilis ansa excidit e meis
digitis. Si dederas oscula
natæ, protinus ego lætus
tuli illa ab ore tenero
Hermiones. Et modo re-
supinus, cantabam veteres
amores, et modo dabam per
nutum signa tegenda. Et
nuper ausus sum adire cur
blandis sonis, Clymenes
Æthramque, primas tuarum comitum. Quæ locutæ non aliud mihi, quam se formidare, de-
ferre mediæ preces orantis. Dii facerent ut esses pretium magni certaminis ; victorque pos-
set habere te suo toro.

In gemitu risum non tenuisse meo.
Sæpe mero volui flammam compescere : at illa
Crevit ; & ebrietas ignis in igne fuit. 230
Multaque ne videam versâ cervice recumbo.
Sed revocas oculos protinus ipsa meos.
Quid faciam dubito. dolor est meus illa videre.
Sed dolor à facie major abesse tuâ.
Quâ licet & possum, luctor celare furorem : 235
Sed tamen apparet dissimulatus amor.
Nec tibi verba damus : sentis meâ vulnera, sentis.
Atque utinam soli sint ea nota tibi !
Ah quoties lacrymis venientibus ora reflexi,
Ne causam fletus quæreret ille mei ! 240
Ah quoties juvenum narravi potus amores,
Ad vultus referens singula verba tuos !
Indiciûmque mei ficto sub nomine feci.
Ille ego, si nescis, verus amator eram.
Quin etiam, ut possem verbis petulantius uti, 245
Non semel ebrietas est simulata mihi.
Prodita sunt (memini) tunicâ tua pectora laxâ,
Atque oculis aditum nuda dedere meis ;
Pectora vel puris nivibus, vel lacte, tuamque
Complexo matrem candidiora Jove. 250
Dum stupeo visis, (nam pocula fortè tenebam)
Tortilis è digitis excidit ansa meis.
Oscula si natæ dederas ; ego protinus illa
Hermiones tenero lætus ab ore tuli.
Et modò cantabam veteres resupinus amores : 255
Et modò per nutum signa tegenda dabam.
Et comitum primas Clymenen Æthramque ; tuarum
Ausus cum blandis nuper adire sonis.
Quæ mihi non aliud, quam formidare, locutæ,
Orantis medias deferuere preces. 260
Dî facerent, magni pretium certaminis esses ;
Têque suo victor posset habere toro.

Ut

N O T E S.

agrees perfectly well to the Situation Paris is here supposed to be in.

230. Complexo matrem candidiora Jove.]

Jupiter, when he addressed Leda the Mother of Helen, transform'd himself into a Swan, a Bird remarkable for its fine white Colour.

256. Sig-

mark'd you repay my Sighs with a scornful Smile. Oft have I essay'd to conquer my Flame with Wine, but it increas'd still the more, and Drinking I found added Fuel to the Fire. Sometimes I turn'd away my Eyes that I might not see too much; but you soon call back my wandering Sight. What can I do? I am pierc'd with Grief to witness all; but 'tis still a greater Grief not to gaze upon your Charms. I strive all in my Power to hide my Flame, but the dissembled Passion breaks through all Restraints. Nor is my Aim to deceive; my Wounds are well, too well known to you; and O that they were only known to you! How often have I turn'd away my Face, to hide the falling Tears, lest he should enquire the Cause of my Sadness? How oft, when warm'd with Wine, do I tell some Tale of Love, applying every Word to your dear Face; and under a feign'd Name make a Discovery of my own Passion? In each of these, if you knew it not, I was the true Lover. Nay sometimes I have even feign'd Drunkenness, to excuse my greater Freedoms in Discourse. Once I remember your loose Garments revealed your naked Breasts, and discovered them freely to my gazing Eyes: Breasts whiter than Milk, or the purest Snow; whiter than Jove, when in the Shape of a Swan he made Love to your Mother. Whilst surprized at the Sight I stood gazing (for by Chance the Cup was in my Hand) the wreathed Handle insensibly slip'd from my Fingers. If you kiss'd your young Hermione, straight I snatch'd from her Lips the envy'd Bliss. Sometimes laid supinely along, I sung Love-Songs, and by Winks and Nods gave secret Signs of my Flame. I have even try'd with all the Softness of Eloquence, to persuade your favourite Waiting-Women Æthra and Clymene to further my Addresses: But their Answers serv'd only to heighten my Despair, and they cruelly deserted me in the midst of my Entreaties. O that the Gods would make you the Reward of some gallant Enterprize, and crown the Victor with the Possession of your Charms! As Hippomenes carried off Atalanta, the Prize

N O T E S.

256. *Signa tegenda.*] That is, as *Helvetius* paraphrases it: *Signa, quibus amorem meum tibi declarabam, celanda omnibus, præsertim vero Menelao marito.* "Signs by which you might know the Greatness of my Passion, such as might be understood by none, especially *Menelaus*, your Husband."

257. *Primas.*] *Præcipuas & intimas*; those most in Favour.

Ibid. *Clymenen Æthramque.*] They are

said by some to have been two Kinswomen of *Menelaus*, and left by him as Guardians of *Helen* during his Absence. *Hubertinus* will have it, that the last of them, *viz.* *Æthra*, was the Mother of *Theseus*; but the Difference of Time will by no Means allow it.

259. *Non aliud quam formidare locutæ.*] That is, they gave me no other Answer than that they fear'd all Attempts would

be

Ut Hippomenes tulit Scaëneida præmia cursus; ut Hippodamia venit in Phrygiis sinus; ut ferus Alcides Acheloia cornua fregit, Deianira, dum petit tuos amplexus, Deianira. Nostra audacia esset fortiter per has leges, sciretque te esse opus mei laboris. Nunc nil superest mihi, nisi precari te, formosa, amplectique tuos pedes, si pati-are. O decus, O præsens gloria geminorum fratrum, O aigna Jove viro, ni fores nata Jove! Aut ego repetam. Sigeos portus te conjuge, aut ego exul contegar Tænaria humo. Mea pectora non sunt leviter districta summa sagitta; vulnus meum descendit ad ossa. Soror verax erat vaticinata hoc mihi (nam repeto) fore ut figar a cæleste sagitta. Parce, Helene, contemnere amorem dotum futis; sic habes Deos faciles in tua vota. Multa quidem subeunt, sed ut loquamur plura coram,

Ut tulit Hippomenes Schoeneida præmia cursus, Venit ut in Phrygios Hippodamia sinus; Ut ferus Alcides Acheloia cornua fregit, 265 Dum petit amplexus, Deianira, tuos: Nostra per has leges audacia fortiter esset; Téque mei scires esse laboris opus. Nunc mihi nil superest, nisi te, formosa, precari; Amplectique tuos, si patiare, pedes. 270 O decus, ô præsens geminorum gloria fratrum: O Jove digna viro, ni Jove nata fores! Aut ego Sigeos repetam te conjuge portus: Aut ego Tænariâ contegar exul humo. Non mea sunt summâ leviter districta sagittâ Pectora: descendit vulnus ad ossa meum. 276 Hoc mihi (nam repeto) fore ut à cæleste sagittâ Figar, erat verax vaticinata soror. Parce datum fatis, Helene, contemnere amorem: Sic habeas faciles in tua vota Deos. 280 Multa quidem subeunt: sed coram ut plura loquamur,

Ex-

NOTES.

be in vain; and thus only heighten'd my Despair.

263. *Ut tulit Hippomenes Scaëneida.*] Paris, the farther to convince Helen how deeply he was enamour'd of her, assures her that there is no Hazard he would not willingly run for her Sake. Yea, he proceeds so far as to wish she were appointed by the Gods the Reward of some dangerous Enterprize, that he might show her how cheerfully he would engage in any the boldest Attempt, when fir'd by the Hope of so glorious a Prize. Upon this he takes Occasion to mention several others who had before engaged in the like Attempts, that he might represent them as Examples of that Courage he would be ready to exert. The first he instances in are Hippomenes and Atalanta: Hippomenes was the Son of Macareus, or as others write it Megareus and Merope. He overcame Atalanta in running, by the Help of three golden Apples he had received from Venus, out of the Gardens of the Hesperides. For observing when Atalanta was like to get

the better of him, he cunningly threw one of these Apples in her Way; the Beauty of which tempted her so far, that she stooped to take them up, and by that Means fell behind. Thus Hippomenes gained the Race, and had Atalanta as the Reward of his Victory.

Ibid. Scaëneida.] Atalanta was the Daughter of Scaënus King of the Island of Scyrus.

264. *Venit ut in Phrygios Hippodamia sinus.*] Hippodamia was the Daughter of Oenomaus King of Elis and Pisa. He proposed to give his Daughter in Marriage, to whoever should out-run him in a Chariot-Race; but with Condition, that if they fail'd, they were to forfeit their Lives. After thirteen young Men had perished in this Contest, Pelops the Son of Tantalus coming from Phrygia, found Means to gain over the King's Charioteer, who unpinning one of the Chariot-Wheels, it over-turn'd in the Race, and Oenomaus died of the Hurt he received in the Fall.

265. *Acheloia cornua fregit.*] Achelous was the Name

Prize of his Dexterity in the Chariot-Race; as Hippodamia was press'd to the Bosom of a Phrygian Hero; as brave Alcides broke the Horns of the God Achelous, while he fought for the Prize of Dejanira's Charms: My Courage would have nobly dar'd the rude Encounter, and you should have soon found yourself the Reward of my Bravery. Now, nought remains but to address you in suppliant Prayers, and prostrate at your Feet embrace your Knees.

O thou the Glory of thy House, and Ornament of the Brother Stars! O worthy of the Bed of Jove, but that you are sprung from himself! I will either re-enter the Phrygian Ports carrying you as my Wife; or here an Exile, be covered with Laconian Earth. My Breast is not lightly pierced with the pointed Arrow, the Wound hath reach'd even to my Bones. My Sister truly foretold, (for now I recollect) that I should be wounded by a heavenly Dart. Beware therefore, Helen, of despising a Love appointed by the Fates, so may you have the Gods still propitious to your Desires. Much more I have to add; but, that I may say all to yourself, receive me in-
to

N O T E S.

Name of a famous River of *Epyre* in *Greece*, that took its Rise in Mount *Pindus*, and divided *Ætolia* from *Acarnania*. Its modern Name is *Pachicolmo*. The Ancients have handed down a great many Fables concerning this River: They tell us, that he was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, or according to some, of the *Sun* and *Earth*; that having equal Pretensions to *Dejanira* with *Hercules*, they engaged in single Combat. *Hercules* came off Conqueror, notwithstanding all the Artifices of *Achelous*, who during the Fight transform'd himself into a Variety of Shapes, and among others that of a Bull; in which Form *Hercules* broke his Horns, which is what the Poet refers to here. The most common Solution of the Fable is thus. As *Achelous* was a considerable River, hence the Poets feign'd him to be the Son of *Oceanus*. His Course was full of Turnings and Windings, for which Reason in the Combat with *Hercules* he is said to have changed himself into a Serpent. The roaring Noise he makes when he overflows his Banks, gave Rise to the Fiction of changing himself into a Bull; and perhaps this may be the Reason that the Ancients painted Rivers with Horns, and that the Poets so often describe

Rivers under the Figure of a Bull. Thus *Horace* speaking of the River *Aufidus*, gives it the Epithet *Tauriformis*.

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus.

As *Achelous* branched itself out into two Channels, these are fitly represented by the two Horns; and as one of these Branches was dammed up by *Hercules* to prevent its overflowing the Country, the Poets have dress'd this up into the Fable of his cutting off the God's Horn.

266. *Dejanira*.] The Daughter of *Oeneus* King of *Ætolia*, betroth'd first to *Achelous*, and afterwards to *Hercules*. Her fatal Present to this last, by which she was ignorantly the Cause of that Hero's Death, has been already taken Notice of, on the Epistle she wrote to him herself at that Time.

267. *Nosstra per vos leges*.] *Paris*, after enumerating these several Examples, speaks of his own Courage as no way inferior, were there but a proper Field wherein to show it. However, like one expert in the Art of insinuating into the Favour of that softer Sex, he has Recourse to Prayers and Flattery; and paints the Violence of his Passion with all the lively Strokes he is able to summon

excipe me tuo lecto silente nocte. An pudet, et metuis temerare maritam Venerem, fallereque casta jura legitimi tori? Ab nimium simplex Helene, ne dicam rustica, putas hanc faciem posse carere culpa? Neesse est, ut aut mutes faciem, aut sis non dura. Lis pudicitiae cum forma, est magna. Jupiter gaudet bis furtis, aurea Venus gaudet his; nempe hanc furta dedere Jovem patrem tibi. Si vires sunt in semine avorum, tu filia et Jovis et Ledæ, vix potes fieri casta. Tamen tum sis casta, cum mea Troja tenebit te; et quæso ut ego solus sim tua criminata. Nunc peccemus ea quæ hora jugalis corrigat, si modo Venus non promissit vana mihi. Sed et maritus suadet hoc tibi rebus, non voces, neve obest furtis sui hospitis, abest. Non habuit tempus aptius, quo videret regna Cressia, O virum mira caliditate! Ivit, et iturus dixit: Uxor, mando tibi ut agas curam Idæi hospitii pro nobis. Negligis (testor) mandata absentis mariti; non ulla cura tui hospitii est tibi. Speres tu luncine hominem sine pectore, posse satis nosse dotes tuæ formæ, Tyndari? Falleris, ignorat: Nec si putaret ea quæ tenet esse summa bona, crederet illa externo viro. Ut nec mea vox incitet te, nec meus ardor te; cogimur frui commoditate ipsius.

Excipe me lecto nocte silente tuo.
An pudet, & metuis Venerem temerare maritam?
Castaque legitimi fallere jura tori?
Ah nimium simplex, Helene, ne rustica dicam,
Hanc faciem culpâ posse carere putas? 286
Aut faciem mutes, aut sis non dura, neesse est.
Lis est cum formâ magna pudicitiae.
Jupiter his gaudet, gaudet Venus aurea furtis.
Hæc tibi nempe patrem furta dedere Jovem.
Vix fieri, si sunt vires in semine avorum, 291
Et Jovis & Ledæ filia, casta potes.
Casta tamen tum sis, cum te mea Troja tenebit:
Et tua sim, quæso, crimina solus ego.
Nunc ea peccemus, quæ corrigat hora jugalis:
Si modò promissit non mihi vana Venus.
Sed tibi & hoc suadet rebus, non voce, maritus:
Nève sui furtis hospitii obset, abest.
Non habuit tempus, quo Cressia regna videret,
Aptius, ô mira calliditate virum! 300
Ivit, &, Idæi mando tibi, dixit iturus,
Curam pro nobis, hospitii, uxor, agas.
Negligis absentis (testor) mandata mariti:
Cura tibi non est hospitii ulla tui.
Huncine tu speres hominem sine pectore dotes
Possê satis formæ, Tyndari nôsse tuæ? 306
Falleris: ignorat. nec, si bona summa putaret
Quæ tenet, externo crederet illa viro.
Ut te nec mea vox, nec te meus incitet ardor;
Cogimur ipsius commoditate frui. 310

Aut

NOTES.

together. But before he comes directly to the Point, that he might by Degrees prepare her for so open a Discovery of his Intentions, he endeavours to make her believe that he was moved to address her by a Heavenly Impulse; and that to resist would be opposing the Will of the Fates. This was well imagined by the Poet, who, as it was not his Design to represent Helen a vicious abandoned Character, enough to shock the Reader; but as one who having naturally something soft and amorous in her Complexion, was gain'd over by Flat-

tery, and an insinuating Address,) found it necessary to give this Turn to the Matter, that Helen might not be too much shock'd at the Proposal, or reject the Lover's Address with Indignation and Disdain.

285. *Ab nimium simplex Helene.*] We have here a Collection of those Arguments and deluding Speeches, wherewith Men of Gallantry in all Ages have attempted to seduce the Fair. That Shame and Reluctance which she would be apt to feel upon his Proposal, he ascribes to Simplicity, and want of Knowledge of the World. Beauty,

ht

to your Apartment during the silent Night. Are you ashamed? Or do you fear to defile the Marriage Tie, or violate the just Rights of a lawful Bed? Is it possible then, Helen, you should be so simple as to fancy, that so lovely a Face can be exempt from Faults? Either change that Face, or you must needs be less cruel; for Chastity and Beauty are ever at Variance. Even Jupiter, and lovely Venus herself, indulge these stolen Delights. 'Tis owing to these that you boast of Jupiter for your Father. If aught of your Parents remains in you, can the Daughter of Jupiter and Leda be chaste? Yet then may you be chaste, when I with you shall have reached Troy; and let a Compliance with me be your only Crime. Let us now commit a Fault, which Marriage shall afterwards amend, if so be that Venus has not deluded me by false Promises. Even your Husband, if not by Words, yet by his Actions persuades you to this; and that he might not be an Obstacle to the stolen Joys of his Guest, is absent. Had he no fitter Time to visit the Isle of Crete? O Husband of wondrous Sagacity! He went, and in going said, My Dear, I recommend it to you, that you take the same Care of our Ideal Guest, as you are wont to do of me. You neglect (I aver it) the Commands of your absent Husband, nor ever think about the Care of your Guest. And can you hope, fairest Tyndaris, that one of so little Discretion understands the just Value of such a Treasure of Charms? You are deceived, he is far from understanding it; nor, if he thought the Jewel he possesses of Value, would he trust it in the Hands of a Stranger. If neither my Persuasions, nor the Ardour of my Passion avail; yet how can we avoid taking Advantage of the
in-

N O T E S.

he tells her, was form'd for soft and tender Compliances, and the Practice even of the Gods might satisfy her it was no Crime. He further urges her from the fair Opportunity they had by her Husband's Absence, whom he endeavours to depreciate, and make appear contemptible. In a Word, Importunity and Opportunity, the two grand Engines established by Men of Elegance and Art in this Way of Passion, are here play'd off to the utmost.]

288. *Lis est cum forma magna pudicitia.*] This is a general Observation, and has so far gain'd Ground, especially among Poets, that they make no Scruple to take it for an undoubted Maxim. There may however be some ground to question the Justness of it, Beauty indeed is apt to draw

after it the Attention of the World, and they who are remarkable in this Way, are more exposed to Attacks and Sollicitations; besides that a false Step in them, is always more taken notice of, and makes a greater Noise than in another. Hence both History and private Observation furnishes often more Examples of Frailty in great Beauties, than those of a less remarkable Character. This has given Occasion to Men of Wit to throw that Reproach upon Beauty itself, which is merely owing to some accidental Circumstances, which for the most part accompany it.

291. *Si sunt vires in semine avorum.*] What Ovid here supposes to hold in the Case of Vice, is by another Poet admirably well describ'd as belonging to Virtue.

Aut erimus stulti, sic ut superemus et ipsum, si tempus tam securum abibit iners. Deducit amantem ad te pene suis monibus: utere simplicitate viri non vasis. Jaces sola viduo cubili tam longa nocte: jaceo et ipse solus in viduo toro. Communia gaudia jungant te mihi, meque tibi. Illa nox erit candidior medio die. Tunc ego jurabo tibi per quævis numina, adstringamque me in sacra jura tuis verbis. Tunc ego, si fiducia nostri non est solax, præsens efficiam ut petas mea regna. Si pudet, et metuis ne videare secuta me; ipse avar reus hujus criminis sine te. Nam sequar factum Ægidæ tuorumque fratrum. Non potes tangi propiore exemplo. Theseus rapuit te, illi rapuere geminas Leucippidas: Ego adnumerabor quartus in exemplis. Troja classis adest, instructa armis virisque. Remus et aura jam facient celeres vias. Ibis inperit regina per Dardanias urbes, vulgusque credet te adfisse novam deam. Quaque feres gressus, flammæ adolebunt cinnama, victimæque cæsa plangent sanguineam cumum. Pater fratresque, et sorores cum genitrice, omnesque Iliades, et atque Troja dabunt dona. Hei mihi! vix ulla pars futuri dicitur a me; feres plura quam quæ nostra littera refert. Nec tu rapta time ne fera bella sequantur nos, et Græciâ magna concitet suos vires. Tot abductis prius, ecquæ est repetita per arma est? Crede mihi, ista res habet vanos metus. Thraces ceperunt Erechthida nomine Aquilonis;

Aut erimus stulti, sic ut superemus & ipsum,
Si tam securum tempus abibit iners.
Penè suis ad te manibus deducit amantem.
Utere non vasis simplicitate viri.
Sola jaces viduo tam longâ nocte cubili: 315
In viduo jaceo solus & ipse toro.
Te mihi, meque tibi communia gaudia jungant.
Candidior medio nox erit illa die.
Tunc ego jurabo quævis tibi numina; meque
Adstringam verbis in sacra jura tuis. 320
Tunc ego, si non est fallax fiducia nostri,
Efficiam præsens, ut mea regna petas.
Si pudet; & metuis, ne me videare secuta;
Ipse reus sinè te criminis hujus agar.
Nam sequar Ægidæ factum, fratrumque tuorum. 325
Exemplo tangi non propiore potes.
Te rapuit Theseus; geminas Leucippidas illi:
Quartus in exemplis enumerabor ego.
Troia classis adest, armis instructa virisque.
Jam facient celeres remus & aura vias. 330
Ibis Dardanias ingens regina per urbes:
Téque novam credet vulgus adfisse Deam.
Quaque feres gressus, adolebunt cinnama flammæ:
Cæsaque sanguineam victima plangent humum.
Dona pater fratresque, & cum genitrice sorores, 335
Iliadesque omnes, totaque Troja, dabunt.
Hei mihi! pars à me vix dicitur ulla futuri.
Plura feres, quàm quæ littera nostra refert.
Nec tu rapta time, ne nos fera bella sequantur;
Concitet & vires Græciâ magna suas. 340
Tot prius abductis, ecquæ repetita per arma est?
Crede mihi, vanos res habet ista metus.
Nomine ceperunt Aquilonis Erechthida
Thraces:

Et

NOTES.

Fortes creantur fortibus & bonis:
And,
Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum
Fortis.

325. Ægidæ factum.] Theseus the Son of
Ægeus, by whom you was carried away.
327. Geminas Leucippidas illi.] Castor
and

inviting Opportunity? We should exceed even him in Folly, did we let slip a Season so secure and tempting. He has, in a Manner, with his own Hands, forc'd a Lover upon you; let us then make the best of the Simplicity of this thoughtless Man. You lie alone in a solitary Bed the long Winter Nights: I also lie single in a desolate Bed. Let mutual Joys join us strictly together, that Night will outshine the brightest Noon. Then will I swear by all the Powers above, and bind myself to you for ever in your own Words. Then, if my Confidence does not deceive me, I will prevail that you fly with me to my Kingdom. If Shame and Fear dissuade you from the Appearance of a voluntary Flight; I shall free you from Blame, by taking all the Crime upon myself. For I will follow the Example of Theseus and your Brother; nor are there any other that can touch you more near. Theseus carried off you, and they the two Daughters of Leucippus; I shall be nam'd the Fourth, in this illustrious Roll. The Trojan Fleet is at Hand, well appointed with Arms and Men: Oars and an inviting Gale shall further us with nimble Speed. You shall walk a mighty Queen through the Cities of Phrygia, and the People adore you as a new Deity. Where-ever you tread, the finest Spices shall smoke, and the falling Victims beat the bloody Ground. My Brothers, my Sister and Mother will load you with Gifts; the Ilian Matrons and all Troy following the Example. Alas! all I have yet said is nothing; you shall there meet with much more than this Letter mentions. Nor fear that this Rape will draw after it a cruel War; or that powerful Greece will summon her Strength to recover you. Who of the many that have been thus stolen, was demanded back by Arms? These, trust me, are vain and frivolous Fears. The Thracians under the Name of Boreas, stole the Daughter of Erictheus; and yet the King-

N O T E S.

and Pollux are said to have carried away by Force upon their Wedding-day, *Phæbe* and *Elaira*, the two Daughters of *Leucippus*, who had been espoused to *Ida* and *Lyncæus*.

343. *Nomine ceperunt Aquilonis Erechthida Thracæ.* Paris is not satisfy'd with shewing *Helen* the Possibility of their escaping together safe into *Phrygia*; he wants farther to free her from all Apprehensions of his being obliged to restore her. He foresaw she might be apt to fear *Menelaus* would stir up all Greece in his Cause, and demand her back at the Head of a

powerful Army. To quiet her Apprehensions of this Kind, he assures her that not all History afforded any such Instance; and mentions severals who had been carried away in the same Manner as he proposed to carry off her, and yet no Wars or Bloodshed ensued upon it. *Orithyia*, who is the first he instances in, was the Daughter of *Erechtheus* King of *Athens*. *Boreas* fell in Love with her, and not knowing how otherwise to obtain her, carried her away by Force into *Thrace*. He had by her two Sons, *Zethus* and *Calais*, who engaged afterwards

et ora Bistonis fuit tuta
a bello. Pegaseus Jason
vexit Phasida nova pup-
pe; nec terra Theſſala eſt
læſa Colcha manu. The-
ſeus qui rapuit te, rapuit
Minoïda; tamen Minos
vocat Cretas ad nulla
arma. Terror in his, ſo-
let eſſe major ipſo periculo,
pudetque pertimiſſe quæ
libet timere. Tamen ſi vis,
ſinge ingens bellum conſur-
gere. Vires et ſunt mihi,
et mea tela nocent. Nec
copia Aſiæ eſt minor quam
veſtræ terræ; ille dives
abundat viris, dives a-
bundat equis. Nec Me-
nelaus Atrides habebit
plus animi quam Paris;
aut erit anteferendus ar-
mis. Pene puer, recepi
abducta armenta boſtibus
cæſis; et tuli cauſam no-
minis inde. Pene puer,
vici juvenes vario certa-
mine, in quibus Ilioneus
fuit, Deïphobuſque. Neve
potes me non eſſe timendum
niſi cominus; noſtra ſa-
gitta figitur in juſſo loco.
Num potes dare illi hæc
facta primæ juvenæ?
Num potes inſtruere At-
triden mea arte? Si de-
deris omnia, numquid da-
bis fratrem Heſtora? Is
unus habet inſtar innumeri
militis. Neſcis quid va-
leam, et mea robora fallunt
te: ignoras cui viro ſis
futura nupta. Aut igitur
repetere nullo tumultu belli,
aut Dorica caſtra cedent
meo Marti. Nec tamen
indigner ſumere ferrum pro tanta conjuge; magna præmia movent certamen. Tu quoque, ſi to-
tus orbis contenderit de te, feres nomen ab æterna poſteritate. Modo egreſſa hinc ſpe non timida,
et Diis ſecundis exige pacta munera cum plena fide.

Et tuta à bello Bistonis ora fuit.

Phasida puppe novâ vexit Pegaseus Iason: 345
Læſa nec eſt Colchâ Theſſala terra manu.

Te quoque qui rapuit, rapuit Minoïda Theſeus:
Nulla tamen Minos Cretas ad arma vocat.

Terror in his ipſo major ſolet eſſe periclo:

Quæque timere libet, pertimiſſe pudet. 350

Finge tamen, ſi vis, ingens conſurgere bellum.

Et mihi ſunt vires: & mea tela nocent.

Nec minor eſt Aſiæ, quàm veſtræ copia terræ.

Ille viris dives, dives abundat equis.

Nec plus Atrides animi Menelaus habebit, 355

Quàm Paris; aut armis anteferendus erit.

Pene puer cæſis abducta armenta recepi

Hoſtibus: & cauſam nominis indè tuli.

Pene puer vario juvenes certamine vici:

In quibus Ilioneus, Deïphobuſque fuit. 360

Neve putes, non me niſi cominus eſſe timen-
dum:

Figitur in juſſo noſtra ſagitta loco.

Num potes hæc illi primæ dare facta juvenæ?

Inſtruere Atriden num potes arte meâ?

Omnia ſi dederis; nunquid dabis Heſtora fra-
trem?

Unus is innumeri militis inſtar habet. 365

Quid valeam, neſcis: & te mea robora fallunt.

Ignoras, cui ſis nupta futura viro.

Aut igitur nullo belli repetere tumultu:

Aut cedent Marti Dorica caſtra meo. 369

Nec tamen indigner pro tantâ ſumere ferrum

Conjuge. certamen præmia magna movent.

Tu quoque, ſi de te totus contenderit orbis,

Nomen ab æternâ poſteritate feres.

Spe modò non timidâ, Dis hinc egreſſa ſecundis,

Exige cum plenâ munera pacta fide.

N O T E S.

wards in the Expedition of the Argonauts.

344. *Bistonis ora.*] *Thrace*, ſo called from
a Lake in it of that Name; though others
think it ought rather to be derived from
Biston the Son of *Mars* and *Calirrhoe*, who
built the City *Biston* upon the Sea-Coast
of *Thrace*, and gave his Name both to the
Lake and Country.

345. *Phasida.*] *Medea*, ſo call'd from
Phasis a River of *Colkos*.

Ibid. Pegaseus Iason.] *Jason* of *Theſſaly*,
call'd here *Pegaseus* from a City of that
Name, near to which the Ship *Argo* was
built; from which alſo the neighbouring
Bay, whence *Jason* ſet ſail, was call'd *sinus*
Pegaseus.

Kingdom of Thrace was never attack'd by War. Jason of Thessaly carried off in his flying Bark the Colchian Maid, yet Thessaly was never distressed by an Army from Colchos. Theseus too, who stole you, stole also the Daughter of Minos; nor did Minos once think of arming the Cretans to recover her. The Fear in these Cases always exceeds the Danger; and when that is over, we begin then to be ashamed of our Fear. But suppose if you will, that a dreadful War ensues; I have Strength to repel it, and my Darts can wound. Nor does the Power of Asia yield to that of Greece, a rich Land, that abounds both in Men and Horses. Nor does Menelaus exceed Paris in Bravery, or deserve the Preference for military Skill. While but a Boy, I recovered the stolen Herds after slaying my Foes, and thence borrow'd a new Name. While but a Boy, I carried off the Prize in the several Exercises from the other Youths, among whom was even Ilioneus and Deiphobus. Nor think that I am only to be dreaded in close Combat; my Arrows always hit the appointed Mark. Can you ascribe to him these Acts of early Youth? Can you honour the Son of Atreus with my envy'd Skill? But were you to allow him all these, will you also boast that he has such a Brother as Hector? This one Hero is in Place of whole Armies. You know not half my Power, my Strength is in great Measure hid from you; nor do you imagine what kind of Man he is, who solicits to be received for your Husband. Either therefore no War will be rais'd to demand you back; or the Grecian Army must be vanquished by my superior Forces. Nor think that I will be averse to draw the Sword for such a Wife. A Prize so noble, is well worthy of the Contest. You too, if all the World arms for your Sake, will acquire a Name famous to remotest Ages. Fly hence then, full of Hope, while the Gods are propitious, and demand with full Assurance that I make good these Promises.

N O T E S.

347. *Minoida.*] *Ariadne*, the Daughter of *Minos*, whom *Theseus* carried away from *Crete*.

357. *Abducta armenta recepi.*] This probably relates to some Cattle that might have been carried away by Robbers while *Paris* was among the Shepherds on Mount *Ida*.

358. *Causam nominis inde tuli.*] That is, from this Accident he obtain'd the Name of *Alexander*, which is of Greek Derivation, and signifies the Man of Help.

360. *Ilioneus.*] A *Trojan* of distinguish'd Valour, the Son of *Pheobus*, and Compa-

nion of *Aeneas*.

Ibid. Deiphobus.] Brother to *Paris*, and of a very warlike Disposition.

367. *Quid valeam nescis.*] *Paris* forgets nothing that might serve in any Manner to quiet *Helen's* Doubts, and remove all her Scruples. After shewing her by a Variety of Examples, that there was little Probability of any Attempt being made to recover her, he tells her, that were even this to happen, he has Strength and Power to defend her; and that such an Accident would be so far from bringing any Infamy upon herself, that it would tend highly to her Glory.

EPISTLE

EPISTOLA XVII.

HELENA PARIDI.

O R D O.

Nunc, cum tua epistola violarit nostros oculos, gloria non rescribenai est visa levis. Tu advena, sacris hospitii tmeratis, aususne es sollicitare legitimam fidem nuptæ? Scilicet ora Tænaris idcirco excepit suo portu te vectum per ventosa æquora? Nostraque regia habuit fores nec oppositas tibi, quamvis venires e diversa gente, ut injuria esset merces tanti officii? Erasne hospes, an hostis, qui intrabas sic? Nec dubito qui hæc nostra querela, cum sit tam justa, vocetur rustica tuo iudicio. Sane sim rustica, dum non oblita pudoris, dumque tenor meæ vitæ sit sine labe. Si vultus tristis in ficto ore non est mihi, nec sedeo torva duris superciliis: fama tamen est clara, et adhuc vixi sine crimine;

Nunc oculos tua cùm violarit epistola nostros;
Non rescribendi gloria visa levis.
Ausus es hospitii temeratis advena sacris
Legitimam nuptæ sollicitare fidem?
Scilicet idcirco ventosa per æquora vectum 5
Excepit portu Tænaris ora suo?
Nec tibi diversâ quamvis è gente venires,
Oppositas habuit regia nostra fores;
Effet ut officii merces injuria tanti?
Qui sic intrabas, hospes an hostis eras? 10
Nec dubito, quin hæc, cùm sit tam justa, vocetur
Rustica iudicio nostra querela tuo.
Rustica sim sanè; dum non oblita pudoris:
Dumque tenor vitæ sit sinè labe meæ.
Si non est ficto vultus mihi tristis in ore; 15
Nec sedeo duris torva superciliis;
Fama tamen clara est: & adhuc sinè crimine
vixi:

Et

N O T E S.

Helena, after reading the Epistle sent by Paris, as if offended at his Boldness, begins by chiding him; and then, with a counterfeited Modesty, seems to reject his Proposals, as contrary both to Virtue and Honour; yet in such a Manner, that she would not have herself thought entirely insensible to his Passion. By Degrees she opens herself more plainly, and at last shews her Inclination to be favourable to him. The Whole is a remarkable Example of the extreme Artifice of Woman-kind, and places their Inconstancy, and seeming Reluctance to comply, even when it is their most earnest Desire, in the strongest Light. The same Poet, de Arte Amandi, admirably well describes this Foible of the Sex in a few Lines:

*Forfitan et primo veniet tibi litera tristis,
Quæque roget ne se sollicitare velis.*

Quod roget illa times; quod non roget, optat ut infles.

“ Perhaps you may at first receive a Letter
“ that chides your Boldness, and begs you
“ will no farther sollicit her for a Favour
“ she cannot grant: She trembles lest you
“ should comply with her Desire, and
“ wishes you may persist to demand what
“ seemingly she denies.” It is conjectur’d
by some, that this Epistle was not written
by *Ovid*, but *Sabinus*. But it is so much in
Ovid’s Manner, and is moreover allowed by
all to be so compleat a Model in its Kind,
that I am the less willing to deprive our
Poet of the Honour of it. Some Manuscripts have these two Verses written upon
the Margin, to serve as a Beginning to this
Epistle.

SINUS.

E P I S T L E XVII.

HELEN *to* PARIS.

WHEN your Epistle violated my chaste Eyes, it seem'd no small Glory to write back my Resentment. Dare you a Stranger, in Defiance of the most sacred Rights of Hospitality, presume thus to invade the just Allegiance of a lawful Wife? Was it for this that our Laconian Harbours sheltered you from stormy Winds and Seas? Were our Palace Gates frankly opened to you, though from a foreign Court, that you might return this Injury, as the Reward of so much good Usage? Was it a Stranger or an Enemy we received with so much Kindness and Friendship? I question not but these my just Complaints, will to your partial Judgment appear rustick. What though I am deemed rustick, while yet my Chastity is unstain'd, and the whole Tenour of my Life above Reproach? Though I have not a Countenance severe with dissembled Looks, nor form my Eyebrows into an artful Frown: My Fame is nevertheless unspotted, my easy Frankness never rose to a Crime; nor can any vain

N O T E S.

*Si mihi quæ legi Pari, non legisse liceret,
Servarem numeros sicut et ante probæ.*

2. *Non refcribendi.*] This Verfe is capable of a double Senfe, as you refer the Particle *non* to *refcribendi* or *leviti*. I have chofen the latter, as being the moft plain and expreffive. *Gloria refcribendi eft vifa mihi non levis, or parva*; inftead of *Putasne magnum gloriam mihi fore, refcribere tibi, quia offendi me magna injuria*. This agrees beft too with the Artifice fo remarkably expreis'd in this Epiftle. She would make her very writing to him appear not fo much the Effect of Inclination and Compliance, as a juft Indignation and Refentment of his Boldnefs.

3. *Hospitalitatis advena sacra.*] The Rights of Hospitality were held very sacred among the Ancients, and to violate them was look'd upon as one of the most heinous Crimes. 'Tis for th's Reason that the Poets, when they want to give us an Idea of a perfectly abandon'd Character, never fail to

represent a Violation of these Rights, as
one of its distinguishing Parts.

7. *Diversa quamvis e gente.*] A Nation differing from ours in its Laws and Customs. It is necessary for the Reader, before he enters thoroughly into the Meaning of this Verse, to reflect, that all foreign People were by the *Greeks* accounted Barbarians, and that the *Spartans* in particular had an unconquerable Aversion to Strangers. *Paris* was therefore under a double Tye of Gratitude to *Menelaus*, who, among a People of this Temper, had afforded him so kind a Reception.

14. *Dunque tenor v'è.*] *Hele's* Reasoning here is just and strong: What Pity thence who knew so well what was honourable and becoming, had not Resolution and Command of herself, sufficient to refrain her from so base a Compliance! It is not generally so much for Want of knowing better that we do amiss, but for Want of Courage to make head against our Passions.

15. *Si non, &c.*] *Helen* seems to wonder
 E c. whence

E c

whence

et nullus adulter habet lau-
dem de me. Quo magis
admiror quæ fiducia cæpto
sit tibi, quæque causa de-
derit tibi spem mei tori.
An quia Neptunius heros
attulit vim nobis, rapta
semel, videor quoque digna
rapi bis? Crimen erat
nostrum, si fuisset deli-
mita. Cum sim rapta,
quid fuit meum nisi nolle?
Ule tamen non tulit e factio
petitum fructum; redii
passa nihil, timore excep-
to. Protervus abstulit
tantummodo pauca oscula
luctanti; ille habet nil
mei ulterius. Nequitia
quæ est tua, non fuisset
contenta bis. Dii melius.
Ille non fuit similis tui:
Reddidit me intactam, mo-
destique minuit crimen;
et patet pœnituisse juvenem
facti. Pœnituisse Thesea,
ut Paris succederet illi;
ne meum nomen sit quando
non in ore? Tamen nec
irascor (enim quis succenset a-
monti?) si modo amor,
quem præfers, non simulato-
tur. Enim dubito hoc quæque
non quod fiducia desit, aut
mea facies non sit bene
nota mihi: sed quia cred-
ulitas solet esse damno
puellis; verbaque vestra
dicuntur carere fide. At
aliæ peccant; matronæque
rara est pudica. Quid
prohibet meum nomen inesse
raris? Nam quod mater
mea est visa idonea tibi,
cujus exemplo putes me
quoque posse flecti: error
inest in admissio matris luscæ sub falsa imagine: adulter erat testis pluma. Ego, si pec-
cem, possim nescisse nil; nec ullus error erit, qui obumbret crimen facti.

Et laudem de me nullus adulter habet.
Quò magis admiror, quæ sit fiducia cæpto;
Spemque tori dederit quæ tibi causa mei. 20
An, quia vim nobis Neptunius attulit heros,
Rapta semel, videor bis quoque digna rapi?
Crimen erat nostrum, si delinata fuisset.
Cum sim rapta, meum quid nisi nolle fuit?
Non tamen è facto fructum tulit ille petitum; 25
Excepto redii passa timore nihil.
Oscula luctanti tantummodo pauca protervus
Abstulit: ulterius nil habet ille mei.
Quæ tua nequitia est, non his contenta fuisset.
Dii melius! similis non fuit ille tui. 30
Reddidit intactam; minuitque modestia crimen:
Et juvenem facti pœnituisse patet.
Thesea pœnituit, Paris ut succederet illi;
Ne quando nomen non sit in ore meum?
Nec tamen irascor: (quis enim succenset a-
manti?) 35
Si modò, quem præfers, non simulatur amor.
Hoc quoque enim dubito. non quòd fiducia
desit,
Aut mea sit facies non bene nota mihi:
Sed quia credulitas damno solet esse puellis;
Verbæque dicuntur vestra carere fide. 40
At peccant aliæ; matronæque rara pudica est.
Quid prohibet raris nomen inesse meum?
Nam mea quòd visa est tibi mater idonea; cujus
Exemplo flecti me quoque posse putes:
Matris in admissio falsâ sub imagine luscæ 45
Error inest: plumâ tectus adulter erat.
Nil ego, si peccem, possim nescisse: nec ullus
Error, qui facti crimen obumbret, erit.

Illa

NOTES.

whence he could form a Notion so much to
her Disadvantage, as to believe he might
hope for any Success in his Attempts upon
her Virtue. Her smiling Looks, her easy
and frank Behaviour, were most likely
to raise this Presumption. She begins
therefore here, and observes, that as her

Fame was hitherto spotless, this ought to
have given him no Encouragement. Men
who pretend to know the Sex tell us, that
those who affect a rigid Severity, are sooner
won than the free and open. Paris, whose
Character here is that of a Man well ac-
quainted in all the Ways of Love and Gal-
lantry,

Seducer boast the Spoils of my Virtue. How then can I but wonder at the bold Design, or whence your Hopes came to share of my Favours? Was it because the Hero of Neptune's Race forc'd me away? Did you judge that being once compelled, I was fit to be made a second Prey? Mine had been the Crime, had I been enticed to a Compliance; but if carried off by Violence, what could I do more than show Reluctance? Nor did he after all obtain the hop'd-for Reward of his Boldness; I returned unhurt by any thing but Fear. The forward Youth snatch'd by rude Force: a few reluctant Kisses; but that was all he ever had of me. You, wicked as you are, would not have been thus satisfied: but the Gods were more favourable; he was of a Temper very different from you. He restored me untouched, and by a modest Usage aton'd for his Crime: 'Tis plain the young Man repented the bold Insult. Did Theseus repent, that Paris might succeed, and my Name never cease to be the Object of busy Tongues? Nor am I yet displeas'd, (for who was ever offended with Love?) if the Affection you profess is sincere and undissembled. But that's it I doubt; not that I suspect your Honour, or distrust the Power of my own Charms: But that a too easy Faith often proves fatal to our Sex, and dissembling Man undoes us by feign'd Professions. What if others yield, or Matrons are seldom chaste; may not my Name occur among the rare Instances of Virtue? My Mother's Story seems at first, a fit Example whereby to soften me to a Compliance: But my Mother was deceived by a borrowed Shape, and harmless Feathers covered the unsuspected Ravisher. If I offend, what have I to plead? by what Error can I excuse the darling Sin? Her Frailty was happily redeem'd by the Dignity of the Ravisher? but what Jupiter

N O T E S.

lentry, must not be supposed ignorant of this: But as *Helen*, in the latter Part of this Epistle, plainly discovers how much she was already prepossess'd in his Favour, we may conclude that he, who could not be insensible of it, was thence encouraged to make known his Passion.

21. *An quia, &c.*] This was another Particular from which *Paris* might draw Hope. "She has been carried away before," and partly (you may think) by my own "Consent." To this she pleads her Innocence, that when Force was used, all that she could do was to shew Resistance; and that she kept so good a Guard over herself, that nothing dishonourable was offered.

31. *Reddidit intactam.*] It was natural

for *Helen* to give this Account; it is moreover according to Tradition: Yet *Pausanias* observes, that according to some Accounts, *Iphigenia* was the Daughter of *Helen* by *Theseus*.

34. *Nec tamen irascor.*] All *Helen's* former Protestations were merely to save Appearances, and the Affectation of a false Modesty. She now begins to discover her real Sentiments, but, we may observe, with all the Artifices common to her Sex; for she frequently breaks out in Praise of Chastity, and insinuates her own Resolution not to break it; as if all the Concessions she makes were purely accidental, and had slip'd from her unperceiv'd.

47. *Nil ego si peccem.*] We see here
E c a what

Ille erravit bene, redemitque vitium auctore. Quo Jove ego dicar felix in culpa? Quod jactas genus, et proavos, et regia nomina; hæc domus est satis clara sua nobilitate. Ut Jupiter proavus foci taceatur, et omne decus Pelopis Tantalidæ Tyndareique; Leda decepta cyeno, quæ credula fovit falsam avem gremio, dat Jovem parentem mihi. I nunc, et refer late primordia Phrygiæ gentis, Priamumque cum suo Laomedonte; quos ego suspicio; sed quintus qui est magna gloria tibi, is erit primus a nostro nomine. Quamvis rear sceptrum tuæ Trojæ esse potentia, tamen puto hæc non esse minora illis. Si jam hic locus vincitur divitiis numeroque virorum, at certe tua terra est barbara. Epistola dives promittit quidem tanta munera, ut illa possint movere ipsas Deas. Sed si jam vellent transire fines pudoris, tu eras futurus melior causa culpæ. Aut ego perpetuo tenebo famam sine labe, aut ego potius sequar te quam tua dona. Utque non sperno ea, sic munera quæ aucter facit pretiosa, sunt semper acceptissima. Multo plus est quod amas; quod sum causa laboris tibi; quod tua spes venit per tam longas aquas. Noto tua quæque, quæ nunc improbe facis, mensa adposita,

Ille bene erravit, vitiumque auctore redemit. Felix in culpâ quo Jove dicar ego? Quòd genus & proavos, & regia nomina jactas: Clara satis domus hæc nobilitate suâ. Jupiter ut foci proavus taceatur, & omne Tantalidæ Pelopis Tyndareique decus; Dat mihi Leda Jovem cyno decepta parentem; Quæ falsam gremio credula fovit avem. I nunc, & Phrygiæ latè primordia gentis, Cùmque suo Priamum Laomedonte refer. Quos ego suspicio. sed, qui tibi gloria magna est Quintus, is à nostro nomine primus erit. 60 Sceptra tuæ, quamvis rear esse potentia Trojæ, Non tamen hæc illis esse minora puto. Si jam divitiis locus hic numeroque virorum Vincitur: at certè barbara terra tua est. Munera tanta quidem promittit epistola dives, Ut possint ipsas illa movere Deas. 66 Sed si jam fines vellem transire pudoris; Tu melior culpæ causa futurus eras. Aut ego perpetuò famam sinè labe tenebo; Aut ego te potius quàm tua dona sequar. 70 Utque ea non sperno; sic acceptissima semper Munera sunt, auctor quæ pretiosa facit. Plus multo est, quòd amas; quòd sum tibi causa laboris; Quòd per tam longas spes tua venit aquas, Illa quoque appositâ quæ nunc facis, improbe, mensâ,

(Quam-

N O T E S.

what Notion we are to form of all Helen's mighty Boasts of Chastity. It was more the Fear of Reproach and Infamy, than any Detestation of Vice, that kept her from giving Way to her Passion; and accordingly we find in the End, that this Restraint was too feeble to retain her long in her Duty. True Virtue is of a very different Nature, and derives its Value from itself, without any Regard to the Opinion of others.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore,

says *Horace*, Hopes of escaping undiscover-

ed can be no Motive to a Man of this Character, because he places his Happiness in a Self-approbation, and dreads the Reproach of his own Mind, more than that of the World.

60. *Quintus.*] His Genealogy, as delivered to us by the Ancients, is thus: *Paris, Priam, Laomedon, Ilus, Tros, Erichthonius, Dardanus, Jupiter.* According to this Account *Paris* is the seventh from *Jupiter*, whereas *Helen* makes him only the fifth. We must therefore conclude, that either the Text is corrupted, or that the Genealogy here referred to by *Ovid*, differs from

piter will take from the Infamy of my Crime? You boast your Descent from a Race of Kings and Heroes. What then? Our Line too is sufficiently ennobled by illustrious Names. Not to mention my Father-in-law Atreus, the Great Grandson of Jupiter, nor the honourable Pedigree of Tyndarus, and Pelops the Son of Tantalus. Leda, deceived by a borrowed Shape, who fondly cherish'd in her Bosom the unsuspected Bird, gives me Jupiter for my Father. Go then, and boast your Phrygian Descent, and the honourable Race of Priam, which I am far from undervaluing: But Jupiter who ennobles your Line, is the Fifth from you, from me the First. The Scepter of Troy I am apt to believe powerful, but still I fancy that our own is not less so. If you exceed us in Riches and Number of People, yet yours is only a Country of Barbarians. Your Letter is fill'd with ample Promises, such as might move even Goddesses to yield; but if ever I violate the Laws of Chastity, yourself shall be the more powerful Cause of my Crime. For either I will always retain my Honour without a Stain, or follow you, rather than the high Hopes you give. Not that I despise or slight them; for those Gifts are always most acceptable, which derive a Value from the Giver. But 'tis still more that you love me, that you run such Hazards for my Sake; and follow Hope through all the Dangers of the Main. Nor do I overlook the Signs you make when Table is set, though

NOTES.

from that commonly received. Perhaps he industriously makes *Helen* fall into this Error, who was not supposed learned in these Matters. We meet with several Examples of this Kind in our Poet.

Ibid. *Primus*.] For *Jupiter* was the Father of *Helen*. It is therefore with Reason she boasts of her own Pedigree, as more illustrious than that of *Paris*, because she was nearer to *Jupiter*. The Notions that prevail now-a-days with Regard to Birth and a noble Descent, seem to be of a very different Kind. The farther any one is removed from some distinguished Heroe who ennobles their Race, the more honourable, and all this from an imaginary Value they put upon the Antiquity of their Line. If true Nobility consists in personal Merit, one should think the nearer to this, the greater the Honour. It is hard, according to my Apprehension, to conceive, how a Heroe that liv'd a hundred Years ago, cannot give the same Credit to his Descendants now, as he shall do five hundred Years hence,

63. *Si jam*.] *Helen* allows that *Asia* was more wealthy, and better stock'd with Inhabitants; but then, as it was a Country of Barbarians, for so the *Greeks* accounted all other Nations, it could be no Temptation to her to abandon *Sparta*. This Passage deserves a particular Remark. *Paris*, in his Epistle to *Helen*, endeavours to draw her over by great Promises, boasting his illustrious Descent, and the Wealth and Opulence of *Phrygia*. *Helen* again is at considerable Pains to convince him that none of these Things can be of any Weight with her. But all this was only to ingratiate herself the more with him, by insinuating that he was the only Temptation, and that no other Passion but what he had inspir'd, could make her swerve from Virtue. The Poet can never be enough commended for his artful Manner and Address here.

72. *Auster quæ pretiosa facit*.] *Helen* still continues the same Artifice to gain upon *Paris*. She had before seemingly slighted his Gifts; here she retracts, and speaks of them

quamvis experiar dissimulare. Cum modo lascive me spectas protervis oculis, quos instantes lumina nostra vix ferunt : et modo suspiras, modo sumis pocula proxima nobis ; tuque quoque bibis, parte qua ego bibi. Ab quasies ego notavi testa signa dari digitis, quoties supercilio, pene loquente, Et saepe extimui ne vir meus videret illa ; erubuique notis non satis occultis. Saepe dixi, vel exiguo vel longo murmure, pudet hunc nil ; nec hæc vox mea fuit falsa. Legi quoque in orbe mense sub nostro nomine, amo, quod littera deducta mero fecit. Tamen negavi me, credere hoc, oculo renuente. Hui mihi ! jam didici, posse quoque loqui sic. Ego si fuisset peccatura, flecterer his blanditiis, nostra pectora poterant capi bis. Facies rara est quoque tibi, confiteor ; puellaque potest velle ire sub tuos amplexus. Vel altera fiat potius felix sine crimine, quam noster pudor cadat externo amore. Disce meo exemplo, posse carere formosis. Est virtus abstinuisse bonis placitis. Quam multos juvenes, credas optare quod optas ; qui sapiant ? An Paris unus habes oculos ? Tu non cernis plus, sed temerarius audes plus : nec plus cordis inest tibi, sed magis oris. Tunc ego vellem te venisse celeri carina, cum mea virginitas est petita mille procis.

(Quamvis experiar dissimulare) noto. 76
Cum modò me spectas oculis, lascive, protervis ;
Quos vix instantes lumina nostra ferunt :
Et modò suspiras : modò pocula proxima nobis
Sumis ; quaque bibi, tu quoque parte bibis. 80
Ah quoties digitis, quoties ego testa notavi
Signa supercilio penè loquente dari !
Et saepe extimui, ne vir meus illa videret :
Non satis occultis erubuique notis.
Saepe vel exiguò, vel longo murmure dixi, 85
Nil pudet hunc. nec vox hæc mea falsa fuit.
Orbe quoque in mense legi sub nomine nostro,
Quod deducta mero littera fecit, AMO.
Credere me tamen hoc oculo rehente negavi.
Hei mihi ! jam didici, sic quoque posse loqui.

His ego blanditiis, si peccatura fuisset, 91
Flecterer : his poterant pectora nostra capi.
Est quoque (confiteor) facies tibi rara : potest-
que

Velle sub amplexus ire puella tuos.
Alterà vel potius felix sine crimine fiat, 95
Quàm cadat externo noster amorè pudor.
Disce meo exemplo, formosis posse carere.
Est virtus placitis abstinuisse bonis.
Quàm multos credas juvenes optare, quod optas,

Qui sapiant ? oculos an Paris unus habes ? 100
Non tu plus cernis, sed plus temerarius audes.
Nec tibi plus cordis, sed magis oris inest.
Tunc ego te vellem celeri venisse carinā,
Cum mea virginitas mille petita procis.

Si

N O T E S.

them as what were very acceptable to her ; but, at the same Time, takes Care to let him know, that they derived their Value entirely from the Giver. This has been always look'd upon as a sure Sign that the Passion of Love had taken deep Root ; whence Paris might form great Hopes of Success. Terence in his Eunuch, when he brings in the Parasite flattering his Master, that he was greatly in Favour with Thais,

makes him offer as an Evidence of it, the Value she set upon his Present.

— *Leta est, non tam ipso quidem dono, quam abs te datum esse : id vero serio triumphat.*

“ She is pleasèd, not so much with the Gift itself, as that it comes from you ;
“ for that in Reality is what gives her the chief Joy.”

though I artfully dissemble all Notice. I observe your ardent wishful Looks, and those meaning Eyes that almost dazzle mine. Sometimes you sigh, and snatching the Cup whence I had drunk, fix your Lips where mine had been before. Ah! how oft have I mark'd the hidden Signs wafted from your Fingers, and the lively Language express'd in your Eye-brow! I often dreaded lest my Husband might observe it, and blush'd at the too open Signs you made. Oft I said murmuring to myself, *this Man will stick at nothing*; nor was I out in my Conjecture. I have also upon the Edge of the Table read, mark'd with Wine under my own Name, *I love*. I with a frowning Eye, seem'd not to believe; but now, alas! have learn'd myself to speak the same Language. Were I capable to be won, it must have been by those soft Allurements, these only could have made an Impression upon my Heart. You have (it must be own'd) an enchanting Face, and Charms to make any one gladly fly to your Embraces. Another happier Maid may possess you with Innocence; but my Engagements forbid a foreign Love. Learn by my Example to live without the wish'd-for Beauty; it is the highest Degree of Virtue, to abstain from unlawful Pleasures. How many Youths wish for the same Happiness as you, who make no Advances? Or do you fancy that Paris only has Eyes? It is not that you see better, but that you rashly venture more; your Passion is not greater, but your Confidence. O that you had then visited our Coasts in a nimble Bark, when a thousand Rivals sollicit-
ed

NOTES.

84. *Non satis oculis erubique notis.*] *Helen* does not here find Fault with *Paris* for these Signs and Tokens of his Affection, only blames him for not taking Care to dissemble better, lest he should raise Suspicions in *Menelaus*. The whole Detail of Circumstances is finely conceived, and with that Happiness and Luxuriance of Imagination, which was peculiar to our Poet.

85. *Amo.*] Love is fertile in Expedients to make itself be taken Notice of by the Object beloved. The Reader is highly pleased with observing the Manner and Ingenuity of *Paris*: And the Notice taken of it by *Helen*, was a sure Sign that she had both remark'd it with Pleasure, and that it had not been without Effect.

97. *Disce meo exemplo.* This Verse is thus explain'd by *Hubertinus*. "*Disce meo exemplo, quæ licet non habeam maritum pulchrum, tamen eo sum contenta*;"

which, it must be owned, is ingenious enough. If we can however credit *Homer's* Account of *Menelaus*, he was no Way wanting in Beauty, and a fine Person. Even *Paris* himself, in his Epistle to *Helen*, does not deny him Merit here; he only thinks that a Comparison would not be to his own Disadvantage. *Helen* however in this plainly gives the Preference to *Paris*; nay flatteringly owns that she was in Love with him, and that Virtue only restrained her from yielding in every thing to his Desires.

98. *Est virtus placitis abstinuisse bonis.*] This indeed is a Degree of Virtue to which very few are able to attain. It contains a complete Mastery over our Passions, and a well-informed Judgment to be able to distinguish between what is really profitable, and what hurtful. For Virtue does not absolutely forbid us all Pleasures and Enjoyments, but only such as are injurious to others, and
hurt,

Si vidissem te, fuisses primus de mille. Ipse vir dabit veniam meo iudicio. Venis serus ad gaudia posset, præceptaque. Spes tua fuit lenta, alter habet quod petis. Tamen, nec Menelaus habet me sic invitam, ut optarem fieri Troia conjux tibi. Desine precor convellere molle pectus verbis, neve noce mihi quam dicis te amare: sed sine me tueri sortem quam fortuna tribuit, nec habe turpe spoliū nostri pudoris. At Venus est pacta hoc; et tres Deæ exhibuere se nudas tibi in vallibus altæ Idæ. Cumque una daret regnum, altera laudem belli, tertia dixit: eris conjux Tyndaridos. Equidem vix possum credere cælestia corpora supposuisse formam tuo arbitrio. Utque hoc sit verum, certe altera pars est ficta, qua ego dicor data pretium iudicii. Tanta fiducia corporis non est mihi, ut putem me fuisse maxima dona Dea teste. Forma mea est contenta probari oculis hominum, Venus laudatrix est invidiosa mihi. Sed inficior nihil, faveo quoque istis laudibus: nam quare vox mea neget quod cupit esse? Nec tu nimium ægre creditus, succense mihi; fides tarda solet inesse magnis rebus.

Si te vidissem, primus de mille fuisses. 105
Judicio veniam vir dabit ipse meo.
Ad possessa venis præceptaque gaudia serus.
Spes tua lenta fuit: quod petis, alter habet.
Ut tamen optarem fieri tibi Troia conjux,
Invitam sic me nec Menelaus habet. 110
Desine molle, precor, verbis convellere pectus:
Néve mihi, quam te dicis amare, noce.
Sed sine, quam tribuit sortem Fortuna, tueri:
Nec spoliū nostri turpe pudoris habe.
At Venus hoc pacta est: & in altæ vallibus Idæ
Tres tibi se nudas exhibuere Deæ:
Unaque cum regnum, belli daret altera laudem;
Tyndaridos conjux, tertia dixit, eris.
Credire vix equidem cælestia corpora possum
Arbitrio formam supposuisse tuo. 120
Utque sit hoc verum; certè pars altera ficta est,
Judicii pretium quā data dicor ego.
Non est tanta mihi fiducia corporis, ut me
Maxima teste Deā dona fuisse putem.
Contenta est oculis hominum mea forma probari:
Laudatrix Venus est invidiosa mihi.
Sed nihil inficior: faveo quoque laudibus istis.
Nam mea vox quare, quod cupit, esse neget?
Nec tu succense nimium mihi creditus ægre.
Tarda solet magnis rebus inesse fides. 130

Prima

NOTES.

hurtful to ourselves. *Epiætus*, that consummate Moralist, was wont to say, that the Perfection of Virtue was comprized in these two Words: *Sustine et abstine.*

105. *Primus de mille.*] *Helen*, while she is seemingly endeavouring to convince *Paris* of the Impossibility of what he aims at, still goes on to give him all the Proofs of her Affection he could wish for, and by that Means artfully encourages his Hopes that he may one Day bring her to yield to all he wanted. Had you addressed me, says she, while I was yet under no Engagement, and free to bestow my Heart wherever I found my Inclinations most to lead me, you would have gain'd the Prize from a thousand Suitors, and *Menelaus* himself must have justified my Choice.

107. *Possessa præceptaque gaudia.*] *Possessa*, i. e. *ad ea gaudia quæ aliorum sunt præcepta, præoccupata*: Some read, *præcepta*. But as *Ovid* frequently elsewhere uses *præcepta* in this very Sense, it seems reasonable to give it the Preference. Thus, in the Elegy upon the Death of *Drusus*.

Fingebat redicem, præceptaque mente sinibus
Gaudia.

And in the eleventh Book of the *Metamorphoses*:

Pæabus animum simulat, præceptaque gaudia sumit.

110. *Invitam sic nec me.*] *Helen* still keeps up the Character of an admirable Dissembler,

ed my Virgin Love! Had you appeared, you would have triumphed over the Thousand; nor could my Husband have justly blam'd my Choice. Now, alas! you come too late, to Joys that are the Right of another, and your slow Hope invades a plighted Love. But although it would have been more to my Wish, to have liv'd with you, yet does not Menelaus possess me against my Will. Cease then, for Heaven's Sake, to urge a too sensible Heart, nor strive to injure her whom you profess to love. Suffer me to live contented with the Lot which Fortune has given me, nor aim at the Prey of my unspotted Fame. But Venus, you say, promis'd this Reward; and three Goddesses offered themselves naked to your Judgment in the Vales of towering Ida. One offer'd you a Kingdom, another the Glory of successful War; and the Third to make you Husband to a Daughter of Tyndarus: But I can scarce believe that heavenly Nymphs would have submitted to your Decision in the Case of Beauty. And were this even true, yet the other Part is undoubtedly feign'd, where you pretend that I was offered to bribe your Judgment. I am not yet so vain of my own Charms, as to fancy myself the greatest Reward, even in the Opinion of the Goddesses. I am fully contented with my Share of human Praise; the Applause of Venus can only beget Envy. But I deny nothing; these Flatteries are also grateful; for why should I reject what I so fondly wish? Nor be you too much displeas'd, that I am hard of Belief; for Things of Moment are not credited with Ease. My chief Joy

18

N O T E S.

bler, and every now and then drops some Expressions which seem to bespeak a steady and virtuous Mind. If she was not able to conquer entirely her growing Inclination for *Paris*, she yet pretends to struggle hard against it, and retain still that Regard for *Menelaus*, that Decency and her Engagements requir'd. She therefore prays *Paris* not to urge her to what was so contrary to her Honour and Duty, or to take Advantage of the Inclination which she had for him, and fear'd was too strong for her to be able to resist. There is incredible Artifice in this, for hereby she insinuates, that it would not be in her Power to hold out long, if he persisted in his Sollicitations; and she knew too well, from what passed in her own Mind, to believe that her faint Entreaties would be of any Effect to make him desist.

115. *At Venus hoc passa est.*] We have seen already in the foregoing Epistle, that

when *Paris* gave the Decision in Favour of *Venus*, she promis'd him *Helen* as a Reward. *Conjux Tyndaridæ eris*: You shall be a Husband to a Daughter of *Tyndarus*. For tho' *Helen* was really the Daughter of *Jupiter*, yet as *Leda* was Wife to *Tyndarus*, he was her reputed Father.

123. *Ut me.*] *Helen* here speaks of *Venus's* Promise to *Paris*, as a Circumstance too much to her Honour to credit rashly. We see confirm'd by this a common Observation made upon the Sex; that they are generally more concerned for the Reputation of Beauty, than Virtue. *Helen's* Fanny is so full of the imaginary Honour done her by the Goddesses, in preferring her Beauty to that of all the World besides, that she never reflects it implied her Infidelity to her Husband, and Breach of the Marriage-Vow.

129. *Succerse nimum mibi.*] It is pleasing to trace *Helen* through all the Wind-
F t ing;

218 P. OVIDII NASONIS Epist. XVII.

Igitur mea prima voluptas est placuisse Veneri; proxima, me esse visam tibi summa præmia; nec te præposuisse honores Palladii, nec te præposuisse honores Junonis, auditis bonis Helenæ. Ergo ego sum virtus tibi? ego sum nobile regnum tibi? Sim ferrea, si ego non amem hoc pectus. Crede mihi, non sum ferrea, sed repugno amare illum, quem vix puto posse fieri meum. Quid coner proscindere littus bibulum curvo aratro, se- quique spem quam ipse locus neget? Sum rudis ad furtum Veneris: lusimus- que (Dii sint testes mihi) fidelem virum nulla arte. Nunc quoque quod mando mea verba tacito libello, nostra litera fungitur novo officio. Felices sunt, quibus usus adest! ego nescia rerum, suspicor viam culpæ esse difficilem. Metus ipse est malo: jam nunc confundor, & reor omnes oculos esse in nostris vultibus. Nec reor hoc falso: sensi mala murmura vulgi, et Æthra retulit quasdam voces mihi.

Prima mea est igitur Veneri placuisse voluptas:
Proxima, me visam præmia summa tibi:
Nec te Palladios, nec te Junonis honores
Auditis Helenæ præposuisse bonis.
Ergo ego sum virtus? ego sum tibi nobile reg-
num?
Ferrea sim, si non hoc ego pectus amem.
Ferrea, crede mihi, non sum: sed amare re-
pugno
Illum, quem fieri vix puto posse meum.
Quid bibulum curvo proscindere littus aratro,
Spemque sequi coner, quam locus ipse neget?
Sum rudis ad Veneris furtum: nullaque fide-
lem
(Dî mihi sint testes) lusimus arte virum.
Nunc quoque, quod tacito mando mea verba li-
bello,
Fungitur officio littera nostra novo:
Felices, quibus usus adest! ego nescia rerum
Difficilem culpæ suspicor esse viam.
Ipse malo metus est. jam nunc confundor, &
omnes
In nostris oculos vultibus esse reor.
Nec reor hoc falso. sensi mala murmura vulgi:
Et quasdam voces retulit Æthra mihi.

N O T E S.

irgs and Turnings of her Affection, and observe how she still makes greater and greater Advances to her Lover. She owns she is pleased with the Promise made to him by *Venus*, and wishes it to have been true. Nay she even proceeds so far as to shew an Anxiety, lest he should be offended at her Backwardness to credit his Relation: And to soften the Matter, pretends that she looked upon it as a Thing of too great Moment to be rashly believed; because a Disappointment would expose her to the most cruel Mortifications.

135. *Ergo ego sum virtus, &c.* *Helen's* Reasoning is admirably calculated to excuse her Weakness, and quiet the Alarms and Checks which her own Reflection would be apt to give her. She dresses up the Merit of *Paris*, and what he had done for her in the most bewitching Light, to make her Compliance appear a Point of

Gratitude. When the Mind has once determined upon a Thing, it is never at a Loss to find out Excuses and palliating Reasons to avoid its own Reproaches. What would appear horrid and shocking to it when well-disposed and untainted, will now be dressed up with such Circumstances, as quite to disarm it of all its Terrors and Guilt. This is exemplified in the most lively Manner in *Helen*. How different does she appear here from what she was at the Beginning of this Epistle? There she is full of Resentment, accuses *Paris* of violating the sacred Rights of Hospitality, and wonders at his Insolence in offering to make any Attempt upon her Honour. How much is the Case changed here? She views every Thing he had done with a very different Eye. His preferring her to Valour and a Kingdom, exposing him-
self

is to have the Applause of Venus, and my next, that I was esteemed the greatest Reward by you: That neither the Honours proffered by Pallas, nor those of Juno, were preferred to the fam'd Beauty of Helen. You therefore chose me in place of Valour, in place of a noble Kingdom; 'twere inhuman, not to receive a Heart so wholly mine. But trust me, I am far from being inhuman; and only struggle against loving a Man, whom I scarce can hope shall ever be mine.

Why do I vainly strive to tear up the thirsty Sand with a bending Plough; and cherish a Hope which every Thing conspires to defeat? I am a Stranger to the Artifices of Love; witness Heaven, that I never yet by any Deceit abused my faithful Husband. And now that I privately commit my Thoughts to Writing, my Hand engages in a new and unusual Task. Happy they whom Practice hath rendered expert; I, unskill'd in Intrigue, imagine the Way to Vice hedg'd round with Thorns. This Fear perpetually haunts me; even now I am cover'd with Blushes, and imagine the Eyes of all fix'd upon me. Nor is this Apprehension wholly groundless; for already the Rumour spreads among the Crowd, and Æthra accidentally overheard some

N O T E S.

self to the Dangers of the Sea for her Sake, and suffering all the Anguish of a smothered Love: These, I say, are now placed to the Account of Merit. She no longer considers him as an Enemy to her Virtue and Honour, one who intended to rob her of what should be most valuable and dear to her, and expose her to eternal Infamy; but as a suffering Lover, one more deserving of Pity and Compassion, than Severity and Frowns. By this she is led to think that Gratitude and Humanity require her to make some Returns, and would fain, if possible, persuade herself, that her Weakness in not rejecting at once his Addresses, was rather a Virtue than a Crime.

139. *Quid bibulum.*] 'Tis more, we see, from an Apprehension of the Impossibility of the Thing, than any Abhorrence of the Crime, that Helen shews so great a Reluctance. She looks upon it as a vain Project to indulge a Passion for a Stranger, and like to yield no more Profit, than a plowing up the sandy Beach. A thousand Obstacles would intervene to obstruct their Happiness,

Busy Whispers, the Suspicions of her Husband, and the Necessity he would be under of returning soon to his own Country; all which are represented with a happy Vein of Wit and Fancy.

146. *Difficilem culpæ suspicor.*] The Poet paints after Truth and Nature, and therefore his Sentiments are just, and what every one's Experience will teach him. 'Tis certain that they who have been train'd up to Virtue, are very much shock'd at the first Advances to Vice. They feel a Reluctance which disquiets and makes them unhappy, and are apt to fancy that every Thing betrays them. Helen very naturally describes this to be the Case with her. Although as yet no particular Familiarities had passed between her and Paris, yet being conscious of what was likely to happen, she already imagines that it had taken Air: Guilt made her quick-sighted in observing every Nod and Whisper. Looks and Gestures that at another Time would have pass'd unobserved, are now construed to have a Meaning. Nothing could have been more finely conceived,

At tu dissimula, nisi si moris
desistere. Sed cur desistas?
Potes dissimulare. Lude, sed
occulte; major, non maxi-
ma libertas est data no-
bis, quod Menelaus abest.
Ille quidem est profectus
procul, re ita cogente.
Causa subitæ viæ fuit mag-
na iustaque; aut est sic vi-
sum mihi. Ego, cum dubi-
taret an iret, dixi, fac eas
rediturus quamprimum.
Lætatus omine, dedit oscu-
la, et ait: Resque, domusque,
et Troicus hospes
sit curæ tibi. Vix tenui
risum, quem dum luctu
compercere, potui discere nil
illi præter, Erir. Ille qui
omni dedit vela Creten ven-
tis secundis, sed tu non ideo
puta cuncta licere. Vir
meus sic abest hinc, ut ab-
sens custodiat me. An-
nescis longas manus esse
regibus? Fama quoque
est oneri. Nam quo con-
stantius laudamur vestro
ore, ille iustius timet. Gl-
ria eadem quæ iuvat, ut
est nunc, est domno mihi;
et foret melius dedisse ver-
ba famæ. Nec quod Me-
nelaus abest, mirare me
relictam hic tecum; ille
credidit meæ vitæ & mo-
ribus. Metuit de facie,
confidit vitæ; & probitas facit illum securum, forma timere.

At tu dissimula: nisi si desistere mavis.

Sed cur desistas? dissimulare potes.

Lude, sed occultè. major, non maxima nobis

Est data libertas, quod Menelaus abest.

Ille quidem procul est, ita re cogente, pro-
fectus, 155

Magna fuit subitæ iustæque causa viæ;

Aut mihi sic visum est. ego, cum dubitaret an
iret,

Quamprimum, dixi, fac rediturus eas.

Omine lætatus dedit oscula: Resque, domusque,

Et tibi sit curæ Troicus hospes, ait, 160

Vix tenui risum. quem dum compercere luctor,

Nil illi potui dicere, præter, Erir.

Vela quidem Creten ventis dedit ille secundis.

Sed tu non ideo cuncta licere puta.

Sic meus hinc vir abest, ut me custodiat absens.

Annescis longas regibus esse manus? 166

Fama quoque est oneri. nam quo constantius ore

Laudamur vestro, iustius ille timet,

Quæ iuvat, ut nunc est, eadem mihi gloria
damno est:

Et melius famæ verba dedisse foret. 170

Nec, quod abest, hic me tecum mirare relictam:

Moribus & vitæ credidit ille meæ.

De facie metuit, vitæ confidit: & illum

Securum probitas, forma timere facit.

Tempora

NOTES.

155. Major non maxima.] Helen comes now flatly to approve of his Passion, and allow him in whatever Liberties he could take with Prudence. Paris had told her, that Menelaus by his own Behaviour urg'd her to a Compliance, as his Absence afford-
ed her the best Opportunity in the World, to indulge the stol'n Delights of Love. She allows it; but, at the same Time, thinks they ought to act with great Circumspection, because, notwithstanding her Husband's Absence, there were still Spies upon her Conduct, who would not fail to aggravate every Circumstance severely, unless all were managed with the utmost Prudence and Care. What was this but telling him that she would withhold none of her Favours from

him, when a fair Opportunity offered of granting them without Danger of a Discovery?

161. Vix tenui risum.] The Reader may perhaps be shock'd at this Behaviour of Helen upon her Husband's going for Crete. Whatever Concessions she has hitherto made, 'tis all with an Air of Modesty and Reserve. She would rather have it believ'd to proceed from Pity and Tenderness, than any loose Inclination. Here, on the other Hand, she seems to own, that even before her Husband's Departure, she had not only received favourable Impressions of Paris, but determined to grant him all without Reserve; nay gone so far, as to ridicule Menelaus, and despise him, for his

easy

some Whispers. 'Tis fit you dissemble all, unless you think it better to desist; but why desist? you who can so well dissemble. Love still, but secretly: The Absence of Menelaus gives more Freedom, but does not allow of all. He is gone upon a long Journey, call'd by urgent Affairs; a great and weighty Concern occasioned his sudden Departure: At least so it appeared to me. I seeing him unresolv'd what to do: *Go*, said I, *and return with all possible Dispatch*. He, pleas'd with the Omen, fondly kiss'd me: *To your Care*, says he, *I recommend my Palace, my Kingdom, and the Trojan Guest*. Scarce did I hold from Laughter; which, while I am in pain to smother, I could only answer, *it shall be so*. He, 'tis true, spread his Sails for Crete with a favourable Wind; yet don't from this fancy yourself wholly secure. My Husband, tho' absent, has still watchful Eyes over me. Are you unacquainted with the Proverb, *That Princes have long Hands*? My Fame too is a great Obstacle; for the more lavish you are in my Praise, the juster Ground has he for Suspicion. That Glory, once so grateful, is now my Bane; far better it had been, to be less known to Fame. Nor wonder at his Absence, or that I am here left with you: He trusted to my Virtue and unspotted Life. My Beauty and Shape implied Danger, but my Probity and Fame made him secure. You bid

N O T E S,

easy simple Credulity. But this must be understood with some Softenings; it is plain, from her Manner of relating it, that she wish'd for his Absence; but her smiling at his committing the *Trojan Guest* to her Care, might not proceed so much from Contempt, as her own Consciousness that she was but too well dispos'd to obey his Commands, and a certain Pleasure she might take in perceiving he had no Suspicion of their private Designs.

169. *Eadem mihi gloria damno est.*] The greater Part of Commentators give but a confused and unsatisfying Explication of this Passage. *Helen* says, that the Reputation of Beauty, which could not on many Accounts but be agreeable to her, was in the present Case rather a Disadvantage, because it made her remarkable, and the Object of every Body's Notice. This oblig'd her to a strict Attention over her Actions, even over her Looks and Words, it being almost impossible that the least Slip should pass unobserved. She fear'd therefore that her present Sentiments for *Paris* could not long be a Secret, and wish'd that her Fame had been less, rather than be thus expos'd to

the Hazard of a Discovery. This I take to be the true Meaning of the Passage.

171. *Nec quod abest mirare.*] We see here a Confirmation of what I have advanced in a former Remark; that we are not to interpret *Helen's* smiling at her Husband's recommending the *Trojan* to her Care, as done in Contempt of his easy Temper and Simplicity. She is so far from viewing it in that Light, that, on the contrary, she thinks he had all the Reason in the World to trust her. For that however her Beauty and Fame might expose her to Sollicitations, her known Virtue was sufficient to secure him against all Suspicion of her ever proving unfaithful to him.

172. *Vita credidit ille mea.*] *Helen*, as she more than once tells us, had hitherto liv'd without Reproach; *Menelaus* therefore cannot be charg'd with Imprudence in leaving her with this Stranger, whom probably he thought well of, and whose Honour and Virtue he put great Confidence in. However, the Event made it appear, that a Woman's being hitherto chaste, is no Security for her Chastity in Time to come.

179. Et

Præcipis ne tempora ultro data pereant, utque utamur commoditate simplicis viri. Et libet, et timeo; nec voluntas est adhuc satis exacta; nostra pectora labant in dubio. Et vir abest nobis, et tu dormis sine conjuge; tuæque forma invicem capit me, et mea te. Et noctes sunt longæ, et jam coimus sermone; et tu (me miseram!) es blandus, et domus est una: at peream, si omnia non invitant culpam; sed tamen ipsa tardor nescio quo metu. Utinam possis bene cogere quod persuades male! Mea rusticitas fuit excutienda vi. Injuria est interdum utilis ipsis passis. Certe velim sic coacta esse felix. Pugnemus potius capta amori dum est novus; si anima recens resedit sparsa parva aqua. Amor non est certus in hospitibus: errat, ut ipsi: cumque speres nihil esse firmius, fuit. Hypsipyle est testis; Minpia virgo est testis; utraque quæsta in toris non exhibitus. Tu quoque, infide, diceris destituisse tuam Oenonem dilectam per multos annos. Nec tamen ipse negas; et si nescis, fuit maxima cura nobis quærere omnia de te. Adde, quod ut cupias manere constans in amore, non potes: Phryges jam expediunt tua vela. Dum loqueris mecum, dum nox sperata paratur, ventus jam evit tibi, qui ferat te in patriam. Relinques gaudia plena novitatis in mediis cursibus; noster amor abibit cum ventis. An sequar ut suades, visamque laudatâ Pergamâ, et ero pronurus magni Laomedontis?

Tempora ne pereant ultro data præcipis; útque Simplicis utamur commoditate viri. 176

Et libet, & timeo: nec adhuc exacta voluntas

Est satis. in dubio pectora nostra labant.

Et vir abest nobis; & tu sinè conjuge dormis:

Inque vicem tua me, te mea forma capit. 180

Et longæ noctes: & jam sermone coimus:

Et tu (me miseram!) blandus: & una domus.

Et peream, si non invitant omnia culpam.

Nescio quo tardor sed tamen ipsa metu.

Quod malè persuades, utinam bene cogere possis!

Vi mea rusticitas excutienda fuit. 186

Utilis interdum est ipsis injuria passis.

Sic certè felix esse coacta velim.

Dum novus est, potiùs cœpto pugnemus amori:

Flamma recens parvâ sparsa resedit aquâ. 190

Certus in hospitibus non est amor. errat, ut ipsi:

Cùmque nihil speres firmius esse, fuit.

Hypsipyle testis, testis Minoia virgo est;

In non exhibitis utraque quæsta toris.

Tu quoque dilectam multos, infide, per annos

Diceris Oenonen destituisse tuam. 196

Nec tamen ipse negas; & nobis omnia de te

Quærere, si nescis, maxima cura fuit.

Adde quod, ut cupias constans in amore manere, 119

Non potes. expediunt jam tua vela Phryges.

Dum loqueris mecum, dum nox sperata paratur,

Qui ferat in patriam, jam tibi ventus erit.

Curibus in mediis novitatis plena relinques

Gaudia: cum ventis noster abibit amor.

An sequar, ut suades; laudatâque Pergamâ visam; 205

Pronurus & magni Laomedontis ero?

Non

NOTES.

179. *Et vir abest nobis.*] This Detail in the Mouth of Helen is very happily imagined by the Poet. She collects all the Circumstances that invited her to a Compliance with a Minuteness and Strength of Fancy, that gives us plainly to understand her Thoughts were often employed this

Way; and that her only Concern was how to bring it about without ruining her Reputation with the World, or shocking the Delicacy of her Lover.

185. *Utinam bene cogere possis.*] Helen here throws off the Mask entirely, and owns her Willingness, were but proper Care taken

bid me not lose so fair a Season, nor neglect the Opportunity given by the simple good-natur'd Man. I am willing, but afraid; my Resolution is still unfix'd, and my Breast glows with all the Anguish of Suspence. My Husband is absent, you pine in a solitary Bed, and we are each blest with a Form that mutually pleases. The Nights are long, we often converse, one House contains us, and you are kind and pressing. Let me die, if all Things don't conspire to crown our Loves; and yet I don't know what Fear still holds me back. 'Twere better to employ Force, than court with Words; my Bashfulness might have been overcome by a gentle Violence. Wrongs are sometimes grateful to them that suffer them; 'tis thus I would be made happy by a seeming Force: But let us strive rather to suppress in its Birth the growing Flame; a little Water easily extinguishes the kindling Spark. Strangers are incapable of a lasting Love, their Passion wanders like themselves; and while we fondly believe it sure and unchang'd, behold all is over. Hypsipyle and the Minoian Maid are Examples of this, who both were left to mourn their deserted Beds. You too, faithless Man, are said to have abandoned Oenone, who had been dear to you for so many Years. Nor think to deny it; for know, that it has been my care to search narrowly into all. Add moreover, that were you inclin'd to a constant faithful Love, 'tis not in your Power; already the impatient Trojans prepare your Sails. While you are yet in Discourse with me, while the wish'd-for Night is assign'd, behold a propitious Gale calls you to your own Country. You must abandon the unfinished Pursuit, and break assunder our new-felt Joys; the relentless Winds will bear away my Love. Shall I then follow as you advise, and visit the fam'd Towers of Troy? Shall I become a Wife to the Grandson of mighty Laomedon? I am not yet so in-

N O T E S.

ken to afford her some Excuse for her Weakness. There is nothing more here than what is to be met with in all that Sex. What Favours they grant of this Kind, proceed usually from the warmest Inclinations: Yet they wou'd rather have them appear extorted by Violence and Force, than a free Grant. They fear lest their Lover should despise a Victory too easily gain'd.

187. *Utilis interdum est ipsis injuria passis.*] Because it is by this seeming Injury that they excuse their Fault. Whoever reads over this Epistle with Attention, will see that Ovid has exhausted all his Wit and Ingenuity upon it; nor is there in all his

Writings so strong a View of the Turn and Artifices of Womankind. I cannot therefore sufficiently wonder how it ever entered into the Head of a Critick, that this Epistle was not written by Ovid.

189. *Potius cepto pugnemus amori.*] What a strong Picture of Inconstancy!

Varium et mutabile semper femina.

Helen, by this sudden Change, not only counterfeits a Modesty and Reluctance, but at the same Time inflames her Lover, and raises his Ardour to a greater Pitch.

193. *Hypsipyle.*] Deserted by Jason. *Mi-*

Non ita contemno præconia
volucris famæ, ut illa
impleat terras meis probris.
Quid poterit Sparte loqui
de me, quid tota Achæia,
quid gentes Asiæ, quid
tua Troja? quid Priamus
sentiet de me, quid uxor
Priami, totque tui fra-
tres, nurusque Dardanides?
Tu quoque, qui poteris
sperare me fidelem tibi,
et non esse anxius tuis ex-
emplis? Quicumque ad-
vena intraverit Iliacos
portus, is erit causa sol-
liciti timoris tibi. Ipse,
quoties es iratus, dices
mibi adultera, oblitus tuum
crimen inesse nostro. Fies
idem reprehensor et auctor
delicti. Precor terra ante
obruat meos vultus. At
fruar opibus Iliacis, cui-
tuque beato; feramque
dona uberiora promissi.
Nempe purpura, pretiosa-
que texta dabuntur mihi,
erique dives congesto pon-
dere auri. Da veniam
fisse; tua munera non sunt
tanti. Nescio quomodo ista
tellus tenet me. Quis suc-
currat mihi in Phrygiis
oris si lædar? Unde pe-
tam opem fratris, unde
opem parentis? Fallax
Jason promisit omnia Me-
deæ: num illa est minus
pulsa domo Æsonia? Æetes ad quem illa despecta rediret, non erat: non parens Ipsea, soror-
que Chalciope. Timeo nihil tale sed nec Medea timebat.

Non ita contemno volucris præconia Famæ;
Ut probris terras impleat illa meis.
Quid de me Sparte poterit, quid Achæia tota,
Quid gentes Asiæ, quid tua Troja loqui? 210
Quid Priamus de me, Priami quid sentiet uxor;
Tôtque tui fratres, Dardanidæque nurus?
Tu quoque, qui poteris tibi me sperare fidelem,
Et non exemplis anxius esse tuis?
Quicumque Iliacos intraverit advena portus; 215
Is tibi solliciti causa timoris erit.
Ipse mihi quoties iratus, Adultera, dices!
Oblitus nostro crimen inesse tuum.
Delicti fies idem reprehensor & auctor.
Terra, precor, vultus obruat ante meos. 224
At fruar Iliacis opibus, cultuque beato:
Donaque promissis uberiora feram.
Purpura nempe mihi, pretiosaque texta dabun-
tur:
Congestoque auri pondere dives ero. 229
Da veniam fassæ; non sunt tua munera tanti.
Nescio quo tellus me tenet ista modo.
Quis mihi, si lædar, Phrygiis succurrat in oris?
Unde petam fratres, unde parentis opem?
Omnia Medæ fallax promisit Iason:
Pulsa est Æsonia num minus illa domo? 230
Non erat Æetes, ad quem despecta rediret:
Non Ipsea parens, Chalciopeque soror.
Tale nihil timeo: sed nec Medea timebat.

Fal-

N O T E S.

noia Virgo. Ariadne, Daughter of Minos,
left upon a desert Island by Theseus.

207. *Non ita contemno.*] We have here a
long Detail of the Reasons that hindered
her from following Paris to Troy. None of
them are drawn from the Amiability of
Virtue, or Baseness of the Crime itself.
These 'tis plain had no Weight with her.
She is concerned only for her Reputation,
and to avoid Infamy. She foresees too, and
with good Reason, that such a Step might
bring her into Contempt, even with those
in Favour of whom it was taken. What
Security, says she to Paris, can you after-
wards have of my Fidelity? Will not my

easy Consent to your Proposal make you
suspect me with every Stranger that lands
upon your Coasts? The Reasoning here is
unanswerable. No Union can be firm and
lasting, but what is founded upon Virtue.
Where a false Step has once been made,
every Temptation alarms, and we are apt to
suspect that she who could not resist in one
Case, will be as little able to resist in
another.

230. *Pulsa est Æsonia, &c.*] Paris had
made great Promises to Helen; but these
were usual upon soliciting for Favours of
this Kind, and tho' given with the greatest
Air of Sincerity, very little regarded after-
wards.

indifferent to the Reports of spreading Fame, as to suffer that it thus fill the Earth with the Sound of my Reproach. What may Sparta say of me, and all Greece? What the Nations of Asia, and even your own Troy? What will Priam, Hecuba, and your Brothers think? and what all the modest Phrygian Matrons? And even you, what Confidence can you have in my Fidelity, or how avoid an Anxiety from my Compliance in your own Case? Every Stranger that arrives upon the Phrygian Coast will be a fresh Cause of Fear on my Account. In your Rage you will not fail to upbraid me with my Crime, forgetting the Part you bear in it yourself. You, who are the Author of my Guilt, will be the first to reproach me. O may the Earth rather over-whelm me for ever. But I shall shine in Trojan Riches, and all the Ornaments of a happy Dress. You tell me, that I shall meet with a Reception far beyond even your Promises; that purple and embroidered Garments shall be given me; and that I shall be enriched by a Power of Gold. But forgive the frank Confession, these Gifts have no Charms for me; the Ties that bind me to my own Country, are far more powerful. Who among the Phrygians will resent the Wrongs I may have done me? What Help of Brothers or a Father could I there implore? Deceitful Jason won Medea by his unbounded Promises; but was he less ready to banish her from the House of his Father Aeson? She had then no Aetes to whom she could fly for Relief, no Mother Ipea, nor Sister Chalciope to hear her Complaints. I indeed fear none of this, but neither did Medea fear; Love often con-tributes

N O T E S.

wards. She therefore tells him, that these Promises could give her but little Security, since it appeared from numberless Examples, that they who trusted to them were in the End deceived. She instances particularly in Medea, and insinuates her Fears of a like Fate to herself. *Aesonis domo*, from the House of Aeson, who was the Father of Jason.

231. *Non erat Aetes.*] Aetes indeed was still alive, but not likely to afford her any Hopes of Succour. With what Confidence could she approach a Father whom she had so basely abandoned, whose Son she had cut in Pieces, and scattered his Limbs upon the High-way? We are inform'd however by Apollodorus, that notwithstanding all this she fled to him, and was instrumental in restoring him to his Kingdom, from which he

had some Time before been expelled.

232. *Non Ipea parens.*] Manuscripts differ here very widely, whence there is Room to suspect that the Text has been corrupted. There is still the more Reason for this Notion, because we don't meet with one Instance in all Antiquity of Medea's Mother being mentioned under the Name of Ipea. We may therefore, relying upon the Authority of Hesiod, Apollonius, Apollodorus, and Hyginus, instead of Ipea, read Itya; this being the most commonly received Opinion, tho' there are others that mention her by a different Name.

233. *Sed nec Medea timebat.*] The Reflection here is just and well-tim'd. She would not appear to suspect her Lover's Honour and Fidelity, and therefore is willing to trust him. But she immediately re-

*Spes bona sæpe fallitur suo
augurio. Invenies fretum
fuisse lene a portu, omni-
bus navibus quæ nunc jac-
tantur in alto. Fax quo-
que terret me, quam parens
tua visa est se peperisse
cruentam ante diem par-
tûs. Et timeo monitus
vatum, quæ ferunt præ-
monuisse Ilion arsurum Pe-
lasgo igne. Utique Cythe-
rea fœvet tibi quia vicit,
habetque bina tropæa par-
ta per tuum arbitrium;
sic vereor illas duas, quæ
duæ, si tua gloria est ve-
ra, non tenere causam te
judice. Nec dubito quin,
si prosequar te, arma pa-
rentur. Hei mihi, noster
amor ibit per gladios. An
Atracis Hippodamia coegit
Hæmonios viros indicare
fera bella Centauris? Tu
putas Menelaon et gemi-
nos fratres Tyndareum-
que fore lentum in tam
justa ira? Quod bene
jactas te, et recenses ser-
tia facta, ista facies dis-
silet a suis verbis. Tua
corpora sint magis apta
Veneri quam Marti, For-
tes gerant bello, tu Pari
semper ama. Jubeto Hec-
tore, quem laudas, pugnare
pro te. Altera militia est
digna tuis operis. Ego, si
saperem, essetque paulo
audacior, uterer his. Pu-
ella, si qua sapit, utetur.
Aut ego fortasse faciam, pu-
dore deposito, et victa tem-
pore dabo conjunctas manus.
Quod petis, ut præsentem
loquamur plura furtim,
scimus quid captes, vocif-
que colloquimur. Sed pro-
peras nimum, et tua messis est adhuc in herba, Hæc mora sit forsitan amica tuo voto.*

Fallitur augurio spes bona sæpe suo.
Omnibus invenies, quæ nunc jactantur in alto,
Navibus à portu lene fuisse fretum. 236
Fax quoque me terret: quam se peperisse cru-
entam

Ante diem partûs est tua visa parens.
Et vatum timeo monitus: quos igne Pelasgo
Ilion arsuram præmonuisse ferunt. 240
Utque fœvet Cytherea tibi, quia vicit, habetque
Parta per arbitrium bina tropæa tuum;
Sic illas vereor, quæ, si tua gloria vera est,
Judice te causam non tenere duæ.
Nec dubito, quin, te si prosequar, arma pa-
rentur. 245

Ibit per gladios (hei mihi!) noster amor.
An fera Centauris indicare bella coëgit
Atracis Hæmonios Hippodamia viros?
Tu fore tam justâ lentum Menelaon in irâ,
Et geminos fratres, Tyndareumque putas? 250
Quod bene te jactas, & fortia facta recenses;
A verbis facies diffidet ista suis.
Apta magis Veneri, quam sint tua corpora
Marti.

Bella gerant fortes: tu, Pari, semper ama.
Hæctora, quem laudas, pro te pugnare jubeto:
Militia est operis altera digna tuis. 256
His ego, si saperem, pauloque audacior essem,
Uterer. utetur, si qua puella sapit.
Aut ego deposito faciam fortasse pudore;
Et dabo conjunctas tempore victa manus. 260
Quod petis, ut furtim præsentem plura loquamur;
Scimus quid captes, colloquiumque voces.
Sed nimum properas; & adhuc tua messis in
herbâ est.

Hæc mora sit voto forsitan amica tuo.

Hæc-

NOTES.

reflects that this also was the Case with Me-
dea. She had no Distrust of Jason, but
confided in his Promises, and the Event tes-
tified how far she had been mistaken. Is

there not Reason to fear, says Helen, that I
may have the same Fate? Nothing can be
more natural, or better judg'd.

248. Atracis Hippodamia.] Hippodamia
or

tributes to its own Deceit. What Ship now tofs'd by stormy Waves, but sail'd first from Port with a favourable Wind? I am terrified too by the flaming Torch, which your Mother dream'd to spring from her Womb before your Birth. Add to this the Prophecies which foretell that Ilium shall be consum'd with Grecian Fire. True, Venus favours us, because she carried off the Prize, and by your Judgment triumph'd over two. But then I fear again the Resentment of the Two, who in this Contest so much to your Honour, lost their Cause by your Sentence. Nor can it be doubted if I follow you, but Armies will be rais'd to recover me; our Love (alas!) must make its Way through Sword and Slaughter. Did Hippodamia of Atræ instigate the Thessalian Heroes to that cruel Slaughter of the Centaurs? And can you fancy that Menelaus will be slow to Revenge in so just a Cause, or that my Brothers and Father will not contribute their Aid? You boast highly of your Valour, and recount your noble Acts: But your Face gains no great Credit to your Words. Those Limbs are better formed for the Delights of Venus, than the rude Encounters of Mars: Let Heroes distinguish themselves in War, Paris will shine in the softer Pursuits of Love. Hector, whom you so much commend, may bravely defend you against the Foe; a different Warfare befits those graceful Motions. Were I bold and daring as many of my Sex, I'd throw myself into your soft Embraces; but Time and you may at last bring me to yield, when laying aside this foolish Shame, I will gladly reach out my consenting Hand. You demand a private Meeting, that you may acquaint me fully with all; I know your Meaning, and what you aim at by this Conference. But you are too forward; nor is your Harvest as yet come to Ripeness: This short Delay may perhaps further your Hopes. Thus far

N O T E S.

of *Atræ*, or *Atræia*, the Name of a City in *Thessaly*. Some indeed make *Atræia* a Name for *Thessaly* in general. *Antonius* tells us, that *Hippodamia* was the Daughter of the River *Attrax*, but this is entirely without Foundation.

Ibid. Hæmonius viros.] This refers to what happened at the Marriage of *Pirithous* and *Hippodamia*, where a Scuffle arising between the *Centaurs* on the one Side, and *Theseus*, *Hercules*, and the *Lapithæ* on the other, the former were partly slain, and

put to flight.

263. *Sed nimium properas.*] *Helen*, after giving a particular Answer to every Thing that *Paris* had said in his Letter to encourage her, as if she meant after all to reject his Suit, concludes with an almost unexpected Promise that she will be favourable, only requires him to have a little Patience. What followed is known to every Body. *Paris* carried her with him to *Troy*, and thereby brought on the Destruction of that famous City.

*Haerens litera conscia
furtivæ mentis, jam sistat
arcanum opus pollice lasso.
Loquamar cætera per soci-
as Clymenen Æthramque;
quæ duæ sunt comites con-
siliûmque mihi.*

Haecenus arcanum furtivæ conscia mentis 265
Litera jam lasso pollice sistat opus.

Cætera per socias Clymenen Æthramque lo-
quamur,

Quæ mihi sunt comites consiliûmque duæ.

EPISTOLA XVIII.

LEANDER HERONI.

ORDO.

*Sesta puella, Abydenus,
mittit tibi salutem, quam
mallet ferre, si ira maris
cadat. Si Diî sunt faciles
et secundi mihi in amore,
leges hæc mea verba oculis
invitis. Sed non sunt fa-
ciles: nam cur morentur
mea vota, nec patiantur
me currere nota aqua? Ip-
sa vides cælum nigrius pi-
ce, et freta turbida ventis,
vixque obeunda per cavas
rates. Unus navita, et
hic audax, a quo nostra
littera redditur tibi, movit
iter è portu. Eram ad-
scensurus, nisi quod cum
solveret vincula proræ,
omnis Abydos erat in speculis.*

MITTIT Abydenus, quam mallet ferre, salu-
tem,

Si cadat ira maris, Sesta puella, tibi.

Si mihi Diî faciles & sunt in amore secundi;

Invitis oculis hæc mea verba leges.

Sed non sunt faciles. nam cur mea vota mo-
rentur,

Currere me notâ nec patiantur aquâ?

Ipse vides cælum pice nigrius; & freta ventis

Turbida, perque cavas vix obeunda rates.

Unus, & hic audax, à quo tibi littera nostra

Redditur, è portu navita movit iter.

Ascensurus eram: nisi quòd, cùm vincula proræ
Solveret, in speculis omnis Abydos erat.

Non

NOTES.

The Hellespont is a narrow Sea of only seven Stadia, that divides Europe from Asia: Sestos and Abydos were two Cities that stood directly opposite to each other, the first on the Side of Europe, the native Place of Hero, and the other in Asia, where Leander liv'd. These too happening to fall violently in Love with each other, and fearing to let their Passion be known to their Parents, Leander could fall upon no other Contrivance to come at the Enjoyment of his Mistress, than by swimming over the Hellespont in the Night, which he did so often, that it at last became easy and habitual. But a Storm arising, by which he was detained from his Mistress for seven Days together, he writes her this Epistle, and engages a bold Mariner, notwithstanding the Storm, to cross over with it to Sestos. He endeavours first to convince her that his Love is

steady and unalterable, and then breaks out into Complaints, that by the unrelenting Fury of the Waves he was hindered from swimming over to her. In fine, he promises that he will be with her very soon, and should the Sea even continue to rage, will rather expose himself to Danger, than be for any Time depriv'd of seeing and conversing with her.

1. *Abydenus.*] Leander of Abydos, a City in Asia upon the Hellespont.

2. *Si cadat ira maris.*] He is so impatient of being detain'd from Hero, that he cannot forbear complaining of it in the very Beginning of his Letter. I would rather bring this myself, than send it, did not a stormy Sea render it impossible.

Ibid. Sesta puella.] *Heinsius* conjectures, that *Sesti* is the better reading, were not all Manuscripts against it. Thus in the Epistle

far my Epistle bears the secret Message of my Heart ; but the betraying Pen has tir'd my tender Hand. The rest you will learn of Æthra and Clymene, my faithful Confidants and Counsellors.

E P I S T L E XVIII.

LEANDER TO HERO.

LEANDER of Abydos sends to his Girl of Seftos, those Wishes for her Health which he had rather bring himself, would the Rage of the Sea abate. If the Gods are favourable, and wish well to my Love, you will run over this with discontented Eyes. But they, alas ! are far from being favourable : Why else are my Hopes deferred ? why am I forbid to swim over the known Seas ? You see that the Heavens are dark as Pitch, the Billows swell with the Wind, too fierce to be stemmed by the hollow Ships. One Mariner, more daring than the rest, who brings you this our Epistle, ventur'd to leave the Harbour. Here I intended to have embarked, but that when he weigh'd Anchor to set Sail, all Abydos beheld us from their Eminences.

N O T E S.

to Phæon we find *Lesbi puella*. *Hero*, moreover, is by *Statius* call'd *Seslias*.

— *Sedet anxia turri suprema
Seslias in speculis.*

He farther says, “ *Cæterum hi duo versus
“ manu recentiori in Puteano legebantur,
“ pro quibus excerpta Douzæ,*”

*Quam cuperem solitas, Hero, tibi ferre per
undas,
Accipe Leandri dum venit ipse manum.*

“ Receive, my *Hero*, the following Lines
“ written by the Hand of *Leander*, which
“ I had rather myself bear to you through
“ the often-tried Waves.”

3. *Si mibi Dii faciles.*] *Faciles* here for *propitii*, *exorabiles*. Commentators generally suppose, that these Words refer to *Venus* and *Cupid* : There is Reason to think that they are also to be understood of *Neptune*

and the other marine Deities ; for in the fifth Verse he says, *Sed non sunt faciles* ; and gives us a Reason, that he was detain'd from his Mistress by a tempestuous Sea.

4. *Inuitis oculis.*] Not that his Letter will be unacceptable to her, but because she would rather have seen him, than barely heard from him.

11. *Ascensus eram nisi quod.*] He adds this to satisfy her, that he's not venturing along with that Mariner, was owing neither to Want of Courage nor Inclination, but because of the vast Multitude of Spectators, which rendered it impossible for him to have been conceal'd. For he had hitherto kept his Passion from the Knowledge of his Parents.

12. *In speculis.*] On the most eminent Places, whence to behold the Departure of the Ship. For *specula* signifies properly a Prospect from the Summit of any Place, wherein Things are espied afar off, and every Way. Thus *Cicero*, *Ex specula prospec-*
ture

Non poteram celare meos
parentes, velut antè, a-
morque, quem volumus tegi,
non latuisset. Protinus
scribens hæc, dixi, I fel-
lix littera, illa jam porri-
get tibi formosam manum.
Forſitan etiam tangerè la-
bellis dominæ admotis, dum
volet rumpere vincula niveo
dente. Talibus verbis dic-
tis mihi exiguo murmure,
dextra mea locuta eſt cæ-
tera cum charta. Ab quan-
to mallem illa nataret quam
ſcriberet, ſedulaque ferret
me per adſuetas aquas!
Illa quidem aptior dare
verbera placido ponto, eſt
tamen et apta miniſtra mei
ſeuſus. Septima nox agi-
tur, ſpatium longius anno
mibi, ut mare ſollicitum
feruet aquis raucis. Si
ego his noctibus vidi ſom-
num mulcentem peſtora, ſit
mora inſani freti longa.
Sedens triſtis aliqua rupe,
ſpectu tua littora, et ſeror
ancte, quo non poſſum ſer-
ri corpore. Quin etiam
noſtra acies, aut videt,
aut videre putat, lumina
vigilantia ſumma turre.
Veſtis ter depoſita eſt mihi
in ſicca arena; ter, nudus,
tentavi carpere grave iter.
Æquor tumidum obſtitit
juvenilibus inceptis, et
merſit ora natantis adver-
ſis aquis. At tu, imman-
ſuetiſſime de rapidis ventis,
quid geris prælia mecum
certa mente? Si neſcis,
Borea, ſævis in me, non
in æquora. Quid faceres,
ni amor eſſet notus tibi?
Cum ſis tam gelidus, ta-
men improbe non negas te
quondam incaluiſſe Aëtæis
ignibus. Si quis vellet
elaudere ætæos aditus tibi
rapturo gaudia, quo modo paterere? Precor, parce; moveque ſacilem auram moderatiùs; ſic
Hippotades imperet nihil triſte tibi. Peto vana, ipſeque obmurmurat meis precibus, coerctque
aquas quas quatit, nulla parte.

Non poteram celare meos, velut antè, parentes!
Quémque tegi volumus, non latuiſſet amor.
Protinus hæc ſcribens, Felix, i, littera, dixi: 15
Jam tibi formoſam porriget illa manum.
Forſitan admotis etiam tangere labellis;
Rumpere dum niveo vincula dente volet.
Talibus exiguo dictis mihi murmure verbis,
Cætera cum chartâ dextra locuta mea eſt. 20
Ah quanto mallem, quàm ſcriberet, illa nataret,
Mèque per aſſuetas ſedula ferret aquas!
Aptior illa quidem placido dare verbera ponto;
Eſt tamen & ſenſus apta miniſtra mei.
Septima nox agitur, ſpatium mihi longius anno,
Sollicitum raucis ut mare fervet aquis. 26
His ego ſi vidi mulcentem peſtora ſomnum
Noctibus; inſani ſit mora longa freti.
Rupe ſedens aliquâ ſpecto tua littora triſtis:
Et quò non poſſum corpore, mente feror. 30
Lumina quin etiam ſummâ vigilantia turre,
Aut videt, aut acies noſtra videre putat.
Ter mihi depoſita eſt in ſiccâ veſtis arenâ.
Ter grave tentavi carpere nudus iter.
Obſtitit inceptis tumidum juvenilibus æquor: 35
Merſit & adverſis ora natantis aquis.
At tu de rapidis immanſuetiſſime ventis,
Quid mæcum certâ prælia mente geris?
In me, ſi neſcis, Borea, non æquora, ſævis.
Quid faceres, eſſet ni tibi notus amor? 40
Tam gelidus cùm ſis, non te tamen, improbe,
quondam
Ignibus Aëtæis incaluiſſe negas.
Gaudia rapturo ſi quis tibi claudere vellet
Aëtæos aditus; quo paterere modo?
Parce, precor; facilitèmove moderatiùs au-
ram. 45
Imperet Hippotades ſic tibi triſte nihil.
Vana petò, precibùſque meis obmurmurat ipſe:
Quâſque quatit, nullâ parte coërcet aquas.

Nunc

N O T E S.

sæve tempeſtatem futuram. And Virgil, in
his eighth Eclogue,
Præcepta ætæi ſpeculo de montis in undas,
Dejerat.

31. [Lumina quin etiam.] This is meant
of the Torch which Hero commonly fix'd
upon the Top of her Tower, that Leander
might

Eminences. I could not, as hitherto, have dissembled with my Parents; and that Love, which Prudence requires us to conceal, would no longer have been unknown. Writing being now my only Relief, I wrote: *Go, said I, Epistle, faithful to my Fires, and be blest with a Touch of her fair Hand. Perhaps too you may be press'd to her ruby Lips, as with her ivory Teeth she eagerly breaks the Seals.* After muttering this in gentle Whispers, my ready Right-hand quickly mark'd down the rest. How much would I rather it should lave the swelling Flood, than thus in languishing Accents write my Complaints? How much rather it should bear me sedulous through the well-known Waves? Far better does it indeed serve to lash the foaming Deep; yet is no unfit Minister of my warmest Thoughts and Wishes. 'Tis now the seventh Night (a Space to me more tedious than a Year) that the raging Sea has toss'd her sounding Billows. May the angry Sea prolong her Rage with ten-fold Heat, if in all these lingering Nights my distracted Breast has tasted the Sweetness of soothing Rest. Mounted on some rocky Cliff, I view pensive the beloved Shore, and am carried in Thought whither I cannot convey myself in Person. My Eyes too behold, or seem to behold upon the Tower's Top, the watchful Light to guide my Course. Thrice I stripp'd, and laid my Cloaths upon the dry Sand; thrice I attempted, naked, the threatening watery Way. But the swelling Sea oppos'd my bold youthful Attempts, and, as I swam, o'erwhelm'd me with adverse Waves. But you, North, the most inexorable of all the raging Winds, why do you obstinately raise up against me a malicious Opposition? If you are not aware, know that it is against me, and not the Seas, that you thus terribly encounter. What would you do, were you wholly a Stranger to Love? Cold as you are, perverse Boreas, you cannot deny that you was once warm'd by Actæan Fires. When keen to snatch the Joys of Love, had any one shut up the aerial Way, how would you have taken it? Pity me then for Heaven's Sake, and blow milder the gentle Gales. So may Æolus lay no harsh Commands upon you. 'Tis in vain that I beg, he murmurs and rages at my Petitions, nor offers to smoothe the Billows he has so violently agitated. O that

N O T E S.

might guide himself by its Light in swimming.

35. *Incæptis juvenilibus.*] That is, an Attempt which maturer Years would not have ventured upon; for Youth is always forward and bold.

42. *Ignibus Actæis.*] *Actæis* for *Atbeniensibus*. It has been formerly mentioned that Boreas fell in Love with Orithyia the Daughter of Eretheus King of Athens.

46. *Hippotades.*] *Æolus*, the God of the Winds, and Grandson of *Hippotes*, by his Daughter

Utinam Dædalus nunc daret audaces alas mihi, quamvis littus Icarium prope adest hic. Quidquid erit, patiar: liceat modò corpus in auras
 Tollere; quod dubiâ sæpe pendit aquâ.
 Interea, dum cuncta negant ventique fretumque, Mente agito furti tempora prima mei:
 Nox erat incipiens (namque est meminisse voluptas meminisse) cum amans egrediebar patriis foribus. Nec mora; timore deposito pariter cum veste jactabam lenta brachia liquido mari. Luna ut officiosa comes in nostras vias, præbebat fere tremulum lumen eunti. Ego suspiciens hanc, dixi, Faveas Dea candida, et Latmia saxa subeant tuo animo. Endymion non sinat te esse severi pectoris; precor flecte tuos vultus ad mea furta. Tu, Dea, delapsa cælo, petebas mortalem. Liceat loqui vera; ipsa quam sequor, est Dea. Neu referam mores dignos cælesti pectore; forma illa non cadat nisi in veras Deas. A facie Veneris tuaque, non ulla facies est prior; neve credas meis vocibus, ipsa vides. Quanto cuncta sidera concedunt tuis fulgibus argentea puris radiis: tanto illa est formosior omnibus formosis: si dubitas, Cynthia, habes cæcum lumen. Ego locutus hæc, vel certe non diversa his, ferebar nocte per aquas cedentes mihi. Unda radiabat imagine repercussæ lunæ, et nitor diurnus erat in tacita nocte:

Nunc daret audaces utinam mihi Dædalus alas!
 Icarium quamvis hîc propè littus adest. 50
 Quidquid erit, patiar: liceat modò corpus in auras
 Tollere; quod dubiâ sæpe pendit aquâ.
 Interea, dum cuncta negant ventique fretumque,
 Mente agito furti tempora prima mei:
 Nox erat incipiens (namque est meminisse voluptas) 55
 Cùm foribus patriis egrediebar amans.
 Nec mora: deposito pariter cum veste timore,
 Jactabam liquido brachia lenta mari.
 Luna ferè tremulum præbebat lumen eunti,
 Ut comes in nostras officiosa vias. 60
 Hanc ego suspiciens, Faveas, Dea candida, dixi;
 Et subeant animo Latmia saxa tuo.
 Non sinat Endymion te pectoris esse severi.
 Flecte, precor, vultus ad mea furta tuos.
 Tu, Dea, mortalem cælo delapsa petebas. 65
 Vera loqui liceat: quam sequor, ipsa Dea est.
 Neu referam mores cælesti pectore dignos;
 Forma nisi in veras non cadit illa Deas.
 A Veneris facie non est prior ulla tuâque.
 Néve meis credas vocibus, ipsa vides. 70
 Quanto, cùm fulges radiis argentea puris,
 Concedunt flammis sidera cuncta tuis;
 Tanto formosis formosior omnibus illa est.
 Si dubitas, cæcum, Cynthia, lumen habes.
 Hæc ego, vel certè non his diversa, locutus 75
 Per mihi cedentes nocte ferebar aquas.
 Unda repercussæ radiabat imagine Lunæ,
 Et nitor in tacitâ nocte diurnus erat:
 Nullâque

N O T E S.

Daughter *Segetia*, or, according to others, *Accesta*.

49. *Dædalus*.] A famous Artificer, who having drawn upon himself the Anger of *Minos* King of *Crete*, is said to have contriv'd Wings for himself, and his Son *Icarus*. It is generally thought that this Fable took its Rise from his being the first that invented Sails.

50. *Icarium littus*.] So called from *Icarus* before-mentioned, the Son of *Dædalus*.

The Wings contriv'd by this ingenious Artificer for his and his Son's Escape from *Crete*, were of Feathers fastened together with Wax. *Icarus*, contrary to his Father's Instructions, venturing to soar too high, this Wax that held his Wings together was melted by the Sun, upon which he is said to have fallen into that Part of the *Ægean* Sea which afterwards bore his Name. *Leander* mentions this here, to make *Here* sensible of the Strength of his Passion,

that Dædalus would gift me with daring Wings! the Icarian Shore so near, causes no Terror in me. I'll boldly venture, whatever be the Issue; let me only mount my Body aloft in Air, which has often fluctuated upon uncertain Waves. Meantime, while the Winds and Waves thus cross all my Hopes, I revolve in my Mind the first Moments of our stolen Delights.

Night was coming on, (for there is a Pleasure in calling to Remembrance past Enjoyments) when full of Love I left the Gates of my Father's House. Then without Delay pulling off my Clothes, and casting away at the same Time all Fear, I with pliant Arms cut the yielding Tide. The Moon, like a faithful Attendant to direct my Way, furnished a trembling Light as I traversed the Flood. When regarding her with a wishful Look: Bright Goddess, said I, favour my Design, and call to Mind the happy Latinian Cliffs. Endymion cannot allow that you should be of an unrelenting Mind; favour therefore with a friendly Look these my stolen Delights. You, though a Goddess, left Heaven in Quest of a Mortal: Why should I not speak the Truth, she whom I pursue is a very Goddess. For, not to mention her Manners, the truest Tokens of a heavenly Mind, a Beauty so exquisite can only fall to the Share of a Goddess. No Face, Venus and you excepted, equals her's; nor trust entirely to my Words, but view her yourself. As all the Stars of Heaven disappear before your superior Brightness, when you shine out in the full Splendor of your Silver Rays: In like manner when she approaches, all other Beauties are overlook'd. To doubt of this, Cynthia, would be owning yourself destitute of Sight. Having address'd her thus, or in Words to much the like Purpose, I in the silent Night bore through the yielding Waves. The Surface of the Deep shone with the Reflection of the Moon's Rays, and in Dead of Night was a Light clear as that at Mid-day. No Voice,

N O T E S.

Passion, to which no Danger would appear considerable, when oppos'd to the Hopes of conversing with her.

58. *Brachia lenta.*] Pliant Arms. The Explication given of it by *Helvetius*, comes to much the same. "Mollia, natatu flexibilia; quæque remorum modo lentari et flecti possent."

62. *Latmia saxa.*] *Latmus* was a Mountain of *Caria*, near the Coast of the *Archipelago*. It was famous for the Amours of *Cynthia* and *Endymion*.

63. *Non finat Endymion te pectoris esse sceleris.*] As if he had said, Inasmuch as you

are desirous to have *Endymion* favorable to your Vows and Love; so ought you to be propitious to others, especially to my Flame.

64. *Flecte vultus.*] He uses *vultus* here rather than *cor*, because at this Time he stood in Need chiefly of her Light, to direct him in swimming.

65. *Tu Dea.*] Here he enforces his Prayer, by mentioning the Reason on which he grounded his Hope of her Favour. Love was so powerful with her, that she left Heaven in Quest of a Mortal. What Wonder then if he was so eager in the Pursuit of one whom he esteem'd a Goddess?

H h

74. *Cynthia.*

nullaque vox, nullum murmur veniebat ad nostras aures, præter murmur aquæ dimotæ corpore. Solæ Alcyones, memores amati Ceycis, visæ sunt mihi queri nescio quid dulcem. Jamque lacertis sub utroque humero fatigatis, altus erigor fortiter in summas aquas. Ut aspexi lumen procul, dixi, meus ignis est in illo; illa littora habent meum lumen. Et subito vires rediere lassæ lacertis; undaque visa est mihi mollior quam fuerat. Amor, qui calet in cupido pectore, præstat ne possim sentire frigora gelidi profundum. Quo magis accedo, littoræque sunt propiora; quoque minus restat, plus libet mihi ire. Cum vero possum quoque cerni, tu spectatrix addis animos, facisquæ valeam. Nunc etiam laboro placuisse dominæ nando, atque jollo nostra brachia tuis oculis. Tua nutrix vix prohibet te descendere in alcum: vidi enim hoc quoque; nec dabas verba mihi. Nec tamen effecit, quamvis retinebat te euntem, ne tuus pes fieret udus prima aqua. Excipis me amplexu, jungisque felicia oscula; oscula (Dii magni) digna peti trans mare. Tra-disque mihi amictus demtos de tuis humeris, et ficas comam madidam imbre æ-

queris. Nox, et nos, et turris conscia, lumenque quod monstrat iter mihi per vada, novit cætera. Nec gaudia illius noctis possunt magis numerari, quam potest alga maris Hellespontiaci. Quo brevius spatium dabatur nobis ad furta, hoc magis cautum est ne illud foret iners.

Nullaque vox, nostras nullum veniebat ad aures,
Præter dimotæ corpore murmur aquæ. 80
Alcyones solæ memores Ceycis amati
Nescio quid visæ sunt mihi dulce queri.
Jámque fatigatis humero sub utroque lacertis,
Fortiter in summas erigor altus aquas.
Ut procul aspexi lumen, Meus ignis in illo est;
Illa meum, dixi, littora lumen habent. 86
Et subito lassæ vires rediere lacertis:
Visaque, quàm fuerat, mollior unda mihi.
Frigora ne possim gelidi sentire profundum,
Qui calet in cupido pectore, præstat amor. 90
Quo magis accedo, propioraque littora fiunt,
Quoque minus restat, plus libet ire mihi.
Cum verò possum cerni quoque; protinus addis
Spectatrix animos, ut valeámque facis.
Nunc etiam nando dominæ placuisse laboro, 95
Atque oculis jacto brachia nostra tuis.
Te tua vix prohibet nutrix descendere in altum.
Hoc quoque enim vidi: nec mihi verba dabas.
Nec tamen effecit, quamvis retinebat euntem,
Ne fieret primâ pes tuus udus aquâ. 100
Excipis amplexu, feliciâque oscula jungis:
Oscula (Dii magni!) trans mare digna peti.
Eque tuis demtos humeris mihi tradis amictus:
Et madidam ficas æquoris imbre comam.
Cætera nox & nos, & turris conscia novit, 105
Quodque mihi lumen per vada monstrat iter.
Nec magis illius numerari gaudia noctis,
Hellespontiaci quàm maris alga potest.
Quo brevius spatium nobis ad furta dabatur,
Hoc magis est cautum, ne foret illud iners. 110

Jámque

NOTES.

74. *Cynthia*.] *Diana*, or the Moon, so call'd from *Cyrtus*, a Mountain of *Delos*.

77. *Reperculisse*.] Reflected: *Rejctæ*, ita. So *Virgil*, in the eighth Book of the *Æneid*, v. 2.

Sicut aquæ tremulum l. bris ubi lumen aënis,
Sole reperculsum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ.

81. *Alcyones*.] A Kind of Bird, so call'd

from *Alcyone*, the Wife of *Ceyx*, who was chang'd into one of them. This *Ceyx* was the Son of *Lucifer*, and King of *Thrace*. He went much against *Alcyone's* Will into *Ægypt*, to consult the Oracle upon what Account his Brother was turn'd into a Sparrow-Hawk. He promised to return by a prefixed Time, but was unhappily drown'd by the Way. *Alcyone* waited for him long with great Impatience, but ob-

serving

Voice, no Sound reach'd my Ears, but the deep Murmurs of the broken Waves. The King-fishers alone, mindful of the once dearly-lov'd Ceyx, uttered in the softest Strains I know not what moving Complaints. And now my Arms from either Shoulder being spent with Toil, I raise myself high upon the Surface of the Waves; and discerning at some Distance a Light, my Flame (cried I) is there, these Shores point out the darling Light. Swift as Thought my wearied Arms feel the returning Vigour, and the Billows seem to bear me up more gently than before. The Love that warms my panting Breast, hinders me from feeling the Coldness of the briny Sea. The more I advance, the nearer I come to the wish'd-for Shore: In fine, as the Distance lessens, I feel my Strength greater to proceed. But no sooner was I come within Sight, than observing you a Spectator from the Top of your Tower, I felt new Accessions of Spirits, and a fresh Tide of Vigour flowing in upon me. I study to please my Mistress, by shewing a Dexterity in Swimming, and tofs my Arms graceful in her Sight. Scarce was your tender Nurse able to restrain you from rushing into the Sea; I saw this also, nor was it an Artifice to deceive me. Nay all her Endeavours could not wholly keep you back: You press'd forward to meet me, till your Ankles were covered by the dashing Waves. You receive me into your Embraces, and almost smother me with fragrant Kisses: Kisses, (great Gods!) more than a full Reward for the Dangers of crossing the Sea. You give me the Robes which you had taken from your own Shoulders, and smooth my Locks wet with briny Dew. Ourselves, the Night, the Tower, and that shining Light which guides my Way through the uncertain Deep, are conscious of the rest. The Joys of that happy Night are no more to be numbered, than the Sea-weed cast upon the Shore by the raging Waves of the Hellespont. The less the Time allowed us for these stolen Pleasures, the greater our Care that not a Moment should be lost. And now the Wife of Tithonus

N O T E S.

serving at last his Body floating upon the Waves, she threw herself into the Sea to swim to it, and by the Way was chang'd into a Bird call'd *Halcyon*, or *Kings-fisher*. *Leander*, when crossing the *Hellespont*, heard no Sound but their plaintive Murmurs, which are said to promise a calm Sea, especially at the Time when they build their Nests.

83. *Humero sub utroque.*] For chiefly there, and where the Arm is join'd to the

Shoulder, is felt that Pain and Weariness usual upon long swimming.

85. *Ut procul aspexi lumen.*] The Torch which *Hero* had set up, as a Mark to direct him where to land.

102. *Oscula (Dii magni) trans mare, &c.*] These Exclamations are frequent with our Poet, and have a great Beauty in them, when aptly introduced. This one here is remarkably so, What can be more natural, than for an ardent Lover, when re-

Hh a sighing

Jamque conjuge Tithoni
fugatura noctem, Lucifer
prævius Auroræ erat or-
sus. Raptim congerimus
oscula properata sine ordi-
ne, et querimur parvos
moras esse noctibus. At-
que cunctatus ita, tandem
amaro monitu nutricis, peto
frigida litora, turæ de-
serta. Digredimur flen-
tes, egoque repeto æquor
virginis, respiciens usque
meam dominam dum licet.
Si qua fides est vero, ve-
niens huc, videor mihi esse
natator; cum redeo, esse
naufragus. Hoc quoque est
verum, si credas: via ad
te videtur prona, cum re-
deo a te, videtur clivus
inertis aquæ. Invitus re-
peto patriam; quis possit
credere? Certo nunc invi-
tus moror mea urbe. Hei
mibi! cur nos juncti ani-
mo secernimur undis? una-
que mens, non una tellus
habet duos? Vel tua Ses-
tos sumat me, vel mea A-
bydos sumat te: tua terra
tam placet mihi, quam
nostra terra placet tibi.
Cur ego confundor quoties
æquor confunditur? cur
ventus levis causa potest
obesse mihi? Curvi delphi-
nes jam norunt nostros a-
thores; nec reor me esse ig-
notum piscibus. Jam li-
mes attritus solitarum a-
quarum patet, non aliter
quam via pressa multa ro-
ta. Queribar ante quod non
esset concessum mihi iterare, nisi sic: at nunc queror hoc quoque deesse per ventos. Æquora
Athamantidos canent immo-
dicis fluctibus, carinaque vix manet tuta suo portu. Puto hoc mare
fuisse tale, cum primum est nactum nomina quæ tenet de merfa virgine.

Jamque, fugaturâ Tithoni conjuge noctem,
Prævius Auroræ Lucifer ortus erat.
Oscula congerimus properata sinè ordine raptim,
Et querimur parvas noctibus esse moras.
Atque ita cunctatus, monitu nutricis amaro;
Frigida desertâ litora turre peto. 116
Digredimur flentes: repetoque ego virginis æquor,
Respiciens dominam, dum licet, usque meam.
Si qua fides vero est; veniens huc esse natator;
Cum redeo, videor naufragus esse mihi. 120
Hoc quoque si credas; ad te via prona videtur:
A te cum redeo, clivus inertis aquæ.
Invitus repeto patriam; quis credere possit?
Invitus certè nunc moror urbe meâ. 124
Hei mihi! cur animo juncti, secernimur undis?
Unaque mens, tellus non habet una duos?
Vel tua me Sestos, vel te mea sumat Abydos:
Tam tuâ terra mihi, quam tibi nostra placet.
Cur ego confundor, quoties confunditur æquor?
Cur mihi causa levis ventus obesse potest? 130
Jam nostros curvi nôrunt delphines amores:
Ignotum nec me piscibus esse reor.
Jam patet attritus solitarum limes aquarum;
Non aliter, multâ quam via pressa rotâ.
Quod mihi non esset, nisi sic iterare quere-
bar: 135
At nunc per ventos hoc quoque deesse queror.
Fluctibus immo- dicis Athamantidos æquora ca-
nant,
Vixque manet portu tuta carina suo.
Hoc mare, cum primum de virgine nomina merfa,
Quæ tenet, est nactum, tale fuisse puto. 140
Et

N O T E S.

flect'g upon the Favours granted him by his Mistress, to break out into Extasies in praising them?

108. *Alga.*] Sea-weed; an Herb growing on the Sea-shore, or in the Sea.

111. *Jamque fugatura.*] This refers to the Approach of the Morning, as if he had said, "Cum Aurora noctis umbras dis- cutere deberet."

Ibid. *Tithoni conjuge.*] Aurora, the Wife

of Tithonus, to whom she bore Memnon. She is feigned to be the Daughter of Titan and Terra.

112. *Lucifer.*] One of the Planets, the same that is so well known under the Name of Venus. When she precedes the Sun-rising, she is called the Morning Star, Phosphor and Lucifer; when she appears after Sun-set, she is called Hesperus, or the Evening Star.

115. *Atque*

thonus preparing to drive away the Night, Lucifer, the Fore-runner of Aurora, rose above the Earth. We rush into each other's Arms, and mutually snatch the ardent Kisses; we complain of the Night, that her Stay is so short. At length, after many Admonitions from your rigid Nurse, and as many Delays, I leave the Tower, and take my Way to the cold Beach. We part in Sadness: I enter the Virgin-Sea, often looking back, while my Mistress remained in View. If any Credit is due to Truth, when making for your Coast I swim with Ease, but as I return, am threatened to be overwhelmed. Believe me further when I tell you, that the Way to my *Hero* is by a gently-declining Path, but in leaving you I seem to climb an immoveable Mountain of Waves. Who can believe it, I return to my native Country with Reluctance? 'Tis now against my Will that I remain in my own City. Alas! why when thus conjoined in Inclination, are we separated by the Waves? Why, as we have the same Mind, do we not inhabit the same Soil? Let me either dwell in your Sestos, or you in my Abydos; for the Earth which you tread is dear to me, as that which I tread to you. Why am I thus troubled as often as the Sea is disturb'd by Storms? Why are the Winds an unstable Cause of Anxiety to me? The bending Dolphins are now conscious of our tender Loves, nor are the Fishes of the Sea Strangers to my Flame. The Tract of the well-known Waves is now distinctly mark'd, like a Highway pav'd by the frequent Attrition of the Chariot-Wheel. I have often complain'd that there was no Way given but this: But now I complain that this also is shut up by the cruel Winds. The Streights of the Hellespont foam by the breaking of the enormous Waves, nor are the Ships secure even within their Harbours. Such I imagine was this raging Sea, when it first bore the Name of the Unhappy Virgin. Too infamous already
by

N O T E S.

115. *Atque ita cunctatus.*] The Force of *cunctatus* can't be easily expressed in a Translation; it signifies literally to put off her Admonitions, to delay an Obedience to them. As Morning drew near, the Nurse put him in mind of the Necessity there was for his departing, but he still insisted upon staying a little longer. *Aulus Gellius* uses the Word in the same Sense, when he says, *Tolerare et cunctare dolores.*

117. *Virginis aquor.*] The *Hellespont*, so called from *Helle*, the Daughter of *Atamas* King of *Thebes*. She flying in Company with her Brother *Phryxus* from her

Step-mother, in crossing this narrow Sea upon a Ram, was drowned, and left her Name to the Streights.

137. *Atbamantidos aquora.*] The *Hellespont*, or Sea of *Atbamantis*; for, as we have before observed, *Helle* was the Daughter of *Atbamus*, King of *Thebes*.

141. *Infans ab Helle est.*] See the Note on v. 117.

143. *Invidio Phryxo.*] *Phryxus*, the Son of *Atbamus* and *Nephele*, King and Queen of *Thebes*. He flying with his Sister to avoid the Cruelty of his Step-mother *Ino*, cross'd the *Hellespont* upon the Ram with
the

Et locus hic est satis infamis ab amissa Helle; utque parcat mihi, habet nomen crimine. Invideo Phryxo, quem ovis aurea lanigero vellere vexit tutum per tristia freta. Nec tamen requiro officium pecoris navisve, dummodo aquæ dentur, quas findam corpore. Ego nulla arte: modo copia nandi fiat, idem ero navigium, navita, vector. Nec sequor aut Helicen, aut Arcton quæ Tyros utitur; noster ancor non curat publica sidera. Alius spectet Andromedan, claræque Coronam, ursamque, quæ ursa Parrhasis micat gelido polo. At non placet, quod Perseus, et Liber cum Jove amant, esse indicium mihi viæ dubiæ. Aliud lumen est mihi, multo certius istis, quo duce, noster amor non erit in tenebris. Ego dum spectem hoc, eam Colchos, et in ultima Ponti, quaque Thessala pinus fecit viam; et possim superare juvenem Palæmona nando, Glaucomque, quem mira herba reddidit subito Deum.

Et satis amissâ locus hic infamis ab Helle est:
Utque mihi parcat, crimine nomen habet.
Invideo Phryxo; quem per freta tristia tutum
Aurea lanigero vellere vexit ovis.
Nec tamen officium pecoris navisve requiro: 145
Dummodo, quas findam corpore, dentur aquæ.
Arte egeo nullâ: fiat modò copia nandi,
Idem navigium, navita, vector, ero,
Nec sequar aut Helicen, aut, quæ Tyros utitur,
Arcton:
Publica non curat sidera noster amor. 150
Andromedan alius spectet, claræque Coronam,
Quæque micat gelido Parrhasis ursa polo.
At mihi, quod Perseus & cum Jove Liber amârunt,
Indicium dubiæ non placet esse viæ.
Est aliud lumen multo mihi certius istis; 155
Non erit in tenebris quo duce noster amor.
Hoc ego dum spectem, Colchos, & in ultima
Ponti,
Quæque viam fecit Thessala pinus, eam:
Et juvenem possim superare Palæmona nando,
Mirâque quem subito reddidit herba Deum. 160
Sæpe

N O T E S.

the golden Fleece. Arriving safe at Colchos, he first sacrificed the Ram to the God Mars, and afterwards presented the golden Fleece to King Æetes. Leander says here, that he envy'd his Fate, because though the Streight was stormy, inasmuch that his Sister Helle was drowned, yet he himself got safe over.

148. *Vector ero.*] *Vector* here, according to *Helvetius*, must be understood of him that was carried; a very different Idea from what the Word is at first apt to convey. Perhaps it means the Pilot or Master.

149. *Nec sequar aut, &c.*] In these ancient Times, before the Invention of the Compass, Mariners were obliged to guide their Course by an Observation of the Stars. *Ovid* here enumerates some of those that were chiefly useful in Navigation, and makes *Leander* say that he would not be directed by observing them, because his Mistress should be the sole Guide in his Adventures.

Ibid. Helicen.] *Helice* is the same with

the *Ursa major*, or great Bear near the North Pole. *Callisto*, the Daughter of *Lycæon*, King of *Arcadia* was, according to ancient Fable, changed into this Star. The Story runs, that this Nymph, who was one of *Diana's* Train, suffering herself to be seduced by *Jupiter*, and having a Son to him named *Arcas*, *Juno*, whose Jealousy soon led her to discover it, chang'd them both into Bears. *Jupiter*, as a Recompence for their Suffering, translated them both into Heaven, and there made them Stars, by the Names of the greater and lesser Bears.

Ibid. Arcton] *Arctos* is the lesser Bear, observed chiefly by the *Tyrian* and *Phœnician* Mariners, by whom it was called *Cynosura*.

150. *Publica non curat, &c.*] By *publica sidera*, we are here doubtless to understand Stars of common and universal Use, Stars that serv'd as Guides to all without Distinction. To these vulgar Marks *Leander* opposes his Mistress, who was to him a new

by the Fate of Helle; though I am spar'd, your Name will be a Monument of your Crime. I envy Phryxus, who safely cross'd those stormy Seas upon the Ram that yielded the golden Fleece, Nor do I yet require the Aid of Ram or Bark; let me have only a smooth Sea, that with nimble Joints I may plow the yielding Deep. I depend upon no Art; let me but have leave to swim, I will be both Ship, Mariner, and Pilot. I mind not Helice and Arctos, those Constellations that guide the Tyrian Mariner. A Love like mine asks no Aid of vulgar Stars. Let others observe Andromeda, or the bright Diadem of Ariadne, and the Arcadian Bear that shines from the frozen Pole. Nymphs lov'd by Perseus, Jupiter and Bacchus, are by no Means wanted to guide my uncertain Paths. I trust to another Light, whose Directions are much safer; while this points out the Way, my Love can never wander in Darkness. By observing this I may sail for Colchos, the remotest Regions of Pontus, and all the Coasts visited by fam'd Thessalian Argo. In swimming I would carry the Prize from young Palemon, and Glaucus suddenly transform'd by powerful Herbs into a Sea-

N O T E S.

new Star henceforward to direct all his Motions.

151. *Andromedan.*] *Andromeda* was the Daughter of *Cepheus* and *Cassiope*, King and Queen of *Ethiopia*. Her Mother contending with the Nymphs for the Prize of Beauty, they in Revenge bound *Andromeda* naked to a Rock, and expos'd her to be devoured by a Sea-Monster. She was delivered by *Perseus*, who thereupon married her. She was, by the particular Favour of *Minerva*, enroll'd with her Husband and Mother among the Stars. The *Egyptian* Sailors are said to have drawn their Observations from her.

Ibid. Coronam.] *Ariadne*, the Daughter of *Minos*, flying with *Theseus* from her Father's Kingdom, he carried her as far as the Isle of *Naxos*, and there left her while she was asleep, being, as some say, admonish'd by *Bacchus*. That God afterwards took her into Heaven, married her, and presented her with a Diadem sparkling with seven Stars. This is by the Poets usually called *Gnossia corona*, from *Gnossus*, a City of *Crete*, and by *Ovid* here singly *Corona*. This Star was thought to serve as a Guide to the *Cretan* Mariners.

152. *Parrhasis urja.*] The *Arcadian* Bear, from *Parrhasia*, a Town of *Arcadia*. It is so called here, because *Cassiope*,

who, as we have seen before, was changed into this Star, was the Daughter of *Lycæon*, King of *Arcadia*. *Micat gelido polo*, for both the greater and lesser Bear are northern Constellations, not far from the Pole.

153. *Perseus et cum Jove Liber amârunt.*] *Perseus*, we have seen, was married to *Andromeda*, *Jupiter* seduc'd *Cassiope*, and *Bacchus* took to Wife *Ariadne*.

154. *Non placet.*] He professes that he will have no other Guide but his own Mistrefs. This Turn is both elegant and natural. The Lover expresses a Kind of Adoration for her, and as much as lies in his Power lifts her to Heaven.

157. *Hoc ego dum spectem.*] He touches here upon the Expedition of the *Argonauts*; and chiefly to shew with what Security and Confidence he would trust himself to the Direction of his propitious Star. That depending upon this Guide, he would venture upon the most dangerous Expeditions, as that of *Jason* to *Colchus*, which in these Ages, when Navigation was but in its Infancy, was look'd upon as an Instance of unparallel'd Boldness.

149. *Superare Palaemonam nando.*] *Palemon*, call'd otherwise *Meliceretes*, was the Son of *Atbamis* and *Ino*. The *Latins* gave him besides the Name of *Portunus*, because they fancied him to be the God of Mariners.

Sæpe brachia languent mihi per assiduos motus, seseque, vix trahuntur per immensas aquas. Cum ego dixi his, jam dabo colla dominæ tenenda vobis, pretium non vile laboris; protinus illa valent, atque tendunt ad sua præmia, ut celer equus missus Eleo carcere. Ipse igitur servo meos amores quibus uror, sequorque te, puella magis digna cælo. Digna es quidem cælo, sed adhuc morare tellure; aut dic qua iter sit et mihi ad superos. Es hic, et contingis exiguum misero amanti, fretaque sunt turbida cum mea mente. Quid prodest mihi quod non separor lato æquore? Num aqua tam brevis obstat nobis minus hoc? Dubito an malim remotus procul toto orbe, habere spem quoque longe cum mea domina. Quæ nunc es propius, calisco propiore flamma; et res non semper, spes semper adest mihi. Tango penè manu quæd am (vicinia est tanta!) sed hoc penè (heu!) sæpe movet lacrymas mihi. Quid aliud est velle prendere per dentia poma? Sequique suo ore spem resurgere fluminis? Ego ergo numquam tenebo te, nisi cum unda volet? Et nulla hyems videbit me felicem? Cumque nihil sit minus firmum quam ventus et unda, spes mea erit semper in ventis et aqua?

Sæpe per assiduos languent mihi brachia motus;
Vixque per immensas fessa trahuntur aquas.
His ego cum dixi, Pretium non vile laboris
Jam dominæ vobis colla tenenda dabo:
Protinus illa valent, atque ad sua præmia ten-
dunt; 165

Ut celer Eleo carcere missus equus.
Ipse meos igitur servo, quibus uror, amores:
Tæque, magis cælo digna puella, sequor.
Digna quidem cælo, sed adhuc tellure morare:
Aut dic ad Superos & mihi quâ sit iter. 170
Hic es, & exiguum misero contingis amanti:
Cumque meâ sunt turbida mente freta.
Quid mihi, quod lato non separor æquore, pro-
dest?

Num minus hoc nobis tam brevis obstat aqua?
An malim, dubito, toto procul orbe remotus 175
Cum dominâ longè spem quoque habere meâ.
Quo propius nunc es, flammâ propiore caleſco:
Et res non semper, spes mihi semper adest.
Penè manu, quod amo, (tanta est vicinia) tango:
Sæpe sed (heu!) lacrymas hoc mihi penè movet.
Velle quid est aliud fugientia prendere poma, 181
Spemque suo refugi fluminis ore sequi?
Ergo ego te nunquam, nisi cum volet unda, te-
nebo?

Et me felicem nulla videbit hyems?
Cumque minus firmum nil sit, quam ventus &
unda, 185

In ventis & aquâ spes mea semper erit?

Æstus

NOTES.

ners. The Fable of his being changed into a Sea-god, is related at large by our Poet in his *Metamorphoses*.

160. *Quem subito reddidit herba Deum.* This refers to the fabulous History of *Glaucus*, a Fisherman of *Antbedon*, a City of *Bæstia*, over-against *Eubæa*. He observing one Day, that after throwing the Fishes upon the Bank, when they had tasted of a certain Herb, they leap'd again into the Sea; was carried so far by his Curiosity, as to make Trial of the Herb upon himself. He had no sooner tasted it, than, following the Example of the Fishes, he threw him-

self into the Sea, and was transform'd into a Sea-god. See the seventh Book of the *Metamorphoses*. *Leander* therefore means, that inspir'd by the Hope of seeing his Mistress, he would carry the Prize of swimming, even from *Glaucus* and *Palamon*, Sea-Deities.

166. *Eleo carcere.* Carceres were properly the Lists or Starting-places at the Entrance of the Circus, whence the Horses that were to contend in the Chariot-Races began the Course. *Elis* was a City and Region of *Peloponnesus*, where the *Olympick Games* were celebrated. *Eleus carcer* there-
fore

Sea-God. My Arms often languish through the continued Agitation; and spent with Toil, are scarce able to bear me over the wide Sea. But when I tell them, *You shall soon receive the glorious Reward of your Labour, and encircle the snowy Neck of your amiable Mistress*; straightway they gather Strength, and strive eager to obtain their Reward, as when a fleet Horse starts from the Elean Lifts. 'Tis mine therefore to observe the Flames that glow within my Breast, and follow you, my charming Fair, who better deserve a Place among the Stars. You merit indeed to be translated into Heaven, yet leave not these earthly Abodes; or teach me in what Manner I also may be exalted among the Gods. You are still here, and yet how seldom in the Embraces of your wretched Lover? The Seas and my Mind are in equal Disorder. What avails it me that I am not separated from you by a vast Ocean? Does this narrow Straight less oppose our coming together? I doubt whether it were not better, that divided from you by Earth's whole Extent, I might be equally removed from Hope and my Mistress. The nearer you are, the more violent the Flame that rages within me; and though the Object of my Hope is often absent, yet Hope itself never ceases to haunt me. I almost touch with my Hand (so near our Abodes) the Darling of my Soul. But alas! this *Almost* often fills my Eyes with sorrowing Tears. Wherein does this differ from catching at the flying Apples, or following after the deceitful Flood? Shall I then never hold you in my Arms but when the unstable Waves permit? Must Storms ever be a Bar to my Happiness? and while nothing is more uncertain than the Winds and Waves, must my Happiness ever depend upon the Winds and Waves? 'Tis now too
the

N O T E S.

fore here means the Lifts whence the Chariots started in these Elean Games.

167. *Servo quibus uror omnes.*] *Servo* is here for *obseruo*: I watch the Motions of my Love, with the same Attention as Mariners the Appearance and Situation of the Stars.

175. *An malim dubito.*] *Leander* here expresses himself in the Language of a Man in the utmost Anxiety and Distress. He is almost within Sight of his Mistress, and yet as much depriv'd of her Company, as if they were separated from each other by the greatest Distance. The Nearness gives him Hope of being with her soon, but Accidents intervene to prevent it: Thus Hope changes into Impatience and Distraction. In this Anxiety of Mind he thinks it would

be better for him to be at a Distance from her, because in that Case he must endeavour quietly to submit to his Fate, and would not thus feel himself exposed to the Mortification of frequent Disappointments.

177. *Flamma propiore caleſco.*] That is, as *Helvetius* well expresses it, *Flamma ardentiore, et impatientiore*. And this is the Reason why he doubts whether it would not be better for him to be so far removed from his Mistress, that he could have no Hopes left of seeing her at all; for the greater the Desire and Expectation, the more insupportable the Pain of a Disappointment.

180. *Lacrymas hic pene mihi movet.*] We have here an admirable Picture of a Man fluctuating between Hope and Disappointment. His Manner and Expressions betray
the

Adhuc tamen æstus est: quid cum Plias, et Arcetophylax, pecusque Olenium læserit æquor mihi? Ego aut non novi quam temerarius amor sit; aut tunc quæque mittet me non cautum in freta. Neve putes me promittere id tempus quod abest, dabo tibi pignora non tarda polliciti. Sit æquor etiam nunc tumidum paucis noctibus, experiemur ire per invitas aquas. Aut audacia continget felix mihi salus, aut mors erit finis solliciti amoris. Optabo tamen ut expellat in illas partes, et naufraga membra teneant tuos portus. Enim flebis, dignabereque mea membra tactu, et dices, ego fui causa mortis huic. Scilicet offenderis omine nostri interitus, litteraque mea est invisa tibi hac parte. Defino, parce queri; sed quæso fac etiam tua vota accedant meis, ut mare finiat iram. Opus est nobis brevi pace, dum transferor isto: cum contigero tua littora, hyems perftet. Navale aptum nostræ carinæ est illic, et mea puppis stat melius nulla aqua. Boreas claudat me illic, ubi est dulce morari: tunc ego ero piger ad nandum, tunc ero cautus. Nec faciam ulla convicia surdis fluctibus, nec querar fretum esse triste nataturo.

Æstus adhuc tamen est. quid cum mihi læserit æquor

Plias & Arcetophylax Oleniumque pecus? Aut ego non novi, quam sit temerarius; aut me In freta non cautus tum quoque mittet Amor. Néve putes id me, quod abest, promittere tempus: 191

Pignora polliciti non tibi tarda dabo. Sit tumidum paucis etiam nunc noctibus æquor; Ire per invitas experiemur aquas.

Aut mihi continget felix audacia salvo: Aut mors solliciti finis amoris erit. 195

Optabo tamen, ut partes expellat in illas; Et teneant portus naufraga membra tuos. Flebis enim, tactuque meum dignabere corpus: Et, Mortis, dices, huic ego causa fui. 200

Scilicet interitus offenderis omine nostri: Litteraque invisa est hac mea parte tibi.

Defino; parce queri. sed & ut mare finiat iram, Accedant, quæso, fac tua vota meis.

Pace brevi nobis opus est; dum transferor isto: Cum tua contigero littora, perftet hyems. 206

Illic est aptum nostræ navale carinæ: Et melius nullâ stat mea puppis aquâ.

Illic me claudat Boreas, ubi dulce morari. Tunc piger ad nandum, tunc ego cautus ero.

Nec faciam furdus convitia fluctibus ulla: 211

Triste nataturo nec querar esse fretum. Me

NOTES.

the Impatience of his Soul, and his comparing himself afterwards to *Tantalus*, is extremely well judged. For, besides that there is a great Resemblance in the two Cases, it is natural for these gloomy and disagreeable Ideas to present themselves to a Mind under such a Series of Perplexities.

188. *Plias*.] The *Piædes*; seven Stars, placed near the Knee of *Taurus*, and Tail of *Aries*. They are feigned by the Poets to have been the Daughters of *Atlas* by the Nymph *Pleione*. According to common Observation, their Rising and Setting is attended with Storms and Rain.

Ibid. *Arctophylax*.] Called also *Bootes*; a small Star near the greater Bear.

Ibid. *Oleniumque pecus*.] *Capram* intellige cum *bædis*; says *Helvetius*. *Jupiter*, when a Child, was fed by the Milk of this Goat, by some called *Amant bæa*. Others say, that *Amant bæa* was the Name of *Jupiter's* Nurse, who mix'd the Goat's Milk with Honey. However that be, the Goat was translated into Heaven, and there made a stormy Constellation. She was called *Olenia capra*, from *Olenas*, a City of *Peloponnesus*, where she is said to have nurs'd *Jupiter*. Others derive this Appellation from one *Olenus*, the Son of *Vulcan*, and Father of the Nymphs *Æga* and *Ælice*, *Jupiter's* Nurses. Whoever would see farther of the Confusion which the ancient Poets ran into with

the milder Season: What am I to expect when the Pleiades, Arctophylax, and the Goat deform the Sea? Either I mistake in judging of the rash Attempts of Love, or even then will he urge me to plunge thoughtless into the Waves. Nor imagine that I promise this because the Time is distant; you shall soon have a Proof of the Reality of my Design. Let the Sea continue to rage but for a few Nights longer, and even now I will force a Way through the opposing Billows. Either happily daring I shall safely reach your beloved Shore, or a speedy Death shall put an End to all my Anxieties. Yet could I wish to be cast where my Hero lives, and that my shipwreck'd Limbs might be born into your Ports. You will mourn my Fate, and honour my breathless Carcass with a last Embrace: Then sighing, say, Alas! I have been the Cause of his Death. Perhaps you will be offended with this threatening Omen of a sudden Fate, or alarm'd by the Suspicions my Letter here betrays. But I desist: Disspell therefore your Fears, and join your Prayers with mine, that the Rage of the Sea may abate. 'Tis requisite it be calm for a little, till I convey myself to yonder Shore; when once I have reach'd the Coast of my Hero, the Storm may persevere in all its Violence. There, is the fittest Asylum for my shatter'd Bark; there, my Ship may with the greatest Security ride at Anchor. Let the North-wind shut me up there, where Delay is sweet. Then, if ever, I shall be averse to swim, and cautiously avoid Danger. No Reproaches will be thrown out against the unrelenting Waves, no Complaints made that the Sea forbids a Return to my native Shore. Let me
be

N O T E S.

with respect to these Fables, may consult Hyginus.

189. *Aut ego non novi.*] "Either I mistake in judging to what a Degree of Rashness Love will carry a Man, &c." This Way of speaking may sometimes occasion a little Obscurity, but the Sense here is plain enough. *Leander* had been complaining, that even now in Summer the Sea was so rough, he could not venture upon it, what then, adds he, can I propose to myself when Winter comes on. But either Love is not so rash and headstrong as I am apt to fancy, or even then he will push me to hazard myself amidst Storms and Tempests.

197. *Optabo tamen, &c.*] Nothing can be more affecting than this Wish of *Leander's*, as it gives us a strong Picture of the Violence of his Passion, and shews at the same Time the tender and pathetick Sentiments with which it had inspir'd him. It

is certain, that Love when strongly rooted in the Heart, is attentive to a thousand little Particulars, which a Mind not affected in the same Manner would overlook, or perhaps despise as trifling. *Leander* seems here to take a Pleasure in the Imagination of what may happen, should his Carcass be thrown upon the Coast within Sight of *Hero*. Her tender Complaints and Tears are all foreseen and numbered, and he considers them as a Recompence for his hard Fate. A Thought like this must come from a Mind extremely sensible to all the soft Emotions of Love. It is to be remark'd here, that this in the End prov'd to be *Leander's* Fate. After several successful Attempts, a Storm arising one fatal Night, *Hero* next Morning saw his Body floating near the Shore.

*Pariter venti, pariterque
lacerti tui teneant me, im-
pediarque istic per duas
causas. Cum hyem patien-
tur, ego utar remis corpo-
ris; tu modo semper habes
lumen in aspectu. Inte-
rea epistola mea pernoctet
tecum pro me, quam precor ut ipsa
prosequar minima mora.*

Me pariter venti teneant, pariterque lacerti :

Per causas istic impediarque duas.

Cum patietur hyems, remis ego corporis utar,

Lumen in aspectu tu modo semper habe. 216

Interea pro me pernoctet epistola tecum ;

Quam precor ut minimam prosequar ipse moram.

EPISTOLA XIX.

HERO LEANDRO.

ORDO.

*Leandre, ut possim ba-
tere missam salutem rebus,
quam misisti mihi verbis,
veni ipse. Omnis mora,
quæ differt gaudia, est
longa nobis. Da veniam
fasse : amo non patienter.
Urimur pari igni, sed sum
impar tibi viribus. Sus-
picor ingenium esse fortius
viris. Ut corpus, ita
mens est infirma teneris pu-
ellis. Adde moram parvi
temporis, et deficiam. Vos
modo venando, modo celen-
do geniale rus, pontis lon-
ga tempora in varia mora.
Aut fora retinent vos, aut
dona unctæ palæstræ, aut
flectitis colla sequacis equi
fræno. Nunc ducitis vo-
lucrem laqueo, nunc piscem
damo ; hora senior dilui-
tar pósito mero. Nihil superest mihi submotæ bis, quod faciam præter amare, si urar vel minus
acriter.*

QUAM mihi misisti verbis, Leandre, salutem,
Ut possim missam rebus habere ; veni.

Longa mora est nobis omnis, quæ gaudia differt.

Da veniam fassæ ; non patienter amo.

Urimur igne pari : sed sum tibi viribus impar. 5

Fortius ingenium suspicor esse viris.

Ut corpus, teneris ita mens infirma puellis.

Deficiam ; parvi temporis adde moram.

Vos, modò venando, modò rus geniale colendo,

Pontis in variâ tempora longa morâ. 10

Aut fora vos retinent, aut unctæ dona palæstræ ;

Flectitis aut fræno colla sequacis equi.

Nunc volucrem laqueo, nunc piscem ducitis
hamo.

Diluitur posito senior hora mero.

His mihi submotæ, vel si minùs acriter urar, 15

Quod faciam, superest, præter amare, nihil.

Quod

*Nihil superest mihi submotæ bis, quod faciam præter amare, si urar vel minus
acriter.*

NOTES.

Hero, after receiving Leander's Letter, returns this Answer : Her chief Design is to make him sensible of the Ardour of her Passion, and prompt his Way to the mutual Embraces of Love. Sometimes she accuses him of Sloth, but with no other View than to demonstrate a constant unalterable Love. At other Times she chides the perverse Waves. Again she fears lest Leander may have transferred his Affections to another; anon rejects the unjust Suspicion, and ascribes all to the well-known Anxiety of Lovers, who are apt to fancy

themselves threatened with every Disaster. In fine, terrified by a foreboding Dream, she counsels him not to venture until the Sea is calm.

1. *Quam mihi misisti.*] This Epistle begins in much a like Manner with the preceding ; for both, by an affectionate Salutation, and ardent Expressions of their Desires of coming together, endeavour to ingratiate with each other.

3. *Omnis mora.*] The shortest Time to a Lover, when disappointed of his Hopes, seems an Age.

be alike detained by the Winds and your folding Arms: Let both these Causes conspire to prolong the sweet Delay. When the Storm abates, my Arms shall cut the liquid Way; only remember always to place in View the guiding Torch, Till then let this Epistle supply my Place; and Heaven grant I may follow it without Delay.

EPISTLE XIX.

HERO to LEANDER.

COME, my Leander, that I may really enjoy that Welfare which you so kindly wish me in your Letter. Every Delay that stands in the Way of our Happiness seems doubly tedious. Pardon the Confession; but I love not according to the common Measure. We glow with an equal Flame, but my Strength comes short of your's; for I imagine that Men are endued with more steady and resolute Souls. In Women the Mind, as well as Body, is infirm; delay but a little longer, and I sink under the Weight of your Absence. You can elude the tedious Hours, by differently dividing your Time, sometimes intent upon hunting, sometimes employed in cultivating the prolific Earth. The Forum perhaps may interpose, or inviting Honours of the Palæstra: Perhaps you are busy in forming the generous Steed, and teaching him to obey the Rein. Now Snares are laid for the feather'd Tribe, now Hooks are baited for the funny Prey; and the lingering Hours of Night are lost in copious Goblets of Wine. As for me, to whom all these Reliefs are denied, what remains, were I even less the Slave of a headstrong Passion, than to love and endure? 'Tis so: I indulge

NOTES.

Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica,

says Horace: And we find the same Thing happens, in some Degree or other, when any of our Desires are deferred.

10. *Ponitis in varia tempora, &c.*] Hero here gives some Reasons why so long a Separation must sit heaviest upon her. Men, as having naturally more Resolution and Strength of Mind, might justly be supposed more capable to bear up under Distress.

They had it, moreover, in their Power to drive away Anxiety by a Variety of Amusements. Women, on the contrary, were deprived of all these Reliefs, and she, in particular, could do nothing but think and talk of her Leander. Her whole Reasoning is wonderfully adapted, not only to prove what she had advanced, but also to gain upon the Affections of her Lover, by insinuating, in the gentlest Manner, how dear he was to her,

*Facio quod superest, amo-
que te, o mea sola voluptas,
quoque plus quam quod pos-
sit reddi tibi. Aut ego
sufurro de te cum cara nu-
trice, mirorque quæ causa
moretur tuum iter; aut
prospiciens mare, corripio
pene tuis verbis æquora
concita odioſo vento. Aut
ubi gravis unda remiſit
paulum ſervitiæ, queror te
poſſe quidem venire, ſed
nolle. Dumque queror,
lacrymæ manant per aman-
tia lumina, quas conſcia
anus ſiccatur tremulo pollice.
Sæpe ſpecto ſi tui poſſus
ſint in littore; tamquam
arena ſervet impoſitas no-
tas. Utque rogem de te,
et ſcribam tibi, quæro ſi
quis venerit Abydo, aut ſi
quis eſt Abydon. Quid
referam quæſies dem oſcula
veſtibus, quas tu ponis,
iturus Helleſpontiacæ aquæ?
Sed ubi lux eſt acta, et
amicior hora noctis exhi-
bit clara ſidera, die pul-
ſo; protinus ponimus vi-
gilantia lumina in ſumma
turre, ſigna notamque viæ
adjuetæ: ducentesque torta
flamina verſato fuſo, fal-
limus tardas moras ſcemi-
næ orbe. Quæris quid
interita loquar tam longo
tempore? Nil eſt in meo
ore niſi nomen Leandri.
Jamne mea nutrix putes
mea gaudia exiſſe domo?
an omnes vigilant? et ille
timet ſuos? jamne putes illum deponere ſuas veſtes humeris?
jam tingere membra pingui Pallade? Illa fere adnuit,
non quod curet noſtra oſcula; ſed ſomnus obrepens movet anile caput.*

Quod ſuperest, facio: tæque, ô mea ſola voluptas,
Plus quoque, quàm reddi quod mihi poſſit, amo.
Aut ego cum carâ de te nutrice ſuſurro;
Quæque tuum miror cauſa moretur iter: 20
At mare proſpiciens, odioſo concita vento
Corripio verbis æquora penè tuis:
Aut ubi ſævitiæ paulum gravis unda remiſit;
Poſſe quidem, ſed te nolle venire, queror.
Dumque queror; lacrymæ per amantia lumina
manant:
Pollice quas tremulo conſcia ſiccatur anus. 26
Sæpe tui ſpecto ſi ſint in littore paſſus:
Impoſitas tanquam ſervet arena notas.
Utque rogem de te & ſcribam tibi, ſi quis Abydo
Venerit, aut quæro, ſi quis Abydon eat. 30
Quid referam, quoties dem veſtibus oſcula, quas tu
Helleſpontiacâ ponis iturus aquâ?
Sic ubi lux acta eſt, & noctis amicioſior hora
Exhibuit pulſo ſidera clara die;
Protinus in ſummo vigilantia lumina teſto 35
Ponimus, aſſuetæ ſigna notamque viæ.
Tortæque verſato ducentes flamina fuſo
Fœmineâ tardas fallimus arte moras.
Quid loquar intereatam longo tempore, quæris?
Nil, niſi Leandri nomen, in ore meo eſt. 40
Jamne putes exiſſe domo mea gaudia, nutrix?
An vigilant omnes? & timet ille ſuos?
Jamne ſuas humeris illum deponere veſtes;
Pallade jam pingui tingere membra putes?
Annuit illa ferè: non noſtra quod oſcula curet;
Sed movet obrepens ſomnus anile caput. 46

Postque

NOTES.

11. *Unctæ palæſtræ.*] It is known, that the Contenders in Wreſſling, and other Exercifſs, anointed themſelves with Oil: Hence the *Palæſtra*, or Place where theſe Conteſts were held, came to have the Epithet *uncta* ſometimes given it.

28. *Impoſitas tanquam ſervet arena notas.*] Nothing can be more natural, or better conceived than this. Lovers are fond to believe every Thing that ſerves to ſooth their Paſſion. Even Impoſſibilities are by them ſtrongly ſanctified, yea ſcarce a Doubt left of

their actually happening. What more unlikely, than that Sand conſtantly waſhed by the Sea ſhould retain the Print of Feet? and yet *Hero*, as fully perſuaded of it, runs to the Beach to look for them. Even in Caſes of leſs Impatience than ſeems to be that of *Hero*, ſomething of the like Kind is obſerved to happen. Who that has experienced the Loſs of a Friend really dear to them, have not ſometimes entertained a vain Hope of his appearing to them again, yea perhaps repair'd to his Tomb, and called

dulge this sole Relief, and love you, O my only Happiness, above Expression or Return. Either I engage with my faithful Nurse in silent Discourse about you, and wonder what Cause can so long delay your Coming; or casting a Look upon the Sea, I chide, almost in your own Words, the Waves tossed by spiteful Winds. Or when the angry Sea remits a little of its Rage, complain that you might, but have no Desire to come. Amidst these Complaints, the Tears flow in Streams from my Love-sick Eyes, and are wip'd away by the trembling Hand of my aged Nurse. I often search if I can find the Prints of your Feet upon the Shore, as if Sand could retain the deepning Mark. Fond to hear of you, or write to you, I am always enquiring whether any one is arrived from Abydos, or who thinks of going thither. Why should I mention the many Kisses I lavish upon the Cloaths you put off, when about to plunge into the Waters of the Hellespont? But when Light vanishes, and the more friendly Hour of Night, in chafing away the Day, exhibits the sparkling Stars; forthwith we plant the watchful Light upon the Tower's Top, the known Guide and Mark of your watery Way; and lengthening by the swiftly-turning Spindle the twisted Threads, elude the tedious Hours in female Work. Perhaps you may enquire what I am talking all this while. No Name but that of Leander is in your Hero's Mouth. What do you say, my Nurse, Do you think that my only Hope has as yet left his Father's House? or are all awake, and he afraid of being observed by his Parents? Do you think that he is now pulling the Cloaths from off his Shoulders, and anointing his Limbs with Oil? She gives a Nod of Assent: Not that she is moved by my Embraces, but Sleep gently stealing upon her, shakes her aged Head. Then after a short

N O T E S.

called him aloud, in a fond Expectation that he might hear and answer? This Passion is finely touched in Dr. Watts's beautiful Poem upon the Death of his Friend Mr. Gunston.

29. *Utque rogem de te, et scribam tibi.*] *Heinsius* complains very much of this Verse, as harsh, and offensive to the Ear. He thinks the whole Distich ought to run in this Manner:

*Utque rogem de te quæramque, buc si quis
Abydo*

Venerit: aut scribam si quis Abydon eat.

He moreover conjectures that the Distich

which follows, *Quid referam, &c.* ought to go before this. *Penelope* says much the same in her Epistle to *Ulysses*:

*Quisquis ad hæc vertit peregrinam littera
puppi;*

Ille mihi de te multa rogatus abit.

*Quamque tibi reddat si te modo viderit us-
quam,*

Traditur buic digitis charta notata meis.

44. *Pallade jam pingui.*] *Pallade* is here instead of *Oleo*, for *Pallas* or *Minerva* is said to have first taught Men the Use of Oil. Such as excell'd in Swimming, especially when they knew they should have Occasion

for

Postque minimum moræ inquam, jam certe navigat, jactatque lenta brachia dimotis aquis. Cumque perferi pauca flamina tacta tela, querimus an possis esse medio freto. Et modo prospicimus, modo precamur timida voce, ut aura utilis det faciles vias tibi. Interdum captamus voces auribus, et credimus omnem strepitum esse tui adventus. Ubi maxima pars deceptæ noctis est acta sic mihi, spor furim subit fissa lumina. Forsitan improbe dormis mecum, tamen in vitus; et quamquam ipse non vis venire, venis. Nam modo videor spectare te natantem prope me, nunc ferre humida brachia meis humeris: nunc dare velamina quæ sibi muldatis membris; nunc fovere cœstra pectora juncto sinu; multaque præterea, reticenda modestæ linguæ: quæ juvat fecisse, pudet referre facta. Me miseram! hæc voluptas est brevis, et non vera. Nam tu solum semper obire cum somno. Cœamus tandem, O cupidi amantes firmius, nec nostra gaudia careant vera fide. Cur ego exegi frigida tot viduas noctes? cui lente notator toties abes a me? Mare (confiteor) nondum est tractabile nanti: sed hesternâ nocte aura fuit lenior.

Postque moræ minimum, Jam certè navigat, inquam;

Lentæque dimotis brachia jactat aquis.

Paucæque cum tacta perferi flamina tela,

An medio possis, quærimus, esse freto.

Et modò prospicimus: timidâ modò voce precamur,

Ut tibi det faciles utilis aura vias.

Auribus interdum voces captamus, & omnem

Adventus strepitum credimus esse tui.

Sic ubi deceptæ pars est mihi maxima noctis

Acta; subit furtim lumina fissa sopor.

Forsitan invitus, mecum tamen, improbe, dormis:

Et, quanquam non vis ipse venire, venis.

Nam modò te videor propè jam spectare natantem:

Brachia nunc humeris humida ferre meis.

Nunc dare, quæ soleo, madidis velamina membris:

Pectora nunc juncto nostra fovere sinu.

Multæque præterea, linguæ reticenda modestæ;

Quæ fecisse juvat, facta referre pudet.

Me miseram! brevis est hæc & non verâ voluptas.

Nam tu cum somno semper abire soles.

Firmius ô cupidi tandem coeamus amantes:

Nec careant verâ gaudia nostra fide.

Cur ego tot viduas exegi frigida noctes?

Cur toties à me, lente natator, abes?

Est mare (confiteor) nondum tractabile nanti:

Nocte sed hesternâ lenior aura fuit.

Cur

NOTES.

for the utmost Extent of their Art, never fail'd to anoint themselves with this, as being of great Service to them. For it not only made their Joints nimble and pliable, but prevented them also from being numb'd by the Coldness of the Water.

47. *Jam certe navigat inquam.*] The Poet's Art appears here in its full Dimensions. The more narrowly it is examined into, the more we discover of its Worth. Any one who has allowed himself to reflect at all must be sensible, that the Imagination is never busier, than when conversant about an absent beloved Object. It is not only

apt to run over all the Scenes it has been engaged in with it in Time past, but also to fancy the Manner in which it may be employed at present. *Hero's* Discourse with her Nurse here, is a true and natural Example of it; and the more so, as she imagines her Lover setting about what she most earnestly desired, *viz.* preparing to swim across to her.

49. *Paucæque cum tacta.*] The accurate *Heinsius* rejects the common Reading here, as not being able to understand what the Poet meant by *tacta terra*. Several Copies, he observes, read *tela*; which Emendation

he

short Delay; 'tis certain now he swims, and tosses his pliant Arms amidst the yielding Waves. Then after finishing a few Threads, in letting the winding Spindle touch the Ground, I ask whether you may have yet reach'd the Middle of the Streight. Sometimes I look wishfully forward; sometimes I pray with a faltering Voice, that propitious Gales may give you an easy Run. I greedily catch at every Sound, and fondly imagine I hear the Noise of your Approach. When thus the greater Part of the eluded Night is past, Sleep insensibly steals upon my wearied Eyes. Then in Dreams I find you by my Side, and, perhaps much against your Will, you are forced to come. For sometimes I seem to behold you swimming near the Shore, sometimes you recline your dropping Arms upon my Shoulders: Now I reach you the Robe to throw round your yet moist Limbs, anon I clasp you shivering to my panting Breast: With much more besides, not fit to be mentioned by a modest Pen; what in doing gives great Pleasure, but when done Shame forbids me to name. Unhappy Wretch! 'tis but a short and fleeting Pleasure, for you always vanish with my Dream. Grant, Heaven, that such ardent Lovers may at length be join'd together by surer Bonds, nor let our Enjoyments be destitute of a firm Basis. Why have I passed cold and comfortless so many solitary Nights? Why, my dear Swimmer, are you so slow, why so often absent from me? The Sea, I own, is rough and intractable, but last Night it blew a gentler Gale. Why was that

N O T E S.

he is highly pleas'd with. He farther conjectures, that by a Mistake of Transcribers, *tacta* has been put instead of *tracta*; for *trabere telam* was a common Phrase, as *trabere lanam*, *trabere pensam*. So *facere telam* was used instead of *facere lanam*. The Conjecture is ingenious enough. *Helvetius* however thinks there is no Necessity for so far-fetch'd an Explication, because the Words, according to the common Reading, may be very easily understood: For in lengthening out a Thread, it is usual to let the Spindle gradually descend till it touch the Ground, after which it is wound up, and the same repeated in a constant Succession.

55. *Deceptæ noctis.*] *Decipere noctem*, "to elude the Night, or get over the tedious Hours by some pleasing Amusement." Some rather think, that *decepta* ought to be referred to *Hero* herself, who after passing the Night in an uneasy Expectation of her Lover, found herself in

the Morning disappointed: *Ubi pars maxima noctis acta est mihi deceptæ.*

67. *Firmus è cupidi.*] This Wish is introduced with great Propriety. *Hero*, after recounting her Dreams, and the short unsatisfactory Joy they gave, could not conclude in a more natural Way, than by expressing her earnest Wishes, that those fleeting transitory Pleasures might be soon turn'd into real Joys.

73. *Cur ea præterita est.*] *Hero*, in all the Parts of this Letter, maintains fully the Character she had given herself at first, *viz.* that of an ardent solicitous Lover. She watches Times and Seasons, and complains if she is disappointed in what she might expect from them. As the Night before the Storm had somewhat abated, she wonders he did not lay hold on that Opportunity to come to her.

76. *Hoc melior certe.*] Altho' she owns herself in the following Verse, that the Storm remitted but a very short Time, yet

K k here

Cur ea est præterita? Cur non timebas ventura? Cur tam bona via perit, nec est rapta tibi? Ut similis copia cursûs protinus detur tibi, certe illa fuit hoc melior, quo prior. At forma jactati profundi est cito mutata; cum properas, sæpe venis minore tempore. Deprensus hic, puto haberes nil quod quereris, nu laque hyems noceret tibi amplexo me. Certe ego tum lenta audirem ventos sonantes, et precarer aquas numquam esse placidas. Tamen quid evenit cur sis metuentior undæ? nuncque vereare fretum contentum prius? Nam memini, cum te veniente, æquor erat non minus, aut non multo minus sævum minaxque. Cum clamabam tibi, esto tu sic temerarius, ne tua virtus sit flenda mihi miseræ. Unde hic novus timor? quoque illa audacia fugit? Ubi est ille magnus natator, aquis spretis? Tamen, sis potius hoc, quam quod solebas esse prius, et tutus facias iter per placidum mare. Dum modo sis idem, dum sic amemur ut scribis, flammaque illa non fiat frigidus cinis. Ego nam tam timeo ventos morante mea vota, quam ne tuus amor erret similis vento; ne non sim tanti, periculaque superent causam, et

Cur ea præterita est? cur non ventura timebas?

Tam bona cur perit, nec tibi rapta via est?

Protinus ut similis detur tibi copia cursûs; 75

Hoc melior certè, quo prior, illa fuit.

At citò mutata est jactati forma profundi:

Tempore, cum properas, sæpe minore venis.

Hic, puto, deprensus nil, quod quereris, haberes;

Mèque tibi amplexo nulla noceret hyems. 80

Certè ego tum ventos audirem lenta sonantes,

Et nunquam placidas esse precarer aquas.

Quid tamen evenit, cur sis metuentior undæ?

Contentumque prius nunc vereare fretum?

Nam memini, cum te sævum veniente minaxque 85

Non minus, aut multo non minùs, æquor erat.

Cum tibi clamabam, Sic tu temerarius esto,

Ne miseræ virtus sit tua flenda mihi.

Unde novus timor hic? quoque illa audacia fugit?

Magnus ubi est spretis ille natator aquis? 90

Sis tamen hoc potius, quàm quod prius esse solebas:

Et facias placidum per mare tutus iter.

Dum modò sis idem: dum sic, ut scribis, amemur:

Flammæque non fiat frigidus illa cinis. 94

Non ego tam ventos timeo mea vota morantes,

Quàm similis vento ne tuus erret amor:

Ne non sim tanti, superentque pericula causam:

Et videar merces esse labore minor.

Interdum metuo, patriâ ne lædar; & impar

Ducar

videar esse merces minor labore. Interdum metuo ne lædar patriâ.

NOTES.

here she does not ascribe his Stay to that, but is rather apt to fear his Concern for her begins to diminish, and that having been with her before, he is not willing to run the same Hazard for a second Interview. We have in this a true Picture of the human Heart, which, in Proportion to the Value it sets upon any Thing, is infinitely apprehensive about losing it. The Case is still more remarkable in Lovers, whom the most trivial Circumstance in Life often fills with a thousand Anxieties and Alarms.

77. *At cito.*] This, as *Helæstius* observes, is to be considered as an Objection and Excuse offered upon the Part of *Leander*; as if *Hero* had said, "I know you'll plead that the Interval of the Storm was but short, and that dreading this with Reason, you was unwilling to venture." She immediately replies in the next Verse, *Tempore cum properas, &c.* "Allow that you was afraid of the raging Sea, yet why did you not come when it was calm? The Interval, though short, con-

tinued

that Opportunity lost? why did you not dread that following Storms might hinder you? Why was so fair an Offer slept, and no Attempt made? Should a like Opportunity of crossing with Ease invite you, yet the other as first in Time was far the best. Soon, 'tis true, was the Face of the troubled Deep changed, but, when eager, you have run cross it in a shorter Time. What if you are detained here by Storms, ought this to make you complain? No tempestuous Sea can hurt you when lock'd in my Embraces. I could then calmly listen to the loud threatening Winds, nor fatigue Heaven with Prayers to smooth the swelling Deep. But what has lately happened to cause this unusual Dread of the Sea? why do you tremble at those Waves you formerly despised? For I remember your coming when the Sea was no less obstinate and threatening, or at least not much less so. Then I conjured you to be wisely daring, that I might not have Cause to lament the fatal Effects of your Boldness. Whence this new Fear? whither is your former Courage fled? where is that illustrious Swimmer, who nobly despised the threatening Waves? Yet rather continue thus, than again expose yourself to former Hazards, and plunge secure into a calm inviting Sea: Provided only you are unalterably the same, provided you love with the same Ardor wherewith you write, and this noble Flame never changes into cold lifeless Ashes. I am not so much afraid of the Winds that disappoint my earnest Wishes, as of your Love, that it prove changeable and inconstant as the Wind. I fear the not being held in the same Esteem; lest the Dangers are thought greater than the Reward, or that I am accounted too mean a Recompence of your Toil. Sometimes I am in Pain lest my Country may detract from me, and a

Thra-

NOTES.

“tinued longer than you usually take to “swim a-cross.” This Answer rejecting *Leander's* Excuse was well judged in the Poet; for however good his Plea may be, yet Passion, we all know, pays very little Regard to the Voice of Reason.

79. *Nil quod queris haberes.*] *Leander* had own'd this much in his own Letter; but we are to consider it on both Sides as the Language of thoughtless Love. Their chief Concern was to conceal their Passion from their Parents, and yet such an Accident as this must have discover'd all. But it was not natural to suppose, that, in the Height of their Anxiety at a Disappointment, they would be in a Humour to attend to the Consequences of Things.

89. *Unde novus timor hic?* &c.] *Hero* still discovers the Height of her Passion by her Anxiety. The Anxiety too that she discovers, is truly the Anxiety of an ardent Lover, such as magnifies every Difficulty, and fills with false Fears. She knew well enough that since his first swimming over to her, there had been no Storm nearly equal to the present. There was no Cause then to wonder why his Courage was abated, seeing it had never been put to the same Trial before. But *Hero*, attentive only to his long Absence, will not allow herself to reflect upon the Danger of the Thing, but charges him with Want of Courage for not attempting to do what was impossible to be done.

et Thressa puella ducar im-
par Abydeno toro. Tamen
possum ferre omnia patien-
tius, quam si agas otia
captus nescio qua pellice:
si alieni lacerti veniant in
tua colla, amorque novus
sit finis nostri amoris. Ab!
peream potius quam vul-
nerer isto crimine, sintque
nostra fata priora tua cul-
pa. Nec loquor hæc quia
dederis mihi signa venturi
doloris; aut sollicitata
nova fama. Sed vereor
omnia (enim quis amavit
securus?) et locus cogit
absentes timere plura. O
illas felices, quas sua præ-
sentia jubet nescire vera cri-
mina, vetat timere falsa.
Injuria vana tam movet
nos, quam facta fallit, et
uterque error incitat pares
morsus. O utinam venias!
aut ut ventusve paterve,
nullaque sæmina sit causa
certæ moræ. Quod si
sciero quam, crede mihi,
moriar dolendo. Jamdu-
dum peccas, si petis mea
fata. Sed neque peccabis,
egoque frustra terreor istis;
hymisque invida pug-
nat quo minus venias. Me
miseram! quanto fluctu
littora planguntur! Et dies
condita obscura nube latet;
fleatur aquis voratis,

Ducar Abydeno Thressa puella toro. 100
Ferre tamen possum patientius omnia; quam si
Otia nescio qua pellice captus agas:
In tua si veniant alieni colla lacerti:
Sitque novus nostri finis amoris amor.
Ah potius peream, quam crimine vulnerer isto:
Fatæque sint culpæ nostra priora tuâ! 106
Nec quia venturi dederis mihi signa doloris,
Hæc loquor; aut famâ sollicitata novâ.
Omnia sed vereor: (quis enim securus amavit?)
Cogit & absentes plura timere locus. 110
Felices illas, sua quas præsentia nôsse
Crimina vera jubet, falsa timere vetat!
Nos tam vana movet, quàm facta injuria fallit;
Incitat & morsus error uterque pares.
O utinam venias! aut ut ventusve paterve, 115
Causæque sit certæ scemina nulla moræ!
Quòd si quam sciero: moriar (mihi crede) do-
lendo.
Jamdudum peccas, si mea fata petis.
Sed neque peccabis, frustrâque ego terreor istis:
Quoque minus venias, invida pugnat hyems.
Me miseram! quanto planguntur littora fluctu!
Et latet obscurâ condita nube dies! 122
Forfitan ad pontum mater pia venerit Helles,
Merisæque voratis nata fleatur aquis:

An

Forfitan pia mater Helles venerit ad pontum; nataque merisæ

NOTES.

100. *Thressa puella.*] *Heinsius* gives his Opinion in favour of this Reading, moved by the general Contempt in which the *Thracians* were held by the *Greeks*, as we learn from their History. Thus *Emilius Probus* tells us of its being objected to *Themistocles*, that he was born of a *Thracian* Mother. *Athenæus* too remarks, that *Timotheus*, the celebrated General, had to his Mother a *Thracian* and a Courtesan. Hence also in *Valerius Flaccus*, Book 3, *Zetbes* and *Calais* are called by *Jason*, in a Way of Contempt, *Thracia proles*.

Nunc *Parthaonides*, nunc dux mihi *Thracia*
proles:

Aspera nunc pavidos contra ruit agna leones.

All this makes the Correction extremely probable. The common, and as *Helvetius* thinks the true reading is *Sessa*.

102. *Nescio qua pellice captus.*] Jealousy is said to be inseparable from Love, especially where the Lovers by Distance are obliged to be often absent from each other. This I believe is an Observation that Experience will confirm in all Cases, at least it is plain our Poet thought so, who was no ill Judge of these Matters; for we find that it seldom misses of creeping into his Epistles. I don't know however whether the Ladies mayn't be apt to think him a little too partial in the Case. Jealousy is a Weakness no doubt; and we meet in History with Instances where great Minds, if they were

Thracian Girl seem an unequal Match for a Citizen of Abydos. Yet can I patiently bear whatever Affliction, sooner than the Apprehension of your being detained by another Flame. Ah! let me rather perish, than suffer under so cruel a Distress; may Fate end my Days before I hear of the dreadful Crime. Nor do I mention this from any Reason you give me to suspect approaching Grief; or because alarm'd by some new spreading Rumour. But I am subject to every Fear, (for when did Love yet settle in a quiet Mind?) Distance and Absence feed my anxious Thoughts. Happy they, who always together, know at once what they have to fear, nor feel the piercing Grief of false Alarms. We are as much disturb'd by unjust Fears, as ignorant of real Injuries, and either Error begets equal Anxiety. O how I wish that you were here, that either the Winds or your Parents, and no Rival Fair, may be the Cause of your long Stay. For believe me, to hear of a Rival would kill me with Grief; and 'tis now long that you have been in Fault, if you thus aim at my Destruction. But you are not in Fault, these my Terrors I know are groundless; the envious Winds alone oppose your wish'd-for coming. Dreadful! how the Shores are lath'd by the vast Billows! How the Day is hid by gathering Clouds! Perhaps the disconsolate Mother of Helle hovers over the Deep, and mourns her unhappy Daughter in distilling Drops. Or does
her

N O T E S.

were not able wholly to guard against it, yet maintain'd a hard Struggle to conceal it, as what they were ashamed of. Accordingly we find that *Ovid* throws it for the most part into the Female Epistles, as more likely to attack that frailer Sex; but with how much Justice I won't say. All allow that it is strongest in Women, but perhaps we may find it most frequent among Men; and I am apt to think it not altogether without Reason that it should be so.

109. *Omnia sed vereor, (quis enim securus amavit?)* If *Hero* cannot wholly hide her Suspicions from her Lover, yet they are express'd in so delicate and handsome a Manner, that it is impossible he should take Offence. She owns he never gave her any Cause for them; and that they are nothing more than those unavoidable Disquiets that ever attend upon Love. This was absolutely necessary for the Poet's Design. He was to represent in *Leander* and *Hero* a chaste and mutual Passion, that he might raise the greater Compassion in his

Reader, when he reflected upon their unhappy Fate. It would have been altogether inconsistent with this to have introduced a Passion sullied with black Suspicions on either Side. The Poet was more a Master of his Subject, and has made *Hero* say no more than might naturally be expected from any one in her Circumstances, how well soever assured of her Lover's Affections. Accordingly we find that the Poet's Intention has been fully answered; never have any two Lovers been oftener mentioned, or with greater Marks of Compassion for their unhappy Fate.

112. *Crimina vera jubet, &c.*] There is no State of Mind more uneasy than that of Uncertainty and Doubt, especially in Cases where it highly concerns us to be resolved, and where of Consequence there must be a World of Impatience. The Reflection therefore which *Hero* makes here is just; and as she was herself in a State of Uncertainty, comes from her with great Propriety.

123. *Mater pia venerit Hellen.*] We have already

An noverca versa in æquoream deam, vexat mare dictum ab invisio nomine privignæ? Locus iste, ut nunc est, non favet teneris puellis. Helle periiit hoc, ego lædor hac aqua. At, Neptune, nullus amor erat impediendus ventis tibi memori tuarum flammæ. Si neque Amynone, nec Tyro laudatissima forma, est vana fabula tui criminis. Alcyoneque lucida, Circeque, et nata Alcyone; et Medusa nondum comis nexis angue, Laodiceque flavo, Celænoque recepta cælo, et quarum memini nomina lecta mihi. Certe, Neptune, poetæ canunt has pluresque composuisse molle lotus tuo lateri. Cur igitur toties expertus vires amoris, claudis adfuetum iter nobis turbine? Parce, ferox, misceque tua prælia lato mari. Hæc unda brevis, seducit duas terras. Decet te magnum, aut jactare magnas carinas, aut esse trucem etiam totis classibus. Turpe est Deo pelagi terrere juvenem natantem,

An mare ab invisio privignæ nomine dictum 125
Vexat in æquoream versa noverca Deam?
Non favet, ut nunc est, teneris locus iste puellis.
Hæc Helle periit; hæc ego lædor aqua.
At tibi flammæ memori, Neptune, tuarum
Nullus erat ventis impediendus amor: 130
Si neque Amynone, nec laudatissima formâ
Criminis est Tyro fabula vana tui,
Lucidæque Alcyone, Circæque & Alcyone nata,
Et nondum nexis angue Medusa comis,
Flavæque Laodice, cæloque recepta Celæno, 135
Et quarum memini nomina lecta mihi.
Has certè pluresque canunt, Neptune, poetæ
Molle latus lateri composuisse tuo.
Cur igitur toties vires expertus amoris,
Assuetum nobis turbine claudis iter? 140
Parce, ferox; latòque mari tua prælia misce.
Seducit terras hæc brevis unda duas.
Te decet aut magnas magnum jactare carinas;
Aut etiam totis classibus esse trucem.
Turpe Deo pelagi, juvenem terrere natantem:
Glo.

NOTES.

already observed in the Epistle of *Leander*, that *Helle* in crossing this Strait was drowned, and left her Name to it. *Hero* here supposes that the Storm was raised by *Neptele* the Virgin's Mother, come down to lament her Daughter's untimely Fate.

126. *Novercam.*] *Viz. Ino*, the second Wife of *Athamas*, and Stepmother of *Helle*, who was afterwards changed into *Leucotoe* a Sea Goddess.

131. *Si neque Amynone.*] *Hero* here addresses herself to *Neptune*, and expostulates with him for keeping her *Leander* so long from her. She tells him, that this was least of all to have been expected from him, who had himself been so often sensible of the Power of Love. She then instances in several of whom the Poets had represented *Neptune* enamour'd. *Amynone* is mentioned first. She was the Daughter of *Danaus*, and one of the Fifty who afterwards rendered themselves so famous by the Murder of their Husbands. As she was hunting one Day in a Wood, being

hard pursued by a Satyr, she implored the Help of *Neptune*, who came and delivered her; but being himself struck with her Beauty, she prov'd with Child by him; and, according to *Strabo*, brought forth *Nauplius*.

132. *Tyro.*] *Tyro*, as we learn from *Homer*, was the Daughter of *Salmoneus*, who happening to fall in Love with the River *Enipeus*, *Neptune* (who was much taken with her) assum'd that Form, and had by her two Sons at a Birth, *Peleus* and *Neleus*.

133. *Lucidæque Alcyone.*] *Alcyone*, the Daughter of *Atlas* and *Pleione*, and one of the *Pleiades*. *Neptune* fell in Love with her, and had by her two Sons and a Daughter, the famous *Alcyone* the Wife of *Ceyx*, whose Grief for her Husband's Death is so pathetically represented by the Poets.

133. *Circæque et Alcyone nata.*] Commentators have been very much puzzled what to make of this Passage. *Heinsius* observes, that there must undoubtedly have some

her Step-mother, changed into a Sea-Goddeſs, deform the Straight^t that bears the hated Name of her Daughter-in-law? This Sea, ſuch as it is now, is far from being propitious to tender Maids. Here Helle perished, I also am croſs'd by theſe obſtinate Waves. But you ſure, Neptune, if you call to Mind your many Flames, can never be an Enemy to gentle Love. If neither Amymone, nor Tyro of exquisite Form, are vain Rumours of your Guilt. If fair Alcione, Circe, and the Daughter of Alymone; Meduſa, her Hair not as yet wreath'd with Serpents, blooming Laodice, and Celæno rank'd among the Stars, with many other Names I remember to have read, *were ever dear to you*. Theſe, Neptune, with many more, are ſung by the Poets to have lain in your Embraces. Why then, having yourſelf ſo often felt the Power of Love, do you ſhut up the accuſtomed Way by rough Whirlwinds? Be mild, ſtern Father, and reſerve your Tumults for the wide Ocean. This is but a narrow Straight that diſjoins two neighbouring Tracts. 'Tis yours, triumphant, to toſs the vaſt Bulk of Ships, or ſternly boiſterous diſperſe whole Fleets. 'Tis below the God of the Ocean to terrify
an

N O T E S.

ſome Fault crept into the Text, becauſe there is ſo great a Variety of Readings in ancient Manuſcripts. Inſtead of *Circe* a great many have *Ceyce*, *Ceiceque*, *Coyceque*; for *Alymone*, ſome read *Alcone*, *Amemone*, *Antheone*, with about thirty others, which need not here be repeated. It is to be obſerved however, that the greater Number of Manuſcripts agree in *Aveone* or *Ancone*. To ſay Truth, the Explications given are for the moſt part ſo confuſed, that one is at a Loſs what to make of them. I ſhall only therefore remark, that ſome are for retaining the commonly received Reading; but differ in their Manner of pointing it: For they make it run thus: *Circe et Alymone nata*; as if the Poet meant the Daughter of *Circe* and *Alymones*. This, they tell us, was *Ipbimedia* the Wife of *Alocus*, mentioned by *Homer* in his *Odyssey*; who further tells us, that ſhe was raviſhed by *Neptune*, and bore to him two great Giants, *Orus* and *Epibialtes*, that every Month grew nine Inches.

134. *Angue Meduſa*.] *Meduſa* was the Daughter of *Phorcus*, and remarkable for the Beauty of her Hair. *Neptune* falling in Love with her, deſlowered her in the Temple of *Minerva*. The Goddeſs pro-

vok'd by the Impiety of deſiling a Place ſacred to her, chang'd her Hair into Snakes, and all that look'd upon her into Stones. Various are the Fictions of the Poets on this Subject; they tell us, that her Head was at laſt cut off by *Perſeus*, who ſurprized her while the Snakes were aſleep. *Meduſa comis nondum nexis angue*. "Meduſa, her Hair not as yet changed into Snakes:" For this happened not till after her being compreſſed by *Neptune*.

135. *Flavæque Laodice*.] There are a great many Nymphs of this Name, mentioned by ancient Poets. One the Daughter of *Priam* and *Hecuba*, and Wife to *Helicaon*. Another the Daughter of *Agamemnon*, offered in Marriage to *Achilles*. A third the Daughter of *Cygnus*. Poets ſpeak alſo of a Nymph of this Name, the Mother of *Apis* and *Niobe*. It is uncertain which of all theſe was the *Laodice* of *Neptune*; but moſt probably the Daughter of *Priam*.

Ibid. Cæloque recepta Celæno.] *Celæno* was the Daughter of *Atlas* and *Pleione*, and one of the *Pleiades*. We have ſeen before that all the Siſters, Daughters of *Atlas*, were received into Heaven, and there form the System of Stars call'd *Pleiades*; and by the Latins *Vergilæ*.

istaque gloria est minor
 quolibet flagno. Ille qui-
 dem est nobilis, et clarus
 origine; sed non ducit ge-
 nus ab Ulyssæ suspecto tibi.
 Da veniam, servaque duos:
 ille natat, sed corpus Le-
 andri, et mea spes, pendet
 iusum aquis. Lumen et
 sternuit: (nam scribimus
 illo posito) sternuit, et de-
 dit prospera signa nobis.
 Ecce nutrix instillat me-
 rum in faustos ignes, in-
 quitque, eras erimus plures,
 et ipsa bibit. Tu lapsus
 per evicta æquora effice
 nos plures, O penitus re-
 cepte mihi toto corde. Redi
 in tua castra, defector socii
 amoris. Cur mea membra
 ponuntur medio toro? Non
 est quod timeas; ipsa Ve-
 nus favebit ausu, et, nata
 æquore, sternet æquoreas
 vias. Sæpe libet mihi ipsi
 ire per medias undas, sed
 hoc fretum solet esse tutius
 maribus. Nam cur Phryxo,
 sororeque Phryxi vestis
 hoc, fœmina sola dedit no-
 men vastis aquis? Forsitan
 metuas ne tempora desint
 ad reditum, aut nequeas
 ferre onus gemini laboris.
 At nos diversi coeamus
 in medium æquor, demus-
 que obvia oscula in summis
 aquis: Atque ita quis-
 que redeamus ad suas
 urbes. Illud erit exiguum,
 sed plus quam nihil. Uti-
 nam vel hic pudor, qui
 cogit nos amare clam, vel amor timidus vellet cedere sumæ. Nunc calor et reverentia, res
 male junctæ, pugnant. In dubio est quid sequar: hæc decet; ille juvat.

Gloriæque est stagno quolibet ista minor. 146
 Nobilis ille quidem est, & clarus origine: sed non
 A tibi suspecto ducit Ulyssæ genus.

Da veniam, servaque duos. natat ille: sed isdem
 Corpus Leandri, spes mea, pendet aquis. 150
 Sternuit & lumen (posito nam scribimus illo)

Sternuit; & nobis prospera signa dedit.

Ecce merum nutrix faustos instillat in ignes:

Crâsque erimus plures, inquit, & ipsa bibit.

Effice nos plures evicta per æquora lapsus, 155

O penitus toto corde recepte mihi.

In tua castra redi, socii defector Amoris.

Ponuntur medio cur mea membra toro?

Quod timeas, non est. auso Venus ipsa favebit:

Sternet & æquoreas æquore nata vias. 160

Ire libet medias ipsi mihi sæpe per undas:

Sed solet hoc maribus tutius esse fretum.

Nam cur, hinc vestis Phryxo Phryxique sorore,

Sola dedit vastis fœmina nomen aquis?

Forsitan ad reditum metuas ne tempora desint,

Aut gemini nequeas ferre laboris onus. 166

At nos diversi medium coeamus in æquor:

Obviæque in summis oscula demus aquis:

Atque ita quisque suas iterum redeamus ad ur-
 bes.

Exiguum, sed plus, quàm nihil, illud erit. 170

Vel pudor hic utinam, qui nos clam cogit amare,

Vel timidus famæ cedere vellet amor!

Nunc malè res junctæ calor & reverentia pug-
 nant.

Quid sequar in dubio est. hæc decet; ille juvat.

Ut

NOTES.

148. Suspecto ducit Ulyssæ genus.] Ulysses was
 hated by Neptune, some think on account
 of Palamedes his Grandson, whom that Hero
 circumvented before Troy; others for his
 Son Polyphemus, whose Eye was thrust out
 by Ulysses in Sicily. Neptune, in Revenge,
 kept him wandering ten Years from his na-
 tive Country, exposed in the mean time
 to numberless Dangers, by Storms and Ship-
 wrecks.

151. Sternuit et lumen.] That is, Lu-

cerna fecit strepitum & fridorem. Not
 much unlike is that of Propertius,

— Argutum sternuit omen amor.

160. Sternet et æquoreas æquore nata
 vias.] Venus is feign'd by the Poets to
 have sprung from the Foam of the Sea.
 Hero is endeavouring to persuade her Lover
 to shake off Fear and venture boldly. To
 encourage him, she puts him in Mind that
 Va-

an adventurous Youth, a Praise unworthy the Boast of the meanest Lake. He indeed is noble, sprung from an illustrious Line; but derives not his Pedigree from Ulysses of hated Memory. Permit him then to come, and save the Life of Two. He only, 'tis true, swims; but my Hope hangs upon the same Waves with Leander. Hark! the Taper crackles; for it burns beside me as I write: It crackles, and gives propitious Signs. See, my Nurse pours Wine upon Flames that yield a favourable Omen: She cries *to-morrow we shall be more*, and bears the Goblet to her Mouth. O Leander, whose Image only fills my Heart, strive to surmount the dividing Waves, and add in yourself another to our Number. Return to your own Camp, thou Defserter of social Love. Why are my Limbs single in the midst of the Bed? Nor is there any Ground of Fear, Venus herself will favour the Attempt; and, sprung from the Sea, will smooth the Sea-green Way. I have oft myself resolved to plunge amidst the Waves, but this stormy Streight is more favourable to the other Sex. For why, when attempted by Phryxus and his Sister, did she only give Name to this vast Bulk of Water? Perhaps you fear there will be no Opportunity to return, or can't bear a Weight of double Toil. Let us then, setting out from opposite Shores, meet in the midst of the Sea, and snatch the mutual Kisses upon the Surface of the Waves. Let us then each return again to his own City: A small Enjoyment indeed, but still better than none. How could I wish that powerful Shame, which obliges us thus to conceal our Love, would yield to Desire, or trembling Love give way to the Dictates of Fame! Honour and Passion (things, alas! incompatible) combat each other. Which shall I follow; or where end my Suspense? On one side is Decency, on the other Pleasure. Jason
of

NOTES.

Venus is not only the Goddess of Love, who would be therefore propitious to a chaste Flame like theirs, but also as sprung from the Sea might be accounted in some Sense a Sea Goddess, and to have Power over that Element.

162. *Sed fules hoc maribus.*] *Hero*, the more to make *Leander* sensible of her Impatience and Anxiety, tells him, that she was herself often ready to rush into the Waves, and was only kept back by reflecting how fatal it had been to her Sex. 'Tis worth while to remark, that the Poet makes this Observation come rather from *Hero* than *Leander*, it being most usual for

that Sex, to give into these little superstitious Observances. *Phryxus* and his Sister *Helle* crossing the *Hellepont*, the former got over safe, but the latter was drown'd by the Way; an Accident that carries nothing in it to surprize us; and yet *Hero* here conceives it as a threatening Omen to the whole Sex.

167. *At nos diversi medium, &c.*] *Ovid* always succeeds well in these soft and passionate Representations. What Fancy can paint a Scene more moving and interesting than this here? Nothing could have been more happily imagin'd, to give us a just Idea of the Tenderness and Ardor wherewith

Ut semel Pagasæus Jason
intravit Colchos, tulit
Phasida impositam celeri
puppe. Ut semel Idæus
adulter venit Lacedæmonia,
ille protinus rediit cum sua
præda. Tu, tam sæpe
relinquis quod amas, quam
sæpe petis, et natus quon-
ties fit græve puppibus ire.
Tamen, O juvenis victor
tumidarum aquarum, fa-
cito ut sic sis spernas fre-
tum, ut vereare. Puppe
laboratæ arte, vincuntur
ab æquore: tu putes tua
brachia posse plus remis?
Nautæ, Leandre, metuum
hec tectum per quod cupis
notare. Hic exitus solet
esse fractis puppibus. Me
miseram! cupio non per-
suadere quod hortor, pre-
corque sis ipse fortior meis
monitis: Dummodo per-
venias, injiciasque lassæ
brachia sæpe excessa per
undas meis humeris. Sed
quoties obvertor ad cæ-
ruleas undas, nescio quæ
frigora habent pavidum
pectus mihi. Nec minus
confundor imagine hesternæ
noctis, quamvis illa est
piata mei sacris. Nam-
que sub Aurora, lucerna
jam dormitante, quo tem-
pore somnia vera solent
cerni, stamina cecidere de
digitis remissis spore, de-
dique colla nostra ferenda
pulvinæ. Hic ego visa
sum mihi cernere non dubio
fide, Delphina nantem per
ventosas undas. Quem
postquam fluctus illisit bi-
bulis arenis, unda vitæque
simul deseruit miserum.

Timeo id, quidquid est, nec tu ride mea somnia; nec crede brachia nisi tranquillo mari.
Si non parvis tibi, parce dilectæ puellæ; qui nunquam erit sospes nisi te sospite.

N O T E S.

with these two lov'd each other, or of the
Pleasure that a real Meeting must give
them. Who, after reading this, can won-
der at the Impatience they express for be-
ing kept but a few Days asunder?

175. Pagasæus Jason.] Hero weary of
her present State of Uncertainty and Doubt,
as being often divided from her Lover; and

Ut semel intravit Colchos Pagasæus Iason; 175
Impositam celeri Phasida puppe tulit.

Ut semel Idæus Lacedæmonia venit adulter;
Cum prædâ rediit protinus ille suâ.

Tu, quàm sæpe petis quod amas, tam sæpe re-
linquis:

Et quoties grave fit puppibus ire, natus. 180
Sic tamen, ô juvenis tumidarum victor aquarum,
Sic facito spernas, ut vereare, fretum.

Arte laboratæ vincuntur ab æquore puppes:
Tu tua plus remis brachia posse putes?

Quod cupis, hoc nautæ metuunt, Leandre, na-
tare. 185

Exitus hic fractis puppibus esse solet.
Me miseram! cupio non persuadere, quod
hortor:

Sisque, precor, monitis fortior ipse meis.
Dummodo pervenias, excussâque sæpe per undas
Injicias humeris brachia lassâ meis. 190

Sed mihi, cæruleas quoties obvertor ad undas,
Nescio quæ pavidum frigora pectus habent.

Nec minùs hesternæ confundor imagine noctis,
Quamvis est sacris illa piata meis.

Namque sub Aurora, jam dormitante lucernâ,
(Somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent)

Stamina de digitis cecidere sopore remissis:

Collâque pulvino nostra ferenda dedi.

Hic ego ventosas nantem delphina per undas
Cernere non dubiâ sum mihi visâ fide. 205

Quem, postquam bibulis illisit fluctus arenis,
Unda simul miserum vitæque deseruit.

Quicquid id est, timeo. nec tu mea somnia ride:
Nec nisi tranquillo brachia crede mari.

Si tibi non parcis, dilectæ parce puellæ: 205
Quæ nunquam, nisi te sospite, sospes erit.

Spes

when they met, not without great Danger
on his Side, thinks it were better for her
were she to suffer from Leander, what Mi-
dea did from Jason, or Helen from Paris;
I mean the Keming Violence of being car-
ried forcibly away. Jason is here called
Pagasæus, from Pagasæ, a City of Thes-
saly, 196. Som-

of Theffaly, soon after entering Colchos, bore away Medea in his nimble Bark. When the faithless Trojan had once arrived at Lacedæmon, he quickly returned triumphant with his Prey. You, as often as you grasp the Object of your Love, so often you abandon her; and swim even then when it is dangerous for Ships to cut the liquid Way. But yet remember, O daring Youth, who have so often brav'd the swelling Waves, that you so despise the threatening Deep, as not to venture rashly in Times of Danger. Ships form'd with exquisite Art, are often mastered by the foaming Sea: Can your feeble Arms cut the Deep like labouring Oars? You, Leander, fondly spring forward to swim, an Attempt that startles the daring Mariner; this is their last Resource when compell'd by Shipwreck. Alas, how unhappy! I want to dissuade you from what I yet earnestly wish, and pray you may be bolder than my own Admonitions allow: Yet so that you may still come safe, and clasp round my exulting Shoulders, your wearied Arms, that had often been plung'd in the foaming Waves. But as often as I turn my Eyes towards the blue Extent of Sea, I know not what Coldness spreads over my panting Breast. Nor am I less disturbed by the Vision of last Night, altho' expiated by many sacred Rites. For about the Approach of Morning, when now the Taper gave a faint and glimmering Light (at the Time when Dreams are usually accounted true) my Fingers deaden'd with Sleep had drop'd the lengthening Threads, and my Neck was gently reclin'd on the barren Ridge. Here I espied a Dolphin glide through the raging Waves: I saw it a real Spectre, and no deluding Phantom; which after being dash'd by the Waves upon the bubbling Sand, was at once abandoned by its Element and Life. Whatever it may portend, I am full of Fears; despise not the ominous Dream, nor trust your Limbs but to a calm unruffled Sea. If you are regardless of yourself, yet think of your dearer Half, who will never be able to survive your untimely Fate. But I hope for a sudden Calm to the

N O T E S.

196. *Somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent.*] Apollonius, in his Life of *Philostratus* tells us, that the Interpreters of Dreams made it always their first Question at what Hour the Vision appeared; for if it was towards Morning, they conjectured that the Dream was true, because at that Time the Soul is quite disengaged from the Vapours of Wine and Food. *Ovid* in this Epistle is of the same Mind. *Theocritus* in his *Idyllium* call'd *Europe*, which some ascribe to *Moschus*, marks distinctly the Time of Night when Dreams are true:

"Venus sent an agreeable Dream to *Europe*, just almost as the third Watch of the Night was elapsed, and *Aurora* approaching." And a few Verses after he adds:

"Much about the Time that the Troop of real Visions hover round those who are still in the Arms of Sleep."

The unhappy Fate of these two Lovers is known to all: He being drown'd in his next Attempt to get over, *Hero* cast herself from the Tower upon his floating Body.

Spes tamen est vicinæ pacis in fractis undis; tum finde placidas vias tuto pectore. Interea, quoniam freta non sunt pervia noviti, littera missa leniat invisas moras.

Spes tamen est fractis vicinæ pacis in undis.
Tum placidas tuto pectore finde vias.
Interea, nanti quoniam freta pervia non sunt,
Leniat invisas littera missa moras.

EPISTOLA XX.

ACONTIUS CYDIPPÆ.

O R D O.

Pone metum: jurabis nihil hic iterum amanti, satis est te esse semel promissum mihi. Perlege: sic languor, qui est meus dolor, ulla parte tui dolente, discedat ab isto corpore. Quid pudor subit ora? nam suspicor ingenuos genas erubuisse, sicut in æde Dianæ. Posco conjugium pactamque fidem, non crimina, amo ut debitus conjux, non ut adulter. Licet repetas verba, quæ scetus demtus ab arbore pertulit ad castas manus, ne jaciente, Invenies te spondere illic id, quod opto, te virgo potius meminisse quam Deam. Timeo nunc quoque idem, sed tamen illud idem acrius adjunxit vires, flammaque est aucta mora.

PONE metum: nihil hic iterum jurabis amanti.
Promissam satis est te semel esse mihi.
Perlege: discedat sic corpore languor ab isto,
Qui meus est, ullâ parte dolente, dolor.
Quid pudor ora subit? nam, sicut in æde Dianæ,
Suspicio ingenuas erubuisse genas. 6
Conjugium pactamque fidem, non crimina, posco:
Debitus ut conjux, non ut adulter, amo.
Verba licet repetas, quæ demtus ab arbore scetus
Pertulit ad castas, me jaciente, manus; 10
Invenies illic id te spondere, quod opto,
Te potius, virgo, quam meminisse Deam.
Nunc quoque idem timeo: sed idem tamen acrius
us illud

Assumfit vires; auctâque flamma morâ est.

Quisque

N O T E S.

Delos was an Island of the Ægean Sea, and the most noted of all the Cyclades. Here Diana had a Temple, and was worshipped with a particular Solemnity. Acontius, a young Man, being present at the Celebration of these sacred Rites by a numerous Assembly of the finest Ladies of the Island, happened to cast his Eyes upon Cydippe, a Lady of great Quality and Beauty, and fell desperately in Love with her. But not daring to make known his Passion because of the Inequality of their Rank, having devised a new Method of Deceit, he took one of the fairest Apples he could find, and wrote upon it the two following Verses.

*Juro tibi sane per mystica sacra Dianæ;
Me tibi venturam conitem, sponsamque
saturæ.*

“ I swear to you inviolably by the sacred
“ Mysteries of Diana, that I will join my-
“ self to you for ever as your Companion
“ and Bride.”

This done, he throws it at the Feet of the young Lady, who not suspecting the Deceit, took it up and read it, and thereby solemnly vowed herself to Acontius. For at that Time there was a Law in Force at Delos, that whatever any Person should swear in the Temple of Diana, should stand good, and be inviolably observed. But her Father having some Time after (not knowing what had past) promised her to another, she was seized with a sudden and violent Fever, just at the Time when the Marriage Solemnities were to have been performed.

Acontius

the troubled Waves; then plunge with Safety, and glide along the levell'd Tides. Mean time, as the threatening Waves forbid your wish'd-for Way, let this missive Epistle soften the hated Delays

E P I S T L E XX.

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

CAST away Fear, you shall not here again swear in favour of your Lover; 'tis enough that you have once solemnly vowed yourself to me. Read: So may that painful Illness that spreads over all your Joints, and racks my Soul with a thousand Fears, leave every affected Part. Why does the Blush kindle in your Cheek? For I fancy I see your Colour change, as in the Temple of Diana. I demand nothing criminal, I only ask that Affinity and Allegiance which you promised in the Temple of Diana; I love you as a lawful Husband, not an infamous Adulterer. Ah! only repeat to yourself those binding Words, which the unthinking Fruit thrown by my Hands presented to your chaste Eyes. There you will find yourself to be bound by that Vow, which I could wish you had rather remembred than the Goddess. But now I tremble even for that; yea, this Hope has already gathered Strength, and my Flame increases every Moment. For that

N O T E S.

Acontius hearing of it, and willing if possible that the Business should take a Turn in his own Favour, writes *Cydippe* this Epistle, wherein he endeavours to persuade her, that the Fever was sent from *Diana*, as a Punishment of the Breach of the Vow made in her Presence. This, with the rest of the Arguments, which on such an Occasion would occur to a Lover, takes in the whole Subject of this Letter.

1. *Heinsius* observes of this Epistle, that it has suffered more, perhaps, than any other from the Carelessness and Incorrectness of Transcribers, and that in many Places it is so defaced, one is at a Loss how to gather any consistent Sense. I have been deeply sensible of this in the Translation, and must own that there are several Passages about which I am not myself quite well satisfied. However, I have taken all

possible Pains not to be mistaken, and have generally fixed upon that Sense which seem'd most natural and easy, and to agree best with the whole Tenour of the Epistle. The oldest Editions, and some Manuscripts, present us with the following Distich, as fit to be prefixed to this Epistle.

*Accipe, Cydippe, despecti nomen Aconti,
Illius in pomo qui tibi verba dedit.*

“Receive, *Cydippe*, this, subscrib'd by
“your despised *Acontius*, by him who de-
“ceived you with the Inscription upon an
“Apple.”

Pene metum.] *Acontius*, as we have seen, had already deceived *Cydippe*: She might therefore be apprehensive of some new Fraud, and in this Notion refuse to read over his Letter. *Acontius* strives to prevent this, by assuring her that he had no farther Intentions

Amorque, qui nunquam fuit parvus, nunc crevit longo tempore, et spe quam tu dederas mihi. Tu dederas spem mihi, meus ardor hic credidit tibi. Non potes negare hoc factum, Dea, resse. Adfuit, et præsens notavit tua verba ut erant, et visa est probasse dicta mota coma. Licebit âlcâs te deceptam nostrâ fraudâ, dum amor feratur causa nostræ fraudis. Quid fraus mea petiit, nisi quo jungerer tibi uni? Id quod quæris potest conciliare me. Ego non sum tam callidus natura nec usu; tu puella, crede, facis me solertem. Ingeniosus amor adstrinxit tibi mihi verbis compositis a me, si tamen egimus quid. Feci sponsalia verbis dictatis ab eo, suique vaser juris amore consulto. Sit fraus nomen huic facto, dicarque dolosus; si tamen velle tenere quod ames est dolus. En scribo iterum, mittoque verba rogantia; hæc est altera fraus, babesque quod quæris. Si noceo quod amo, fateor noceo sine fine, petamque te, fiet tu ipsa cæcâs peti. Alii rapuere placitas puellas per gladios; littera scripta caute erit crimen mihi?

Quique fuit nunquam parvus; nunc tempore longo, 15

Et spe, quam dederas tu mihi, crevit amor.

Spem mihi tu dederas: meus hic tibi credidit ardor.

Non potes hoc factum teste negare Deâ.

Adfuit, & præsens, ut erant, tua verba notavit:

Et visa est motâ dicta probasse comâ. 20

Deceptam dicas nostrâ te fraude licebit:

Dum fraudis nostræ causa feratur amor.

Fraus mea quid petiit, nisi quo tibi jungerer uni?

Id me, quod quæreris, conciliare potest.

Non ego naturâ, nec sum tam callidus usu: 25

Solertem tu me, (crede) puella, facis.

Te mihi compositis (si quid tamen egimus) à me

Adstrinxit verbis ingeniosus Amor.

Dictatis ab eo feci sponsalia verbis:

Consultoque fui juris amore vaser. 30

Sit fraus huic nomen facto; dicarque dolosus:

(Si tamen est, quod ames, velle tenere dolus.)

En iterum scribo, mittoque rogantia verba.

Altera fraus hæc est: quodque quæraris, habes.

Si noceo quod amo; fateor, finè finè nocebo; 35

Téque petam: cæveas tu licet ipsa peti.

Per gladios alii placitas rapuere puellas:

Scripta mihi cautè littera crimen erit?

Di

N O T E S.

Intentions of that Kind, and that satisfied with having once obtained her Promise, he meant no more, than to remind her of her Engagements, and give such Advice, as might tend to her Recovery.

4. *Ulla parte dolente.*] If Acontius was the Cause of any Disaster to Cydippe, he would fain persuade her that it was so purely by Accident. He intended no more than to secure her to himself. Her own Disregard of her Vow had brought that Sickness upon her, of which he suffered all the Anguish in the most sensible Manner.

13. *Sed idem tamen ærius illud.*] This is one of those Passages I have already mentioned, as hard to find out a just Meaning to. It is uncertain what we are to understand by this *idem* twice repeated, or whereto it

ought to be referred. The Sense I have affixed to it, though perhaps not altogether satisfying, was yet what, upon due Consideration, appeared to me the most probable.

22. *Fraudis causa feratur amor.*] Acontius seems here to accuse himself, but with the greatest Cunning and Art. He has hit upon the Way of owning his Crime in such Manner, as to give it rather the Air of a Merit. It was Excess of Love that hurried him on to that bold Step. A Fault arising from this, can plead a thousand little Circumstances to alleviate it, and the Person against whom it is committed, is usually the first to forgive it.

24. *Id me, &c.*] Heinsius remarks severely upon this Line, and is so far displeased with it, that he rejects the Couplet entirely,

that Love, which was always violent, is now encreased by the tedious Delays, and the Hope you have cherished in my Breast. For you gave me Hope, my Love rested upon this Bottom; nor can you deny a Thing that was done in the Presence of the Goddess: She was present, and over-heard your Vow, and her Statue was seen to give a Nod of Approbation. I allow you to accuse me of having deceived you by an artful Management, if, at the same Time you own it was Love put me upon the ingenious Deceit. What did all my Artifice aim at, but to be join'd to you alone? What you complain of, should render me rather doubly dear to you. My Ingenuity came neither from Nature, nor long Practice; 'tis only you, dear Girl, that makes me thus inventive. Love, fertile in Expedients, furnished the Form of Words by which I bound you so close to myself (if it really is so that I bound you.) I inscrib'd a Marriage-Contract in Words dictated by him; it was by following his Suggestions, that I become so expert in the Law. Let this Stratagem then bear the Name of Fraud, let me be called cunning and deceitful (if it can indeed be called a Fraud, to aim at the Possession of what we love.) See here I write a second Time, and send you my Prayers and Entreaties. This too, no Doubt, is a Fraud, you have in this also whereof to complain. If it is a Crime to love, I own it, and must still be guilty without End. I must still pursue you, should even you yourself avoid my eager Hopes. Others have carried away by Force the Maids they lov'd, and can it be a Crime in me to write a few Words with

N O T E S.

firely, as unworthy of *Ovid*. But whoever considers our Poet's Manner, and how much he delights in these Ambiguities and pointed Turns, will see no Reason for so harsh a Criticism. *Helvetius* has very well paraphrased the Passage, and so as to give us the Sense clear and distinct. "Id, nempe tibi jungi, quod tibi querimonii causam præbuisse putas, id ipsum est quod potest nos conciliare." Marriage not only joins our Persons together, but reconciles Minds that were before at Variance.

28. *Adstrinxit verbis, &c.*] The Reader cannot miss of being pleased with the ingenious Manner in which *Acontius* excuses his Fraud, by throwing the Blame wholly upon Love. He pretends that he had neither a natural Turn for Expedients of this Kind, nor an Aptness acquired by Use and Practice. This is extremely well calculated to gain upon *Cydippe*, as it speaks a Passion

strong and lively, and at the same Time insinuates, that she was the first who had made a Conquest of his Heart.

29. *Sponsalia.*] A Contract of Marriage; for, as we have before seen, the Vow that *Cydippe* was so artfully betrayed into, bound her over to join herself for ever to *Acontius* in Wedlock.

32. *Si tamen est.*] *Ovid* is everywhere remarkable for the ingenious Turns he gives to Things. This Reflection thrown in naturally after owning the Fraud, quite effaces that Idea, and leads us insensibly to excuse a Step for which he alledges so good a Plea.

33. *En iterum.*] 'Tis worth while to observe with how much Artifice and Ingenuity *Acontius* blends his former Fraud of the Inscription upon the Apple, with this latter one of writing her a Love-Epistle, and in both Cases throws the Blame entirely upon the

Dii faciant possim imponere plures nodos; ut tua fides sit libera nullâ parte. Mille doli restant, sudamus in imo clivo; ardor meus finet nil esse inexpertum. Sit dubium possisne capi, certe captabere; exitus est in Diis, sed tamen capiere. Ut effugias partem, non fallax omnia retia, quæ amor tetendit tibi plura quam credis. Si artes non proficiant, veniemus ad arma, raptaque ferere in sinu cupido tui. Non sum qui soleam reprehendere factum Paridis, nec quemquam: qui fuit vir ut possit esse. Nos quoque: sed taceo. Ut mors sit pœna hujus rapinæ, erit minor quam non habuisse te. Aut esses minus formosa, petere modeste; cogimur esse audaces tua facie. Tu facis hoc, tuique oculi, quibus ignea sidera cedunt; qui fuerit causa meæ flammæ. Flavi crines faciunt hoc, et eburnea cervix, manusque, quæ precor ut veniant in mea colla; et decor, et vultus pudentes sine rusticitate, et pedes quales vix rear esse Thetidi. Si possem laudare cætera, essem beator; nec dubito quin totum opus sit par sibi. Non est mirabile, si ego compulsus hac forma, volui habere pignus tuæ vocis. Denique, dum tu cogare fateri te captam; esto puella capta meis infidiis.

Dii faciant, possim plures imponere nodos!
Ut tua sit nullâ libera parte fides. 40
Mille doli restant: clivo sudamus in imo.
Ador inexpertum nil finet esse meus.
Sit dubium, possisne capi; captabere certè.
Exitus in Dis est: sed capiere tamen.
Ut partem effugias, non omnia retia falles, 45
Quæ tibi, quàm credis, plura tetendit Amor.
Si non proficiant artes, veniemus ad arma;
Inque tui cupido rapta ferere sinu.
Non sum, qui soleam Paridis reprehendere factum:
Nec quenquam; qui, vir possit ut esse, fuit. 50
Nos quoque: sed taceo. mors hujus pœna rapinæ
Ut sit, erit, quàm te non habuisse, minor.
Aut esses formosa minùs, petere modeste.
Audaces facie cogimur esse tuâ.
Tu facis hoc, oculique tui; quibus ignea cedunt
Sidera; qui flammæ causa fuere meæ. 56
Hoc flavi faciunt crines, & eburnea cervix;
Quæque precor veniant in mea colla manus:
Et decor, & vultus finè rusticitate pudentes:
Et, Thetidi quales vix rear esse, pedes. 60
Cætera si possem laudare, beator essem:
Nec dubito, totum quin sibi par sit opus.
Hæc ego compulsus, non est mirabile, formâ,
Si pignus volui vocis habere tuæ.
Denique, dum captam tu te cogare fateri, 65
Infidiis esto capta puella meis.

Invidiam

NOTES.

the Person and enchanting Charms of Cydippe. By this he means cunningly to insinuate, that as in the latter Instance there was nothing really criminal, it might in like manner be inferred that the first was equally harmless.

39. *Plures imponere nodos.*] It may at first seem strange to the Reader, that *Acontius*, who had but just before owned his Crime, and endeavoured to alleviate it from the Circumstances in which he found himself, should of a sudden so far change his Mind, as to avow it openly, and profess himself ready to repeat it a thousand Times, did

the Case admit. But, as we have already remark'd, he had quite chang'd the Idea of the Thing, and by the ingenious Turn he gives it, makes it appear rather as a Merit. It was therefore well judg'd after this, to boast rather of an Action that spoke the Strength of his Passion, and to avow, that far from repenting of it, he was ready to repeat it again, to give that fresh Testimony of a continu'd unalterable Love. He had already bound her with one Chain, and so earnest was he to secure her to himself, that were it possible to tie her down by a thousand more, he would gladly take that Method,

with Artifice? Would to Heaven I could bind you by a thousand other Ties, that no Liberty might remain to plight your Faith to another. A thousand Stratagems are still left, I struggle hard to mount the difficult Steep, nor will my ~~ardent~~ Flame leave any Expedient unessay'd. 'Tis uncertain, perhaps, whether you can be gain'd; nay, but assuredly you shall. True; the Event belongs to Heaven; yet still you shall be mine. Should you escape some, it will be impossible to elude all my Snares; Love has spread more than you are well aware of. If Artifice don't succeed, it must come to Violence, and you shall be born by Force into the Arms of your eager Admirer. I am none of those who blame the brave Attempt of Paris, nor of any who have shewn themselves Men of Steadiness and Courage. I also will: But I am silent. Were Death to be the Punishment of the daring Rape, yet that is still less than to be deprived of you. Were you moderately fair, you would be pursued with a moderate Impatience; but a Form so enchanting, makes us rash and resolute. 'Tis you, and your deluding Eyes that do all this; those Eyes that eclipse the sparkling Stars, and have rais'd the Flame that rages in my Breast. Why lay you not the Blame upon your golden Locks and Ivory Neck, and those fair Hands, which, O how happy, were they fondly circled round my Neck? Why not upon your comely Looks, and that enchanting Face, where Modesty shines without Rusticity; your Feet, which I can scarce imagine, are equal'd by those of Thetis? Were I able to commend the rest also, I should be much the happier; nor do I question but the whole Work is of a-piece. What Wonder then, if over-rul'd by so many powerful Charms, I was anxious to have your Promise, as a Pledge of your Love? Let it be so then; provided you are forced to own that you are deceived. I shall grant likewise that you was deceived by my Address.

N O T E S.

thod, to prevent a Possibility of losing her.

41. *Clavo sudamus in iunc.*] That is, "I have already attempted, but with little Appearance of Success: Yet I am still determined to continue, and leave no Means untried that I think may be effectual."

49. *Non sum qui soleam.*] *Acontius* introduces this, to show that his Resolution was fixed and unalterable, and that he was to be deterred by no Views of Danger. His Temper naturally inclined him to follow the more soft and gentle Methods; but if these were unsuccessful, he wanted not for Courage to take effectual Course. His Dispo-

sition did not lead him to blame either *Paris* or *Proteus*, and even a Certainty that Death must ensue, would not startle him, or shake his Purpose.

55. *Tu facis hoc.*] *Acontius* all along takes Care to soften what he says, by giving it such a Turn as was most likely to make it agreeable to his Mistress. *Cydippe* could scarce refuse to forgive a Fault, that took its Rise from an Admiration of her Charms. Flattery is one of the chief Ways by which we advance to the Liking and Confidence of that Sex, and, if well managed, seldom fails of Success.

60. *Et Thetidi quales vis rear esse pedes.*]

M. H. T. 613

*Patiar invidiam; sua
præmia dentur passi. Cur
suus fructus abest a tanto
crimine? Telamon cepit
Hesione, Achilles Bri-
seida; utraque victa secu-
ta est suum victorem. Li-
cebit accusas et sis irata
quamlibet, dum liceat mihi
posse frui irata. Idem qui
facimus, tenuabimus suc-
tam iram, modo sit par-
va copia placandæ tui.
Liceat me sententiam consistere
ante tuos vultus, et liceat
addere verba suis lacrymis.
Utque famuli, cum verentur
sæva verbera, solent facere;
liceat mihi tendere
submissas manus ad tua
crura. Ignoras tua jura;
voca; cur arguor absens?
Jube venire more jam-
dudum dominæ. Licet ip-
sa imperiosa scindas meos
capillos, oraque sint sac-
ta livida tuis digitis, perpetiar omnia: tantum timebo fortasse, ne ista manus lædatur meo
corpore.*

Invidiam patiar: passio sua præmia dentur.

Cur suus à tanto crimine fructus abest?

Hesione Telamon, Briseida cepit Achilles:

Utraque victorem victa secuta suum.

70

Quamlibet accuses, & sis irata licebit;

Iratâ liceat dum mihi posse frui.

Idem qui facimus, factam tenuabimus iram:

Copia placandæ sit modò parva tui.

Ante tuos sententiam liceat consistere vultus:

75

Et liceat lacrymis addere verba suis:

Utque solent famuli, cum verbera sæva verentur,

Tendere submissas ad tua crura manus.

Ignoras tua jura. voca. cur arguor absens?

Jamdudum dominæ more venire jube.

80

Ipsa meos scindas licet imperiosa capillos,

Oraque sint digitis livida facta tuis;

Omnia perpetiar: tantum fortasse timebo,

Corpore lædatur ne manus ista meo.

Sed

NOTES.

Thetis was a Sea-goddes, the Daughter of *Nereus*, and Mother to *Achilles*. She was particularly remarkable for the Whiteness of her Feet; inasmuch that *Homer* gives her the Epithet, ἀργυροπόδας, *Argenteos habens pedes*: The Silver-footed Goddes.

66. *Infidius esto capta puella meis.*] *Ovid* delights much in playing with Words, and using them ambiguously. The Manner in which we are to interpret *capta* here, furnishes a clear Instance of it. *Cydippe* would readily own she had been deceived; nay she complain'd of it as an Injury. But to grant that she had been so far taken in, as to be under an Obligation to marry *Acontius*, that was the Matter in question.

68. *Cur suus a tanto crimine.*] It seemed hard to *Acontius* to bear all the Blame of a Crime, and reap no Advantage from it. His View in de-ceiving *Cydippe* by the Stratagem of the Apple, was to gain her to himself. Here he was accused without any Hopes of the desired Recompence; for his Mistress was upon the Point of being given up to another. This naturally calls into his Mind the Fate of others, who in like Circumstances had yet been far more fortunate.

69. *Hesione.*] *Hesione* was the Daughter of *Laomedon* King of *Troy*, who being

chain'd to a Rock to be devoured by a Sea-monster, was delivered by *Hercules*. Her Father had promised him, as a Reward for so great a Service, a Present of some fine Horses; but treacherously breaking his Word, so far provok'd the Hero, that he laid Siege to *Troy*, and sack'd it. *Telamon*, who had in a remarkable Manner distinguished himself on this Occasion, and been the first to mount the Walls, receiv'd *Hesione* as the Prize of his Valour.

Ibid. Telamon.] The Son of *Æacus*, and Father of *Ajax*. He was one of those engaged with *Jason* in the *Argonautick* Expedition, and a Companion of *Hercules* in the sacking of *Troy*, where *Valerius Flaccus* makes him next to that Hero in Valour.

Ibid. Briseida.] A beautiful young Virgin of *Iyrnessus*. That, with other neighbouring Cities, being sack'd by the *Greeks* when before *Troy* under *Agamemnon*, in the Division of the Captives, *Briseis* fell to the Share of *Achilles*. For the rest of her History, see the Notes upon her Epistle to that Hero.

71. *Quamlibet accuses.*] *Quamlibet* is here for *quantumvis*, *quantumlibet*: Blame me, complain of me as much as you please.

79. *Ignoras tua jura; voca.*] *Acontius* here

dress. Let me bear the Envy, but let not the Sufferer go without his Reward. Why do I not reap the Harvest of so great a Crime? Telamon forc'd away Hesione, and Achilles Briseis: Each Conqueror enjoyed his captive Fair. Blame me as much as you will, I allow that you be even angry with me, if, tho' angry, I may be yet permitted to call you mine. I who have raised this Storm, will do all in my Power to appease it; let me only have some Opportunity to soften and quiet your Resentment. Let me stand before you drowned in Tears, and second my Tears with the Language they will naturally dictate. And, as is usual with Slaves when they are afraid of the Whip, let me clasp my suppliant Hands round your Knees. You seem not to know the Right you have over me; summon me before you, why am I accused in my Absence? Command me to appear in the Right of one that has been long my Mistress. Tho' full of Resentment you tear my Hair, and disfigure my Face with your Nails, I will patiently suffer all. I may indeed perhaps be in Pain, lest those fair Hands are hurt in taking Revenge.

NOTES.

here professes himself her Slave, and is willing to submit to all that can be exacted of one in that Station; but seems to insinuate at the same Time, that she uses him with more Rigour than was exercised commonly, even to the lowest of that Tribe. She would not allow him to plead his own Cause, but condemned him without hearing. *Voca: Quia non debes damnare nisi citata parte.* "Summon me before you, it is unjust to condemn without hearing." This is the Manner in which some of the best Commentators have explain'd the Words; and I am the more apt to fall in with it, because of what immediately follows in the same Line, *Cur arguor absens?* Helvetius however is not satisfied with this, which he thinks does not sufficiently express the Poet's Meaning, and therefore paraphrases it thus. "Non jure tuo in servum uteris, quæ absentem accusas, cum ipsum vocare, præsentemque male multare liceat." "You refuse to use the Right you have over me as a Slave, when you condemn me in my Absence, though you are empowered to summon me before you, and manage the Trial in my own hearing." This Construction put upon the Passage, tho' seemingly different, returns, in my Opinion, to the same. Both insinuate that he only wants an Opportunity to

converse with her, in Hopes that he would be able to justify himself, and bring about a Reconciliation.

93. *Hoc quoque quod jus est.*] Manuscripts differ greatly as to the Manner of reading this Line. Some have, *Hoc quoque quod jussit scriptum injuria nostrum.* Others, *Hoc quoque quod jussit scriptum injuria nostri,* or *nostra,* or *nostrum.* Agata: *Hoc quoque quod vis sit: hoc quod opus jussit.* Heinsius, after weighing them all, proposes as the most likely reading,

Hoc quoque cum jus sit, sit scriptum injuria nostrum.

But, at the same Time, is so dissatisfied with the Uncertainty of the Thing, that he is for rejecting the whole Diffich. Amidst so much Confusion and Variety, it was no easy Matter to give any tolerable Meaning to the Words. I was therefore chiefly concerned to study their Connection with what follows, as thinking that a more likely Way to come at some consistent Sense. I leave it to the Reader to judge whether I have succeeded tolerably.

Ibid. Sit scriptum.] The Reading, according to which I have translated it, is thus:

Hoc quod amor jussit, sit scriptum injuria nostrum.

"But allow that the Words I wrote, in
M m 2 " duce

*Sed compesce me neque
compedibus, nec catenis,
servabor victus firmo a-
more tui. Cum ira satia-
verit se bene, quantumque
volet; ipsa dices tibi,
quam patienter amat!
ipsa dices ubi, cum vide-
ris me ferre omnia, qui
servit tam bene, ipse ser-
viam tibi. Nunc infelix
agor reus absens, et mea
causa cum sit optima, pe-
rit, non ullo tue. Hoc
quoque nostrum scriptum,
quid jus est, sit injuria;
nempe habes de me solo
quod queraris. Delia non
meruit neque falli mecum;
si non vis reddere promissum
mibi, redde Deæ.
Adfuit, et vidit cum tu
decepta rubebas, et condi-
dit tuam vocem memori
aure. Omina careant re;
nihil est violentius illa,
cum, quod nescim, videt
sua numina læsa. Aper
Calydonis erit testis; nam
scimus ut parens sit re-
perta magis sæva in na-
tum illo. Et Actæon est
testis, quondam creditus
fera illis canibus cum qui-
bus ipse ante dedit feras
leto. Parenque superba,
quæ nunc quoque extat fle-
bilis Mygdonia humo, saxo
oborto per corpus. Hei
mibi, Cydippe! timeo di-
cere verum tibi; ne vide-
ar videri falsa mea causa.
Tamen est dicendum. Crede
mibi, est propter hoc, quod
sæpe jaces ægra ipso tem-
pore nubendi. Ipsa Diana
consultit tibi, laboratque
neu sis perjura, et cupit te
esse salvam salva fide.
Inde fit, ut quoties tentas
existere perfida, toties illa
corrigat tuum peccatum. Parce
movere feros arcus animosæ vir-
ginis: potest adhuc fieri mitis,
si patiare. Parce, precor,
corrumperere teneros artus
sebribus; ista facies servetur fruenda mihi.*

*Sed neque compedibus, nec me compesce catenis;
Servabor firmo victus amore tui.* 86

*Cum bene se, quantumque volet, satiaverit ira;
Ipsa tibi dices, Quam patienter amat!*

*Ipsa tibi dices, ubi videris omnia ferre;
Tam bene qui servit, serviat iste mihi.* 90

*Nunc reus infelix absens agor: & mea, cum sit
Optima, non ullo causa tuente perit.*

*Hoc quoque, quod jus est, sit scriptum injuria
nostrum:*

*Quod de me solo nempe queraris, habes.
Non meruit falli mecum quoque Delia. si non 95
Vis mihi promissum reddere, redde Deæ.*

*Adfuit; & vidit, cum tu decepta rubebas:
Et vocem memori condidit aure tuam.*

*Omina re careant. nihil est violentius illa,
Cum sua, quod nescim, numina læsa videt.* 100

*[Testis erit Calydonis aper: nam scimus, ut illo
Sit magis in natum sæva reperta parens.]*

*Testis & Actæon, quondam fera creditus illis,
Ipse dedit leto cum quibus ante feras.* 104

*Quæque superba parens, saxo per corpus oborto,
Nunc quoque Mygdonia flebilis extat humo.*

*Hei mihi, Cydippe! timeo tibi dicere verum;
Ne videar causa falsa monere mea:*

*Dicendum tamen est: hoc est (mihi crede) quod
ægra*

Ipso nubendi tempore sæpe jaces. 110

*Consultit ipsa tibi; neu sis perjura, laborat:
Et salvam salvam te cupit esse fide.*

*Inde fit, ut, quoties existere perfida tentas,
Peccatum toties corrigat illa tuum.*

Parce movere feros animosæ virginis arcus. 115

*Mitis adhuc fieri, si patiare, potest.
Parce, precor, teneros corrumpere febribus artus,
Servetur facies ista fruenda mihi.*

Serventur

NOTES.

"ducted by Love, are an Injury." Sit
scriptum, i. e. *Illud scriptum nostrum in poem,*
sit injuria in te.

95. *Falli.*] *Fallere Deæ* was a common
Way of speaking among the Romans, when
they meant to express a Man who neglected

venge. It will be needless to secure me with Chains and Fetters: Love is a Bond that will retain me beyond the Power of an Escape. When your Resentment is satiated to the full, you will be forced to say, *How patiently he loves!* When you observe me submissively bear with all, sure you cannot avoid saying, *Who serves so well, let him continue to serve.* Now I am accused in my Absence, and my Cause, tho' the justest, perishes for Want of an Advocate. But allow that the Words I wrote, induced by Love, are an Injury, you have Cause of Complaint only against me. Does Diana also deserve to be deceived? If you will not perform the Promise made to me, perform your Promise to the Goddess. She was present, and saw your Blushes on finding yourself deceived; she treasur'd up your Words with a mindful Ear. May all the Omens vanish in Air, yet it is certain that no one takes a severer Revenge, when (which Heaven forbid should be your Case) she thinks the Homage due to her neglected. Witness this, the Calydonian Boar. For we know that a Mother was found more barbarous towards her Son, than even the savage Beast. Witness also Actæon, who appeared a Savage to those very Dogs, with which he had formerly hunted down Savages: And that haughty Mother turn'd into a Stone, who now stands disconsolate in the Mygdonian Plains. Alas! Cydippe, I stand in Awe to speak the Truth, lest you should think I admonish you falsely for my own Sake. Yet I must speak: 'Tis on this Account (believe me) that you are so often seized with Sickness, when preparing to wed. Diana herself wishes you guiltless, and strives to hinder you from running into Perjury; she desires, that with Faith unstain'd, you may avoid giving Offence. Hence it comes, that as often as you are in Danger of being perfidious, so often the Goddess prevents the fatal Crime. Cease then to provoke the deadly Bow of the implacable Goddess; she may yet be softened, if you will not obstinately persist. Spare, amiable Nymph, to enfeeble your tender Limbs by preying Fevers; preserve that blooming Face for the
Sake

N O T E S.

to perform the Vow he had made unto the Gods.

Ibid. *Delia.*] *Diana*, so called from the Isle of *Deles*, where she was born, and educated.

101. *Testis erit Calydonis aper.*] *Heinsius* inveighs much against this Distich, which he takes to be foisted in by some Scholiast, who having added the Example of the Caly-

donian Boar to the other two of *Actæon* and *Niobe*, might perhaps turn it into a Distich, and afterwards, in transcribing, insert it in the Text. This Boar, as we have seen already, was sent by *Diana* to lay waste the Country, because *Oeneus* in offering Sacrifice to the Gods had neglected her.

103. *Actæon.*] The Son of *Aristæus* and *Autonoë*, and Grandson of *Cadmus*. He was
fond

Vultus nati ad nostra incendia seruentur, ruborque qui lætus subest in niveo ore. Si quis e hostibus repugnat ne fias nostra; sit sic illi, ut silet esse mibi te invalida. Ex æquo torqueor te vel nubente, vel ægra, nec possum dicere quid ipse minus velim. Interdum maceror quod sim causa dolendi tibi, putoque te lædi mea calliditate. Quæso hæc perjuria dominæ eveniant in nostrum caput; sit illa tuta mea pœna. Tamen ne ignorem quid agas, crebro anxius eo dissimulanter buc illuc ad limina. Subsequor furtim ancillam famulumve, requirens quid somni, quidve cibi profuerint tibi. Me miserum! quod non ministro iussa medicorum, effingoque manus, insideoque toro. Et rursus miserum! quod me remoto procul inde, forsitan alter, quem minime vellem, adest. Ille invisus superis, mibique cum superis, effingit istas manus, et adfidet ægræ. Dumque tentant salientem venam suo pollice, sæpe tenet candida brachia per causam, contrectatque sinus, et forsitan jungit oscula: ista merces est plenior suo officio. Quis permittit tibi præcerpere nostras messes? Quis fecit iter tibi ad sepem alterius? Iste sinus est meus, turpiter fumis mea oscula; tolle manus a corpore promissi mibi. Improbe, tolle manum, quam tangis est futura nostra; si facias istud postmodo, eris adulter. Elige de vacuis, quam alter non vindicet sibi. Si nescis, ista res habet suum dominum. Nec credideris mibi, formula pacti recitetur; neu dicas esse falsam, face ipsa legat. Nos tibi tibi dicimus, exi thalamo alterius. Quid facis hic? exi, iste torus non vacat.

Serventur vultus ad nostra incendia nati:
 Quique subest niveo lætus in ore rubor. 120
 Hostibus è si quis, ne fias nostra repugnat;
 Sic sit, ut invalidâ te solet esse mihi.
 Torqueor ex æquo, vel te nubente vel ægrâ:
 Dicere nec possum, quid minus ipse velim.
 Maceror interdum, quod sim tibi causa dolendi:
 Téque meâ lædi calliditate puto. 126
 In caput hæc nostrum dominæ perjuria quæso
 Eveniant: pœnâ tuta sit illa meâ.
 Ne tamen ignorem, quid agas; ad limina crebrò
 Anxius huc illuc dissimulanter eo. 130
 Subsequor ancillam furtim famulûmve, requirens
 Profuerint somni quid tibi, quidve cibi.
 Me miserum! quod non medicorum iussa ministro,
 Effingoque manus, insideoque toro. 134
 Et rursus miserum! quod, me procul inde remoto,
 Quem minimè vellem, forsitan alter adest.
 Ille manus istas effingit, & affidet ægræ,
 Invisus Superis, cum Superisque mihi.
 Dúmque suo tentat salientem pollice venam;
 Candida per causam brachia sæpe tenet: 140
 Contrectâtque sinus; & forsitan oscula jungit.
 Officio merces plenior ista suo est.
 Quis tibi permittit nostras præcerpere messes?
 Ad sepem alterius quis tibi fecit iter?
 Iste sinus meus est: mea turpiter oscula fumis.
 A mihi promissio corpore tolle manus. 146
 Improbe, tolle manus. quam tangis, nostra futura est.
 Postmodo si facias istud, adulter eris.
 Elige de vacuis, quam non sibi vindicet alter.
 Si nescis, dominum res habet ista suum. 150
 Nec mihi credideris: recitetur formula pacti.
 Neu falsam dicas esse; face ipsa legat.
 Alterius thalamo, tibi nos, tibi dicimus, exi.
 Quid facis hic? exi. non vacat iste torus:
 Nam

N O T E S.

fond of hunting, and always kept about him a great Number of Dogs. Coming one Day unfortunately upon Diana as she was

bathing in a Fountain, and emboldned by his Curiosity to look at the Goddess, she, to punish his Insolence, turn'd him into a Stag.

Sake of Acontius ; preserve those enchanting Looks form'd to raise a Flame in my Breast, and the lively Bloom that varies your Snow-white Face. If any Enemy interpose to obstruct my Happiness, may he feel the same Torments that I languish under, when Sickness threatens you. I am equally upon the Rack whether I hear of your intended Marriage or Illness, nor is it easy to determine which Apprehension gives most Anxiety. Sometimes I am distracted to think that I should be the unhappy Cause of your Grief ; and fear that my innocent Artifice may have fatal Effects. Grant, Heaven, that Cydippe's Perjuries may be upon the Head of her Lover, and that the Punishment may be transferred on me alone. Yet always restless till I know how it is with you, I creep silently to your Gate full of Anxiety : There whispering privately to some one of the Slaves, I enquire whether you have been eas'd by gentle Slumbers, or refreshing Food. O were I best, as the Physician, to reach out the cordial Draughts, press your soft Hand, or lean gently upon the Bed ! But how hard, and yet more than wretched is my Fate ; to be thus banished your Presence, while he whom most I fear sits perhaps close by you. Hated alike by the Gods and me, he is yet allow'd gently to squeeze your Hand, and lean over your fading Cheeks. Fond of every Pretence to feel the beating Vein, he slides his daring Hand along your snowy Arm, hides it in your Bosom, and snatches the fragrant Kisses, a Reward too too great for his officious Care. What Right have you to reap the Harvest of my Bliss ? Or how empowered to encroach upon another's Bounds ? That Bosom is mine, you basely rob me of my Kisses. Take off your Hands from a Body promised to me. Traitor, take off your Hands, you touch a Bosom that will soon be mine ; in doing thus hereafter, you will become an infamous Adulterer. Chuse from among others, where no prior Right is claim'd ; for know, that another Lord commands that Breast : Nor trust to my Testimony, read the Form by which she engaged herself ; nay to prevent a Possibility of Deceit, make even Cydippe repeat the binding Vow. Again then I say, depart from another's Bed. What brings you here ? Be gone ; this Bed is already possessed : For granting

N O T E S.

Stag. Soon after his Hounds coming up, and mistaking him for a real Stag, attack'd and kill'd him.

105. *Porens.*] *Niobe*, the Daughter of *Tantalus*, and Wife of *Amphion* King of *Thebes*, by whom she had seven Sons, and as many Daughters. Whereupon foolishly boasting that in the Fruitfulness of her

Womb she exceeded *Letona*, she provoked the Anger of that Goddess, who causing all her Children to be slain, chang'd the Mother herself into a Stone.

106. *Mygdonia.*] A Region of *Asia minor*, in which was Mount *Sipylus*, much frequented by *Niobe*, as we learn from the *Metamorphoses*.

*Nam quod tu et habes
verba altera humani pacti,
causa tua non erit idcirco
par mea. Hæc pepigit se
mibi: Pater primus ab
illa pepigit hanc tibi; sed
ipsa certe est propior sibi
quam pater. Pater pro-
misit hanc, hæc adjura-
vit amanti. Ille homines,
hæc est testificata Deam.
Ille metuit vocari mendax,
hæc timet vocari perjura:
Num dubites hic an ille
metus sit major? Deni-
que, ut possis conferre
pericula amborum, respice
ad eventus: hæc cubat;
ille valet. Nos quoque
subimus certamina dissimili
mente; nec spes par, nec
timor æquus adest nobis.
Tu petis ex tuto, repulsa
est gravior morte mibi;
egoque jam amo id, quod
tu forsan amabis. Si cura
justitiæ rectique fuisset tibi,
debueras ipse cedere meis
ignibus. Nunc quoniam
hic ferus pugnat pro causa
iniqua; ad quid nostra
littera redit Cydippe? Ille
facit ut jaceas, et sis sus-
pecta Dianæ. Tu, si sa-
pias, vetes hunc adire li-
men. Hoc faciente, subis
tam sæva pericula vitæ.
Atque utinam qui movet
illa cadat pro te! Quem
si repuleris, nec amaris
quem Dea damnat; con-
tinuo et tu, certe ego, ero
salvus. Siste metum vir-
go, potiere stabili salute.
Modo fac colas templa
conscio polliciti. Nec nu-
mina cœlestia gaudent mac-
tato bove, sed fide, quæ et
præstanda est sine teste.
Aliæ ut valeant, patian-
tur ferrum et ignes. Suc-
cus amarus fert tristem
epem aliis. Nil opus est
istis, vitæ tantum perjuriam.*

*Nam quod habes & tu humani verba altera pacti;
Non erit idcirco par tua causa mea.* 156

*Hæc mihi se pepigit: pater hanc tibi, primus ab
illâ:*

*Sed propior certè, quàm pater, ipsa sibi est.
Promisit pater hanc: hæc adjuravit amanti.*

Ille homines, hæc est testificata Deam. 160

Hic metuit mendax, timet hæc perjura vocari.

Num dubites, hic sit major, an ille metus?

Denique, ut amborum conferre pericula possis,

Respice ad eventus; hæc cubat; ille valet.

Nos quoque dissimili certamina mente subimus.

Nec spes par nobis, nec timor æquus adest.

*Tu petis ex tuto: gravior mihi morte repulsa
est:*

Idque ego jam, quod tu forsan amabis, amo.

Si tibi justitiæ, si recti cura fuisset;

Cedere debueras ignibus ipse meis. 170

*Nunc quoniam ferus hic pro causâ pugnat ini-
quâ;*

Ad quid, Cydippe, littera nostra redit?

Hic facit ut jaceas, & sis suspecta Dianæ.

Hunc tu, si sapias, limen adire vetes.

Hoc faciente subis tam sæva pericula vitæ. 175

Atque utinam pro te, qui movet illa, cadat!

*Quem si repuleris, nec quem Dea damnat, a-
maris;*

Et tu continuo, certè ego salvus ero.

Siste metum, virgo: stabili potiere salute.

Fac modò polliciti conscia templa colas. 180

Nec bove mactato cœlestia numina gaudent;

Sed, quæ præstanda est & finè teste, fide.

Ut valeant aliæ, ferrum patiantur & ignes:

Fert aliis tristem succus amarus opem.

Nil opus est istis; tantum perjuriam vita: 185

Tæque simul serva, mæque, datamque fidem.

Præteritæ veniam dabit ignorantia culpæ:

Exciderint animo fœdera læsta tuo.

Ad-

*Serva simul teque, mæque, datamque fidem. Ignorantia dabit
veniam præteritæ culpæ; fœdera læsta exciderint tuo animo.*

NOTES.

180. Colas.] Acontius was chiefly anxious. He is therefore very properly introduced as
telling Cydippe should not forget her Vow. | admonishing her to repair frequently to the
temple,

ing that you also have a Promise of the beauteous Prize ; yet the Justice of your Claim comes far short of mine. I rely upon a Promise made by herself, you claim the Promise of a Father. Surely she is to herself in a Degree nearer than that of Father. Her Father barely promised, she hath vow'd herself to her Lover ; he call'd Men to witness, but she bound herself in the Presence of a Goddess. He fears a Breach of Promise, she dreads the Guilt of Perjury : Can you doubt after this, which has the justest Ground of Concern ? In fine, that you may be the better able to compare the Danger on both Sides, reflect only upon the Events that threaten each ; he enjoys perfect Health, she lies in Hazard of her Life. We also enter the Lifts unequally match'd, neither our Hopes nor Fears are alike. You unconcernedly sollicit the Fair ; to me a Repulse is more insupportable than Death. I am at present deeply enamour'd of what you perhaps may love some time hence. If you have any Regard to Right and Justice, you ought frankly to yield to my superior Flame. And now that he inhumanly contends in an unrighteous Cause, hearken carefully, Cydippe, to the Counsel my Epistle gives you. 'Tis he that brings on your present Illness, and makes you suspected to Diana ; forbid him therefore, if you are wise, any more to approach your Gate. 'Tis your Compliance here that subjects you to these painful Calamities of Life. Why is not he that occasions all these Disasters punish'd in your Stead ? Banish him only from you, nor show an Affection to one disapproved by the Goddesses ; you will instantly recover your Health, and restore me to myself and Happiness. Banish therefore Fear, amiable Maid, you shall enjoy an establish'd Health ; only neglect not the Temple, conscious to your sacred Vow. The heavenly Powers are not appeased by slaughtered Beasts ; Truth only, and a faithful Regard to our Vows, can avert their Anger. Let others to recover Health run through Fire and Sword : Let them hope for Relief from bitter Draughts. You have no need of these, avoid only the Guilt of Perjury, perform the promised Vow, and preserve both yourself and me. The not knowing that you was in Fault, will excuse what is past ; the Form by which you bound yourself may have slipped out of your Mind.

N O T E S.

Temple, that being the most likely Way to remind her of her Obligations,

[188. *Exciderint.*] This is most artfully introduced by *Acontius*, who was well enough aware that a Promise of that Kind

was not like to slip out of *Cydippe's* Memory. It was however his Interest to suppose it ; because by furnishing her with this Excuse, he gave her a fairer Opportunity to own that she had been before in the

N a

Wrong,

Admonita es modo voce mea, modo istis cassibus; quos quoties tentas fallere, soles ferre. His quoque vitatis, nempe rogabis in partu, ut illa adferat luciferas manus tibi. Audiet, et repetens quæ sint audita, ipsa requirit de quo conjugæ partus eat tibi. Promittes votum: scit te promittere falso. Jurabis: scit te posse fallere Deos. Non agitur de me, laboro majore cura. Pectora nostra sunt anxia tuæ vitæ. Cur pavidi parentes, quæ facis esse ignaros tuæ culpæ, modo flere te dubiam? Et cur ignorent? Licet narres omnia matri: tua facta, Cydippe, habent, nil ruboris. Fac referas ordine, ut sis primum cognita mihi, dum facis sacra pharetrata Deæ. Ut, te conspecta, si forte notasti, subito restiterim generis fixis in tua membra. Ut, dum nimium miror te, (certa nota furoris) pallia lapsa deciderint meo humero. Postmodo malum volubile venisse nescio quæ, ferens verba infidiosa doctoris notis. Quod quia sit lectum sancta Diana præfente, tuam fidem esse vinctam numine teste. Tamen, ne ignoret quæ sententia sit scripto, refer nunc quoque verba quondam lecta tibi. Dicit, precor nube illi, cui bona numina jungunt te. Ille sit gener mihi, quem jurasti fore.

Admonita es modò voce meâ, modo cassibus istis;

Quos quoties tentas fallere, ferre soles. 190

His quoque vitatis, in partu nempe rogabis,

Ut tibi luciferas adferat illa manus.

Audiet; &, repetens quæ sint audita, requirit

Ipsa, tibi de quo conjugæ partus eat.

Promittes votum; scit te promittere falsò. 195

Jurabis; scit te fallere posse Deos.

Non agitur de me: curâ majore laboro.

Anxia sunt vitæ pectora nostra tuæ.

Cur modò te dubiam pavidi flere parentes,

Ignaros culpæ quos facis esse tuæ? 200

Et cur ignorent? matri licet omnia narres.

Nil tua, Cydippe, facta ruboris habent.

Ordine fac referas, ut sis mihi cognita primum,

Sacra pharetrata dum facis ipsa Deæ.

Ut, te conspectâ, subito (si fortè notâsti) 205

Restiterim fixis in tua membra generis:

Ut, te dum nimium miror, (nota certa furoris)

Deciderint humero pallia lapsa meo.

Postmodo nescio quâ venisse volubile malum,

Verba ferens doctis infidiosa notis. 210

Quod quia sit lectum sanctâ præfente Dianâ,

Esse tuam vinctam numine teste fidem.

Ne tamen ignoret, quæ sit sententia scripto;

Lectâ tibi quondam nunc quoque verba refer.

Nube, precor, dicet, cui te bona numina jungunt: 215

Quem fore jurâsti, sit gener ille mihi.

Quis-

NOTES.

Wrong, to neglect a Promise she had so solemnly made in the Presence of a God-dess.

189. *Cassibus.*] Some Manuscripts read *Cassibus*: But both our Poet elsewhere, and *Tibullus* make frequent Use of the Word *Casses* in Subjects that relate to Love. Here it means the Sickness by which *Diana* endeavoured to prevent *Cydippe* from running into Perjury.

190. *Quos quoties tentas fallere.*] The Poet seems here to have run into a flat Contradiction. It is only two Lines before that *Acontius* supposes her to have forgot her Engagements; and yet here she is represented as contriving to avoid that Sickness, which was sent as a Punishment for her Forgetfulness; and which of Consequence she could have no Foresight or Apprehension of. *Helvetius* endeavours to ob-

Mind. But now you are fully admonished, both by my Words, and those Fetters, which as often as you endeavour to break from, bind you the faster. But could you get happily clear of even these, still remember that you must invoke her Aid in the pressing Hours of Child-bed. She will attend, and calling to Mind the Promise you made, enquire to what Husband the present Birth belongs. If then you make a Vow for your Recovery, the Goddess will disregard it, knowing you to be false; if you confirm it by an Oath, she still knows you can forget your Engagements to the Gods themselves. I am not so much concerned for my own Fate, a still greater Care burthens my Mind, and fills me with Fear and Anxiety for your Life. Why do your trembling Parents mourn your doubtful Fate, while you keep them in Ignorance of your daring Crime? And why are they kept in Ignorance? 'Tis fit you make all known to your Mother. There is nothing, Cydippe, of which you need be ashamed. Repeat all to her in Order, how I first saw you as you was engaged in the Solemnities of the buskin'd Goddess. No sooner had I cast a Look at you (if perhaps you gave any Attention to what I then did) than my Eyes were immovably fix'd upon every Limb and Feature: That while I was thus lost in Admiration, (the sure Sign of a growing Love) my Cloak insensibly drop'd from my Shoulders; and that afterwards you perceived an Apple, uncertain whence, come rolling towards you, but cunningly mark'd with ensnaring Words; which, as they were read in the sacred Presence of Diana, made the Goddess a Witness that your Faith is ty'd down to me. But that she may not be ignorant of what was contain'd in the Writing, repeat to her the Words you at that Time read in the Temple. Marry without Hesitation, will she say, him to whom the gracious Gods have join'd you: Let him only be my Son-in-law, that you have solemnly sworn should be so.

Who-

NOTES.

viate this Difficulty, by supposing that *tentare fallere* is here metonymically put for *fallere*, and that *fallere* is the the same as *negligere* or *non cogitare*. According to which the Meaning will be: "Those Fetters, which so long as you attend not to the real Cause whence they spring, bind still the faster."

192. *Luciferas offerat ille manus.*] Women in Child-bed always invoc'd Diana

Lucina, who was supposed to have in a peculiar Manner the Charge of them, and to assist in bringing the Child to Light. Hence the Reason why the Poet gives the Epithet *Luciferas* to her Hands. *Heinsius* speaks of two Silver Coins, with the Emblem of *Diana* bearing a Torch, and this Inscription, *Diana Lucifera*.

195. *Promittere votum.*] It was the Custom of those Times, when any Thing of

276 P. OVIDII NASONIS Epist. XX.

Quisquis is est, placeat ; quoniam ante placet Diana. Mater erit talis, si modo erit mater. Sic tamen iubeto, ut et quærat qui sim, quantusque ; inveniet Deam consuluisse vobis. Insula, nomine Cea, quondam celeberrima Coryciis nymphis, cingitur Ægeo mari, illa est patria mihi : nec, si probarius generosa nomina, arguor ortus despectis avis. Opes et sunt nobis, sunt et mores sine crimine ; utque nihil amplius, amor jungit me tibi. Vel non jurata adpeteres talem maritum, talis erat habendus vel non jurata. Jaculatrix Phœbe jussit me in somnis scribere hæc tibi, vigilans amor jussit me scribere hæc tibi. E quibus, sagittæ alterius jam nocuere mihi, cave ne tela alterius noceant tibi. Nostra salus est juncta : miserere meique tuique. Quid dubitas ferre unam opem duobus ? Quod si contigerit, cum jam signa data sonabunt, Delosque eris tincta votivo sanguine : imago aurea felicitis mali ponetur, causaque erit scripta duobus versiculis. Acontius testatur effigie hujus pomi, ea fuisse rata, quæ fuerint scripta in eo. Ne epistola longior lasset infirmum corpus, clausaque sit sine consueto tibi ; vale.

Quisquis is est, placeat ; quoniam placet antè Dianæ.

Talis erit mater, si modò mater erit.

Sic tamen & quærat, qui sim quantusque, iubeto:

Inveniet vobis consuluisse Deam. 220

Insula Coryciis quondam celeberrima nymphis

Cingitur Ægæo nomine Cea mari.

Illam mihi patria est. nec, si generosa probaris

Nomina, despectis arguor ortus avis.

Sunt & opes nobis : sunt & sinè crimine mores :

Amplius utque nihil, me tibi jungit amor.

Appeteres talem vel non jurata maritum :

Jurata vel non talis habendus erat.

Hæc tibi me in somnis jaculatrix scribere Phœbe,

Hæc tibi me vigilans scribere jussit Amor. 230

E quibus alterius mihi jam nocuere sagittæ :

Alterius noceant ne tibi tela, cave.

Juncta salus nostra est : miserere meique tuique,

Quid dubitas unam ferre duobus opem ?

Quod si contigerit, cum jam data signa sonabunt, 235

Tinctaque votivo sanguine Delos erit ;

Aurea ponetur mali felicitis imago,

Causaque versiculis scripta duobus erit :

Effigie pomi testatur Acontius hujus,

Quæ fuerint in eo scripta, fuisse rata. 240

Longior infirmum ne lasset epistola corpus,

Clausaque consueto fit tibi sine ; vale.

N O T E S.

Consequence was demanded of the Gods, to make a Vow, in case the Request was granted ; and they were so superstitious as

to believe that the Gods had a particular Regard to these Vows, and were the reader to hear their Prayers.

EPISTOLA

Whoever he be, as he has already made himself agreeable to Diana, he is agreeable also to me. Such will be your Mother's Behaviour, if she really acts the Part of a Mother to you. Yet you may admonish her to enquire who and what I am; nor will she find the Goddess to have been wholly regardless of your Happiness. An Isle, by Name Ceos, of old ennobled by the Corycian Nymphs, is surrounded on all Sides by the Ægean Sea. This is my native Country: Nor, if you are pleas'd with illustrious Names, will my Ancestors fall below your Hopes. I have also Riches, my Morals are without Reproach; and were there nothing else, Love makes you mine by the justest Claim. You might even be pleas'd with such a Husband, had no Vow pass'd your Lips; such a one might be acceptable, did no prior Engagement intervene. These Words the illustrious Huntress dictated to me in my Sleep; these too wakeful Love commanded me boldly to write. I am already deeply wounded by Cupid's Darts; 'tis yours, fair Nymph, to beware of being pierc'd by the Arrows of Diana. Our Welfare is inseparable; have Compassion both on me and yourself. Why do you delay the only Cure that remains for both? Which how soon accomplish'd, when now the sacred Solemnity begins, and Delos is sprinkled with votive Blood: I will then consecrate a golden Image of the happy Apple, and upon it inscribe our Fates in the following Distich:

"Acontius proclaims by the consecrated Image of this Apple, that the Inscription grav'd upon it, was fulfill'd to his De-fires."

But not to fatigue you, already too much exhausted by a long Epistle; and to end all in the usual Terms of concluding: Farewel.

N O T E S.

221. *Coryciis nymphis.*] The Muses, so call'd from *Corycus*, the Name of a Cave in Mount *Parnassus*.

222. *Nomine Cea.*] *Cea* or *Ceos*, an Island in the *Ægean* Sea near to *Eubœa*.

229. *Jaculatrix Phœbe.*] *Phœbe* *Diana*, so call'd, because the Sister of *Pœbus*, a great Huntress, and of Consequence *Dea Jaculatrix*.

EPISTLE

EPISTOLA XXI.

CYDIPPE ACONTIO.

O R D O.

Pertimui, legique tuum scriptum sine murmure, ne lingua inscia juraret quos Deos. Et puto cooptasses iterum, nisi, ut ipse fateris, scires me semel promissam esse satis. Nec fui lectura, sed si fuisset dura tibi, ira sævæ Dianæ forsitan foret aucta. Cum faciam omnia, cum dem pia thura Dianæ, illa tamen favet tibi plus iusta parte. Uique cupis credi, vindicat te memori ira. Illa vix fuit talis in suo Hippolyto. At virgo melius fuisse annis virginis, quos vereor ne velit esse paucos mihi. Enim languor hæret, causis non apparentibus; et fessa, adjuvor nulla ope medentis. Quam gracilem putas me nunc vix rescribere hæc tibi, quamque vix levare pallida membra cubito? Huc timor accedit, ne quis nisi conscia nutrix sentiat vices colloquii esse nobis. Hæc sedet ante fores; utque possim scribere tuto, ait rogantibus quid agam intus, dormit.

Pertimui, scriptumque tuum sine murmure legi,
Juraret ne quos inscia lingua Deos.
Et puto, captâsles iterum: nisi, ut ipse fateris,
Promissam scires me satis esse semel.
Nec lectura fui: sed, si tibi dura fuisset,
Aucta foret sævæ forsitan ira Deæ.
Omnia cum faciam, cum dem pia thura Dianæ;
Illa tamen iusta plus tibi parte favet.
Utque cupis credi, memori te vindicat irâ.
Talis in Hippolyto vix fuit illa suo. 10
At melius virgo fuisse virginis annis;
Quos vereor paucos ne velit esse mihi.
Languor enim causis non apparentibus hæret.
Adjuvor & nullâ fessa medentis ope.
Quam tibi nunc gracilem vix hæc rescribere,
quàmque
Pallida vix cubito membra levare putas? 16
Huc timor accedit, ne quis nisi conscia nutrix
Colloquii nobis sentiat esse vices.
Ante fores sedet hæc; quid agamque rogantibus
intus,
Ut possim tuto scribere, Dormit, ait. 20
Mox

N O T E S.

Cydippe having received the foregoing Epistle from Acontius, and, after perusing it, finding Reason to suspect, that her present Illness proceeded from Diana's Resentment of her broken Vow, she inclines rather to yield to the Desires of Acontius, though her Parents stood differently affected, than continue longer under her present Load of Affliction. She begins by pretending a certain Unwillingness to be too free in acquainting him with her Sentiments, lest, as formerly in the Case of the Apple, she may be insensibly led to bring herself under new Engagements. Upon this she takes occasion to mention her first coming to De-

los, and the Manner in which she was ensnared by the Artifice of her Lover. The Narration is wonderfully beautified by a just Collection of Circumstances, and enlivened here and there with proper Reflections. Towards the Conclusion of her Epistle, after inveighing against his Treachery, she gradually softens to a Compliance, and is even under some Concern to remove the Jealousies and Suspicions he might entertain of his Rival. In fine, she consents altogether, and ends with a Wish that their Marriage may be consummated without Delay.

1. *Sine murmure.*] That is, in perfect Silence, without so much as a Murmur; fearing

EPISTLE XXI.

CYDIPPE to ACONTIUS.

I Read over your Letter in silent Fear, nor suffered so much as a Murmur to escape me, lest my Tongue might rashly swear by some of the Gods. Nay I even think you would have ensnared me again, but that, as you own yourself, you knew it was enough I was once promised to you. Nor would I have read it over, but from a Fear that my Obstinacy might have encreas'd the Anger of the too cruel Goddeffs. Although I forget nothing to appease her, and adore her with the Smoak of pious Incense, yet the partial Goddeffs still remains your Friend: And, according to your own Wish, leaves no Room to doubt, that the Injury you are threatened with is the Cause of her Resentment. Scarce was she so favourable to her own Hippolytus. It were fitter sure for a Virgin, not to shorten a Virgin's Years: I am afraid she has allotted but a few to fulfill my Fate. For the wasting Illness remains, the Cause lies hid, and I languish without Hope of Relief from the Physician. You can scarce conceive how thin and feeble I am, when I write you back this; or with what Difficulty I support my wasted Limbs in the Bed. I am also full of Fears, lest any beside my faithful Nurse should know of our thus conversing with each other. She always sits by the Door, and that I may write to you with the more Security, tells every one who enquires

NOTES.

fearing lest she might commit another Oversight, and bring herself under some new Engagements. For barely to run over a Thing with the Eye, without formally expressing it in Words, could not be held binding.

3. *Et puto captasset, &c.*] You would have again ensnared me. Cydippe might conclude this much from the Earnestness which he shewed in his Letter to make sure of her. Nay he even says expressly himself, that had it been possible to secure her by yet stronger Ties, no Means would have been left untried.

10. *Hippolytus.*] Hippolytus was the Son of Theseus, by Hippolyte the Amazon; a great Hunter, and on account of his Chas-

tity, dear to Diana. See more of his History in the Notes upon the Epistle of Phaedra to Hippolytus.

12. *Quos vereor.*] It is observable, that in all Manuscripts, two or three excepted, the rest of this Epistle is wholly wanting. Many therefore are of Opinion, that the Verses which follow this are not Ovid's, but have been supplied by some other Poet. This Notion receives yet greater Weight from the Authority of the Criticks, who have remark'd that the whole Epistle falls very much short of the usual Spirit and Elegance of Ovid. For this Reason we are to consider it as at best but of doubtful Authority.

16. *Levar.*] Here instead of *suffinere*. For

Mox, ubi somnus optima causa longi secreti, desinit esse creabilis tarda mora; videtque eos jam venire, quos est durum non admittere, excreat, et dat signa mihi ficta nota. Sicut eram, properans verba imperfecta relinquo cauta tegitur trepido sinu. Inde iterum repetita, fatigat meos digitos. Adspicias ipse quantus labor sit nobis. Qua litera, ut loquamur vera, peream si eras dignus; sed ego sum melior iusto, quamque mereris. Ergo toties incerta salutis propter te, doque dedique pœnas tuis commentis? Hæc merces formæ superbæ, te laudatore, contingit nobis? Et nocet placuisse? Si visa fuisset deformis tibi, quod mallet, corpus culpatum egeret nulla ope. Nunc laudata gemo: nunc proditis me vestro certamine; et ipsa vulneror proprio bono. Dum neque tu cedis, nec ille putat se secundum; tu obstas votis illius, ille obstat tuis. Ipsa jactor velut navis, quam certus Boreas propellit in altum, æstus et unda refert. Cumque dies optata caris parentibus inflat, immodicus ardor corporis pariter inest. Et ad ipsum tempus crudelis conjugii, Persephone acerba pulsatur nostras fores mibi. Jam pudet, et quamvis non sim conscia mibi, timeo ne videar meruisse deos offensos.

Mox ubi secreti longi causa optima somnus
Credibilis tardâ desinit esse morâ,
Jámque venire videt, quos non admittere du-
rum est;

Excreat; & fictâ dat mihi signa notâ:
Sicut eram, properans verba imperfecta relinquo:
Et tegitur trepido littera cauta sinu. 26

Indè meos digitos iterum repetita fatigat.

Quantus sit nobis, aspicias ipse, labor.

Quâ peream, si dignus eras, ut vera loquamur:

Sed melior iusto, quàmque mereris, ego. 30

Ergo te propter toties incerta salutis

Commentis pœnas dôque dedique tuis?

Hæc nobis formæ te laudatore superbæ

Contingit merces? & placuisse nocet?

Si tibi deformis, quod mallet, visa fuisset; 35

Culpatum nullâ corpus egeret ope.

Nunc laudata gemo: nunc me certamine vestro

Proditis; & proprio vulneror ipsa bono.

Dum neque tu cedis, nec se putat ille secun-
dum;

Tu votis obstas illius, ille tuis. 40

Ipsa, velut navis, jactor; quam certus in altum

Propellit Boreas, æstus & unda refert.

Cúmque dies caris optata parentibus inflat,

Immodicus pariter corporis ardor inest:

Et mihi conjugii tempus crudelis ad ipsum 45

Persephone nostras pulsatur acerba fores.

Jam pudet: & timeo, quamvis mihi conscia non
sim,

Offensos videar ne meruisse Deos.

Accidere

NOTES.

For in Sickness, when the Head, or any other Part of the Body requires to be eased by a Change of Posture, and we have, not Strength enough left to do it ourselves, it is common in that Case to support the affected Part in the Bed, by putting something under it.

19. *Quid æquamque rogantibus intus.* Intus is the Reading substituted by Heinsius instead of inter, which was that commonly received before. *Rogantibus inter*, which was put for *interrogantibus*. This was one

of the Passages severely censured by the Criticks, and held to be of a very different Spirit from that of our Poet. They could not imagine it probable that *Ovid*, so distinguish'd by a certain Plainness and Evenness of Style, would have used the Figure call'd by Grammarians *Tmesis* in this Word especially, and at the End of a Verse. *Tmesis* is derived from the Greek Word τέμνω, scindo, to divide, and is a Figure whereby the Parts of a compound Word are divided by the Interposition of another,

as in
rem
euro.
26
est.
32
the S
seen
37
dersto
thoug
was in
other
join'd

enquires after me, that I am asleep. But when Sleep, the best Pretence in the World for my long Privacy, ceases to be a likely Excuse for the tedious Retirement, and that she observes Persons a-coming, to whom she can hardly with a good Countenance deny Admittance; she coughs, and warns me of the Danger by some known Sign. Intent as I am, I leave the half-written Words, and slip the well-dissembled Epistle into my beating Bosom. Taking it out thence when alone, it again fatigues my moving Fingers. Judge only yourself what Pain and Anxiety it costs me. And yet (to be honest) let me die if you deserve it; but I am kind beyond what is due, or even you could in Reason expect. Have I then, on your Account, so often run the Hazard of my Life? Have I suffered, and do I still suffer the Punishment of your too successful Artifice? Is this the Fruit I reap from a Beauty that made you an Admirer? And must I pay so dear for appearing agreeable to you? Had it but been my good Fortune to seem ugly, how happily might I have escap'd this Train of Disasters! Now, because admir'd, I groan in Anguish; now I am undone by your rival Contentions, and perish by the Wounds I receive from my own Beauty. For while you refuse to yield, and he imagines himself in no Respect your Inferiour, each stands an invincible Obstacle to the other's Desires. I mean time am tossed like an uncertain Ship, driven by a strong North-wind to the open Sea, but forcibly kept back by the Tide and Waves. When now the nuptial Day, so earnestly wish'd for by my dear Parents, is at hand; straight a burning Fever spreads over all my Joints, and at the very Time appointed for the threatening Solemnity, stern Proserpine knocks hideous at the Palace Gate. I blush, and though conscious of no Crime, dread lest I may be thought to have some how merited the Wrath

N O T E S.

as in *Plautus*: *Sed ne stultus ego, qui rem curo publicam; i. e. qui rempublicam curo.*

26. *Littera cauta.*] *Quæ cauta scripta est.* A Letter written by Stealth.

32. *Commentis.*] *Dolis.* This refers to the Story of the Apple, of which we have seen before in the preceding Epistle.

37. *Certamine vestro.*] This is to be understood both of *Acontius* and his Rival, though, properly speaking, the former only was in Fault. But as the Addressees of the other were an Obstruction of her being join'd to *Acontius*, and of Consequence both

brought on her present Illness, and retarded her Recovery; he too is complained of, as contributing in part to her Misfortune.

42. *Æstus et unda.*] That is, says *Helvetius*, *Unda æstuosa; unda quæ est æstus.* The Tide. But I have rather chosen to express both Ideas in the Translation, *The Tide and Waves.* *Æstus* simply is often by the Poets used for the Tide. Thus *Virgil*: *Furit æstus arenis.*

46. *Proserpine.*] The same with *Proserpine*. She was the Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Ceres*, Wife of *Pluto*, and Queen of the infernal Regions. *Cydippe*, in telling us that
O o when

*Aliquis contendit hoc acci-
dere casu ; et alter negat
hunc virum esse acceptum
superis. Neve credas fa-
mam dicere nihil in te
quoque, pars putat ista
facta tuis beneficiis. Cau-
sa latet, nostra mala pa-
tent. Vos movetis aspera
prælia pace submotâ : ego
plector. Dicam nunc, ac-
cipeque me mæ solito tibi.
Quid facies odio, ubi no-
ces sic amore ? Si lædis
quod amas, amabis hostem
sapienter. Precor velis
velle perdere me, ut servas.
Aut jam nulla cura spe-
ratæ puellæ est tibi, quam
ferus finis perire indigna
tabe : aut si Dea sæva
frustra rogatur tibi pro
me, quid jactas te mihi ?
Tua gratia est nulla. Eli-
ge quid fingas : non vis
placare Dianæ ? es im-
memor nostri : non potes ?
illa est immemor tui.
Mallem Delos in Ægæis
aquis, vel esset nunquam
cognita mihi, vel non in
illâ tempore. Mea navis
tunc est deducta æquore
difficili, et hora fuit si-
nistra ad cœptas vias.
Quo pede processit ! Quo
pede movi me limine ! Quo
pede tetigi piæta texta citæ ratis ! Tamen carbasa bis redierunt
adverso vento. Ab demens mentior ! ille erat secundus.*

Accidere hoc aliquis casu contendit : & alter
Acceptum Superis hunc negat esse virum. 50
Néve nihil credas in te quoque dicere famam,
Facta beneficiis pars putat ista tuis.
Causa latet : mala nostra patent. vos pace mo-
vetis
Aspera submotâ prælia : plector ego.
Dicam nunc, solitoque tibi me decipe more : 55
Quid facies odio, sic ubi amore nocet ?
Si lædis, quod amas, hostem sapienter amabis.
Me, precor, ut serves, perdere velle velis.
Aut tibi jam nulla est speratæ cura puellæ,
Quam ferus indignâ tabe perire finis : 60
Aut Dea si frustra pro me tibi sæva rogatur,
Quid mihi te jactas ? gratia nulla tua est.
Elige quid fingas. non vis placare Dianam ;
Immemor es nostri : non potes ; illa tui est.
Vel nunquam mallem, vel non mihi tempore
in illo 65
Esset in Ægæis cognita Delos aquis.
Tunc mea difficili deducta est æquore navis ;
Et fuit ad cœptas hora sinistra vias.
Quo pede processit ! quo me pede limine movi !
Piæta citæ tetigi quo pede texta ratis ! 70
Bis tamen adverso redierunt carbasa vento.
Mentior ah demens ! ille secundus erat.

Ille

when the Time of her Nuptials drew near,
Persephone always knock'd at the Gate,
means, that the Fever rag'd with such Vo-
lence, as to threaten her with Death. This
will be yet plainer by a Verse of *Tibullus*.

*At mihi Persephone nigram denunciat bo-
ram.*

"But now *Persephone* threatens me with
"the fatal Hour."

53. *Vos pace* — plector ego.] Much the
same with that of *Horace* :

Quicquid delirant reges pleruntur Achivi.

55. *Dicam nunc.*] Others read, *dic jam
nunc* ; but *Heinsius* thinks it should be *I jam
nunc*. I am the rather inclin'd to agree to
this Correction, as it renders the Sense
both clearer and better. According to the
common Reading, it seems a hard Matter
to give the Passage any consistent Meaning.

Ibid. Decipe.] *Cydispe* hints here at her
Sufferings, and the Cause of them, which,
according to her own Account, was Love.
If then his Love was so fatal to her, what
had she not to fear from his Hatred ? This
gives Rise to her Injunction, that he still
persist to deceive her ; having Reason to
apprehend less Danger from that, than if he
should change his Mind.

57. *Si lædis quod amas.*] If there be any
Thing in what we have remark'd before,
that *Ovid* was not the Author of this Epistle,
it is certain that whoever supplied it has co-
pied him closely, and come very near up to
his Manner. For his ingenious Turns and
Witticisms are imitated with the greatest
Exactness. The present Distich is an un-
deniable Instance of this. Any one in the
least acquainted with our Poet's Way, would
at

N O T E S.

Wrath of Heaven. Some imagine that my Illness is merely from Chance; others pretend that the present Nuptials are not favoured by the Gods. Nor think that you have wholly escap'd Censure on this Occasion, for many believe it brought on by your dark Contrivances. The Cause is unknown; my Sufferings appear to all. You, banishing Peace, are engaged in restless Oppositions. I bear the Punishment of all. 'Tis now indeed my Desire that you continue to deceive me in the Manner usual to you: For what will you do in your Hatred, if where you love you create so much Mischief? If you thus bring Misery upon every Thing you love, it will be wise in you to love your Enemy. Pray make it your Wish that I may be undone, for this only I find can save me. Either you have lost all Regard for the Girl you so much lov'd and coveted, in thus cruelly suffering her to perish by an undeserved Fate: Or if you in vain supplicate the unrelenting Goddesses in my Behalf, why do you boast of her Concern for you? 'Tis plain you have no farther Power with her. Chuse which you will. If you are not inclin'd to mitigate the Goddesses, this is being forgetful of me; if you cannot, she has then abandoned you. O I could wish that Delos, surrounded by the Ægean Sea, had remain'd ever unknown to me, or at least had not been visited by me at that Time. The Ship that carried me, sail'd through an inauspicious Sea, and in an unhappy Hour I enter'd upon the intended Voyage. With what Foot did I first set out? With what leave the Gate of my Father's House, or touch the painted Texture of the nimble Bark? Twice our Sails drove us back, swell'd by adverse Winds. Adverse did I say? far from it: That indeed was the favourable Gale. That, I say,

NOTES.

at first Sight conclude it to be his, so great is the Resemblance.

58. *Velle velis.*] *Heinsius* strongly contends, that there must be here some Mistake of the Transcribers. *Velle velis* is a Way of speaking he can never be reconciled to, it appears so harsh and unpoetical. He therefore substitutes in place of it, *perdere dure velis*. This Conjecture of *Heinsius* is not altogether without Reason.

59. *Aut tibi jam nulla est.*] This Reasoning of *Cydicpe*, however specious, is yet manifestly fallacious. Whatever Degree of Favour *Acontius* might be in with the Goddesses, his Prayers could not avail to pacify her Resentment, unless *Cydicpe* at the same Time resolv'd to make good her Engage-

ments. For as Breach of Vows had first provok'd her Rage, there was no Way left to remove her Anger, but by a Removal of the Offence. *Acontius* therefore had done all that could be expected of him: He had acquainted *Cydicpe* in what Manner she was to hope for Relief, and if she refused the Terms, no Blame could lie upon him. This will be better understood, by considering attentively what follows, towards the Conclusion of the Epistle.

63. *Elige quid fingas.*] The Argument that *Cydicpe* here uses against *Acontius*, is what we commonly call a *Dilemma*, in which Way of reasoning an Adversary is puzzled whatever Part he takes. But *Cydicpe* is not contented with this: She urges her

Ille erat secundus, qui referebat me euntem, qui impediebat iter parum felix. Atque utinam fuisset constans contra mea vela; sed stultum est queri de levitate venti. Mota fama loci, properabam visere Delon, et videbar facere iter ignava puppe. Quam sæpe feci convicia remis, ut tardis, quæstaque sum parca lintea dari vento! Et jam transieram Myconon, jam Tenon, et Andron: Delosque candida erat in meis oculis. Quam ut vidi procul, dixi: Quid fugis me, insula? Numquid Laberis in magno mari ut ante? Insliteram terræ, cum luce prope jam peracta, sed vellet demere juga purpureis equis. Quos, postquam idem revocavit ad solitos ortus, nostræ comæ comuntur matre jubente comæ. Ipsa dedit gemmas digitis, et aurum crinibus; et ipsa induit vestes meis humeris. Protinus egressæ, damus flavæ thura merumque Superis salutatis, quibus insula est sacra. Dumque parens tingit aras votivo sanguine, ingeritque festis exta fumosis focis; nutrix sedula ducit me in alias quoque ædes, erramusque per sacra loca vago pede. Et modo spatior porticibus, modo miror munera regum, et signa stantia in cunctis locis. Miror et aram structam de innumeris cornibus, et arborem, de qua arbore Dea pariens est nixa.

Ille secundus erat, qui me referebat euntem; Quique parum felix impediebat iter.

Atque utinam constans contra mea vela fuisset! Sed stultum est venti de levitate queri. 76

Mota loci famâ properabam visere Delon; Et facere ignavâ puppe videbar iter.

Quam sæpe, ut tardis, feci convitia remis;

Quæstaque sum vento lintea parca dari! 80 Et jam transieram Myconon, jam Tenon &

Andron:

Inque meis oculis candida Delos erat.

Quam procul ut vidi, Quid me fugis, insula, dixi?

Laberis in magno nunquid, ut antè, mari?

Insliteram terræ, cum jam propè luce peractâ 85 Demere purpureis Sol juga vellet equis:

Quos idem solitos postquam revocavit ad ortus, Comuntur nostræ matre jubente comæ.

Ipsa dedit gemmas digitis, & crinibus aurum:

Et vestes humeris induit ipsa meis. 90

Protinus egressæ Superis, quibus insula sacra est, Flava salutatis thura merumque damus.

Dumque parens aras votivo sanguine tingit,

Festaque fumosis ingerit exta focis;

Sedula me nutrix alias quoque ducit in ædes, 95 Erramusque vago per loca sacra pede.

Et modò porticibus spatior, modò munera regum

Miror: & in cunctis stantia signa locis.

Miror & innumeris structam de cornibus aram,

Et de quâ pariens arbore nixa Dea est. 100 Et

NOTES,

Lover still farther, and tells him, that he can find nothing in either Branch of the Argument, in the least favourable to his Cause. Her Way of stating it is this: "Aut non vis, aut non potes placare Diana." nam. Prius si dicas; ergo immemor es nostri, nec nos curas: posterius si fingas; "ergo Dana est tui immemor, nec te curat." Her Manner of reasoning is ingenious and puzzling, but, when narrowly examined, will, as we have observed already, be found a mere Sophism.

69, Quo pede processit.] These repeated

Interrogations, expressed with an Air of Admiration, have a wonderful Effect in painting the Passions, especially where compounded of Detestation and Grief.

77. Mota loci fama.] Ovid's Descriptions are always according to Truth and Nature. There is nothing more common, when any Disaster happens to us, than to trace in our Mind all the little Circumstances and Particulars that concurred to it. We are apt to imagine a certain Fatality in Things, and see ourselves hurried on by a Train of Circumstances that rendered it unavoidable,

I say, was the favourable Gale, which retarded my unhappy Steps, and struggled hard to prevent an ill-fated Voyage. How could I wish that it had continued obstinately to oppose the spreading Sails! But it is ridiculous to complain of the Inconstancy of the Wind. Struck with the Fame of the Place, I was restless to come within Sight of Delos, and seem'd to traverse the Deep with languid Pace. How often did I chide the Oars, as slow in bearing us along? How often complain that our Sails were not stretched by the stinted Blasts? And now I had pass'd Mycone, Tenos, and Andros, and bright Delos was come within View: Which I no sooner saw, than I cry'd out, Why does the Island seem to fly me? Do you, as in Time past, fluctuate in the vast Ocean? Nor reach'd I Land till towards the Close of Day, when now Phœbus prepar'd to unharness his purple Horses. Which when recall'd again to their accusom'd Way, my Mother gave Orders to dress my flowing Locks. She adorned my Fingers with Gems, and my Tresses with Braids of Gold, and threw over my Shoulders the embroider'd Robe. Straight we walk towards the Temple, and offer Frankincense and Wine to the Guardian Deities of the Island. But while my Mother is engaged in sprinkling the Altars with votive Blood, and throwing the sacred Entrails upon the smoking Coals, my officious Nurse leads me through the several Courts of the Temple, and we traverse the sacred Place with wandering Steps. Sometimes I walk under magnificent Portico's, sometimes admire the rich Gifts of Kings, and the finish'd Statues that adorn every Part. I admire too the famous Altar made of innumerable Horns wonderfully join'd together, and the Tree that supports the pregnant Goddess; with what-
ever

N O T E S.

unavoidable. As almost every one has sometime or other felt this to be his own Case, he will be the better able to judge how far the Poet in this Description copies Nature. *Cydippe*, from a Reflection upon her Misfortune, is led to run back to its first Origin, and the several Steps by which it arrived. The Narration is enlivened with several very apt Reflections, and all the Particulars that served to retard or further it, are mentioned with great Exactness. *Delos* was an Island of the *Ægean* Sea, and chief of the *Cyclades*, famous especially for the Birth of *Apollo* and *Diana*, to whom it was therefore in a particular Manner sacred. It was formerly a floating Island, and hid mostly under Water, and hence is called by our

Poet in his *Metamorphoses*, *Delos erratica*.

81. *Myconos*.] *Mycone*, *Tenos*, and *Andros*, all of those Islands that went under the Name of the *Cyclades*.

99. *Struſam de cornibus aram*.] This Altar is taken Notice of by *Callimachus* in his Hymn to *Apollo*. It was a Work of great Curiosity, and is said to have been made by that God himself of the Horns of Beasts kill'd by *Diana* in hunting.

100. *Et de qua pariens arbore*.] This whole Description is happily imagined: Nothing can be more natural than thus to suppose a young Traveller carried by her Curiosity over all the Parts of the Temple, in order to view every Thing that was rare and uncommon about it. As to the Tree here mentioned,

Et quæ Delos habet præ-
terea (enim neque memini-
re, libetve dicere quicquid
vidi ibi.) Forſitan ſpec-
tans hæc, ſpectabar a te,
Aconti, meaque ſimplicitas
eſt viſa poſſe capi. Redeo
in templum Dianæ ſublime
gradibus. Ecquis locus
debit eſſe tutior hoc?
Malum mittitur ante pe-
des, cum tali carmine. Hei
mihi! nunc quoque pene ju-
ravi tibi. Nutrix ſuſtu-
lit hoc, miratæque, dixit,
perlege. Legi tuas inſidi-
as, magne poëta. Nomine
conjugii diſſo, conſuſa pu-
dore, ſenſi me erubiſſe totis
genis. Tenebam lumina
veluti deſixa in gremio:
lumina, facta miniſtra tui
propoſiti. Improbe, quid
gaudes? aut quæ gloria eſt
parta tibi? quidve laudis
tu vir habes virgine eluſa?
Ego non conſtiteram peltata
ſecuri ſumta, qualis Pen-
theſilea in Iliaco ſolo.
Nullus balteus cælatus A-
mazonio auro eſt relata
præda tibi, ſicut ab Hip-
polyte. Quid exultas, ſi
tua verba dederunt verba
mibi, puellaque parum
prudens ſum capta dolis?
Pomum cepit Cydippen,
pomum Schœneida. Tu
ſcilicet eris nunc alter Hip-
pomeneſ. At fuerat meli-
us (ſi iſte puer quem tu
dicis habere nescio quas faces tenebat te) more ſolito bonis, non
corrumpere ſpem fraude. Fui exoranda, non capienda tibi.

Et quæ præterea (neque enim meminive libetve,
Quidquid ibi vidi, dicere) Delos habet.
Forſitan hæc ſpectans, à te ſpectabar, Aconti;
Viſæque ſimplicitas eſt mea poſſe capi.
In templum redeo gradibus ſublime Dianæ. 105
Tutior hõc ecquis debuit eſſe locus?
Mittitur ante pedes malum cum carmine tali.
Hei mihi! juravi nunc quoque penè tibi.
Suſtulit hoc nutrix, miratæque, Perlege, dixit.
Inſidias legi, magne poëta, tuas. 110
Nomine conjugii dicto, conſuſa pudore
Senſi me totis erubiſſe genis:
Luminæque in gremio veluti deſixa tenebam;
Lumina propoſiti facta miniſtra tui.
Improbe, quid gaudes? aut quæ tibi gloria
parta eſt? 115
Quidve vir eluſa virgine laudis habes?
Non ego conſtiteram ſumtâ peltata ſecuri:
Qualis in Iliaco Pentheſilea ſolo.
Nullus Amazonio cælatus balteus auro,
Sicut ab Hippolyte, præda relata tibi eſt. 120
Verba, quid exultas, tua ſi mihi verba dederunt;
Súmque parum prudens capta puella dolis?
Cydippen pomum, pomum Schœneida cepit.
Tu nunc Hippomenes ſcilicet alter eris.
At fuerat melius, (ſi te puer iſte tenebat, 125
Quem tu nescio quas dicis habere faces,)
More bonis ſolito ſpem non corrumpere fraude.
Exoranda tibi, non capienda fui.

Cur,

N O T E S.

mentioned, we learn from our Poet, in the sixth Book of his *Metamorphoses*, that *Lætona*, when she was delivered of *Apollo* and *Diana*, lea'd upon an Olive and Palm.

105. *Templum gradibus sublime.*] The Ancients, when they built Temples to the heavenly Gods, generally made Choice of some Eminence, as best suiting their Character.

117. *Peltata.*] That is, *Pelta armata*. The *Pelta* was a short kind of Buckler or Target, in Form of a Half-moon, peculiar to the *Amazons*.

118. *Pentheſilea.*] A Queen of the *Amazons*, who first invented the Battle-ax. She

came to the Assistance of *Priam* in the Trojan War, and distinguished herself by her Valour. She was at last slain by *Achilles*, or, as some others say, by *Pyrrhus*.

120. *Hippolyte.*] This is taken from the History of *Hercules*. *Euryſtheus*, among other hard Injunctions, had laid his Commands on that Hero to attack *Hippolyte* Queen of the *Amazons*, and bring away her Girdle of curious Workmanship in Gold. *Hercules* undertook, and succeeded in the Enterprize. After making the Girdle his Prize, he gave the Queen herself to his Companion

ever other Curiosities (for I cannot now recollect them, nor am I in the Humour to mention all I then saw) Delos boasts. While I am thus busy in viewing every Thing, you, Acontius, by Chance espied me, and my Simplicity made me seem fit to be ensnar'd. I return to the Temple of Diana, plac'd high on rising Steps. What Place should yield a surer Defence from Harm than this? The Apple with the insidious Lines is thrown at my Feet. Ah me! I had almost sworn to you a second Time. My Nurse first took it up, and wondering what it might be, desired me to read it. I read, too too successful Poet, your ensnaring Words. At the Name of Wedlock, o'erwhelm'd with Shame, I felt a Blush spread over all my Face: My Eyes remain'd fix'd upon my Bosom, those Eyes that had been so serviceable to further your deceitful Aims. Traitor, why do you triumph? What Glory will this add to your Name? Or where the Praise, to have deluded an unsuspecting Maid? I did not stand fenc'd with a Buckler, and arm'd with an Amazonian Ax, as Penthesilea when she travers'd the Ilian Plains. No Girdle adorn'd with Studs of Gold, as that gain'd from Hippolyte, remains the Prize of your Victory. What Cause of boasting that I was deceived by your well-fram'd Words, or that an unthinking imprudent Girl should fall into the cunning Snare? Cydippe was deceived by an Apple; it was an Apple that deceived also Atalante: You are now become a second Hippomenes. Doubtless it had been better (if urg'd by the little Boy, who, you say, wounds with I know not what dangerous Arrows) according to the Rule inviolable with Men of Honour, not to debase your Hope by Fraud. I ought to have been openly solicited, not cunningly circumvented.

N O T E S.

Companion *Theseus*. *Cydippe* therefore means, that *Acontius*, in triumphing over her, can acquire no such Glory, as did *Hercules* by vanquishing *Hippolyte*.

121. *Verba quid exultas, tua si mihi verba dederunt.*] The Construction here is somewhat intricate; *Quid exultas, si tua verba dederunt verba mihi.* *Dare verba* was a Manner of speaking very common among the *Latins*, instead of *fallere*.

123. *Schœneida.*] *Atalanta*, the Daughter of *Schœnus*, King of the Island *Scyrus*. *Cydippe* here considers her own Case as resembling that of this Princess, who contending in a Race with *Hippomenes*,

and having got the Start of him, was tempted to stoop for some golden Apples he threw before her, and by that Means lost the Race.

125. *At fuerat melius.*] *Cydippe* here begins to soften, and shew her real Inclinations for *Acontius*. She could be content to fall to his Lot, but if possible with less Danger and Misery to herself. She therefore chides him for not addressing her in the usual and approved Ways. It would have been both a more honourable and surer Way of succeeding. He had now nothing to trust to but the Shadow of an Oath, which, as it was pronounced without As-

sent

Cur, cum peteres me, non putabas ea proficienda propter quæ ipse eras petendus nobis? Cur volebas potius cogere, quam persuadere, si poteram conditione audita? Quis formula jurisjurandi nunc prodest tibi, linguæque testificata Deam præsentem? Mens est quæ jurat; conjuravimus nil illa: illa sola potest addere fidem dictis. Consilium, prudensque sententia animi jurat, et nulla vincula nisi judicii valent. Si volui promittere tibi nunc conjugium, exige debita jura polliciti tui. Sed si dedimus nil præter vocem sine pectore, frustra tenes verba orba suis viribus. Ego non juravi, legi verba jurantia. Non eras legendus vir mihi isto more. Decipe alias sic; epistola succedat pomo. Si hoc valet, aufer magnas opes divitis. Fac reges jurent se duros sua regna tibi; quidquidque in toto orbe placeat tibi, sit tuum. Crede mihi, si tua littera habet numen tam præsens, es multo major hac ipsa Diana. Cum tamen dixi hæc, cum firma negavi me tibi, cum causa mei promissi est bene peracta; timeo, confiteor, iram sævæ Latoïdos, et suspicor meum corpus lædi inde. Nam quare quoties sacra socialia parantur, toties membra languida cadunt nupturæ? Ter jam Hymenæus veniens ad positas aras, fugit mihi, et dedit terga e limine thalami. Lumina toties infusa pigra manu, vix resurgunt, vixque corripit faces moto igne. Sæpe unguenta stillant coronatis capillis, et pallia splendida multo croco trahitur.

Cur, cum me peteres, ea non profitenda putabas,

Propter quæ nobis ipse petendus eras? 130

Cogere cur potius, quam persuadere volebas,

Si poteram auditâ conditione capi?

Quid tibi nunc prodest jurandi formula juris,

Linguæque præsentem testificata Deam?

Quæ jurat, mens est: nil conjuravimus illâ. 135

Illâ fidem dictis addere sola potest.

Consilium prudensque animi sententia jurat,

Et nisi judicii vincula nulla valent.

Si tibi conjugium volui promittere nostrum;

Exige polliciti debita jura tui: 140

Sed si nil dedimus, præter finem pectore vocem;

Verba suis frustra viribus orba tenes.

Non ego juravi: legi jurantia verba.

Vir mihi non isto more legendus eras.

Decipe sic alias: succedat epistola pomo. 145

Si valet hoc; magnas divitis aufer opes.

Fac jurent Reges sua se tibi regna duros;

Sitque tuum, toto quicquid in orbe placet.

Major es hac ipsâ multo (mihi crede) Dianâ,

Si tua tam præsens littera numen habet. 150

Cum tamen hæc dixi, cum me tibi firma negavi,

Cum bene promissi causa peracta mei est;

Confiteor, timeo sævæ Latoïdos iram:

Et corpus lædi suspicor inde meum.

Nam quare, quoties socialia sacra parantur, 155

Nupturæ toties languida membra cadunt?

Ter mihi jam veniens positas Hymenæus ad aras

Fugit; & è thalami limine terga dedit.

Vixque manu pigra toties infusa resurgunt

Lumina: vix moto corripit igne faces. 160

Sæpe coronatis stillant unguenta capillis,

Et trahitur multo splendida palla croco.

Cum

NOTES.

sent of the Will or Judgment, could not with any Appearance of Reason be thought binding.

147. *Fac jurent reges.*] *Cydippe* endeavours here to put *Acontius* out of Conceit with his own Device, by representing it as absurd,

vented. Why did you not think of asking me in Marriage, and urging those Considerations that might have made you appear worthy of being solicited by me? Why did you prefer Deceit to Persuasion, if the Knowledge of your Rank was sufficient to have gained me? What Advantage can you expect from the Form of the Oath you tender'd, or my Tongue's invoking the present Goddess? 'Tis the Mind that swears; but no Oath binds me there. 'Tis that only can give Authority to what we say. Design, and a Soul conscious of its own Views, can alone give Validity to an Oath; nor can any Chains bind us, but those of the Judgment. If my Consent went along with the Promise I made to be join'd to you in Wedlock, you are at Liberty to insist upon the Rights of a Marriage-Bed: But if all you had was a few Sounds, without Will or Meaning, 'tis in vain to plead upon Words destitute of Validity. I took no Oath, I barely read a Form; nor was that a decent Way of chusing a Husband. Endeavour by the same Artifice to deceive others; let the Apple be followed by an Epistle; if a Promise thus made binds, make over to yourself the large Possessions of the Rich. Make Kings swear that they will resign to you their Dominions, and artfully secure whatever on Earth is to your liking. Believe me, this would make you more considerable than even Diana herself, if every Letter you write commands the Care of so powerful a Goddess. And yet, after all I have said, after this stedfast Refusal to be your's, and fully weighing the Case of my extorted Promise, I must own that I still dread the Wrath of avenging Diana, and suspect that the present Calamity comes from her Hand. For why as oft as the nuptial Rites are to be solemnized, do the languid Joints of the Bride sink under a Load of Sicknefs? Thrice glad Hymen approaching the sacred Altars fled: Thrice he turn'd away frighted from my Chamber Door. The Lamps too, thrice fill'd up by the wearied Hand, are with Difficulty lighted; scarce are they to be lighted up by the flaming Torch. Ointments often distil upon his Hair crown'd with Garlands; and his Mantle, of bright Saffron Dye, sweeps the Ground. But no
sooner

N O T E S.

absurd, and contrary to common Sense. But we have seen in the Remarks upon the foregoing Epistle, that by a Law then in Force at *Delos*, *Cydippe* was bound to make good her Vow; so that her Reasoning,

however just in the Main, is in this particular Case of no Effect.

153. *Latoides iram.*] The Wrath of *Diana*, Daughter of *Latona*. A Greek Patronymick, from *Λατοῖς*, *Latona*.

P p

164. *Culta*

Cum tetigit limen, cernit
 lacrymas, timoremque mor-
 tis, et multa remota a suo
 cultu. Ipse projicit suas
 coronas deducta fronte, ter-
 ritaque spissa amoma de ni-
 tidis comis. Et pudet
 eum lætum consurgere in
 tristi turba ruborque qui
 erat in pallio, transit in ora.
 At mihi (væ miseræ!)
 artus torrentur febribus,
 et pallia habent pondus
 gravius iusto; videoque
 parentes plorantes super
 nostra ora, et fax mortis
 adest mihi pro face tha-
 lami. Dea læta picta
 pharetra, parce laboranti,
 daque jam salutiferam opem
 fratris mihi. Turpe tibi
 est, illum depellere causas
 lethi, te contra habere ri-
 culum meæ mortis. Num-
 quid, cum velles lavari in
 umbræ fonte, imprudens
 tuli vultus ad tua labra?
 Præterine tuas oras de tot
 cœlestibus? Atque tua pa-
 rentis spreto est nostra pa-
 rente? Ego peccavi nil,
 nisi quod legi perjuriam,
 siquæ docta in carmine
 parum fausto. Tu quoque,
 si non mentiris amorem,
 feras tibi pro nobis.
 Manus, quæ nocuere, pro-
 sint. Cur Dea, quæ suc-
 censet quod puella pacta
 tibi, adhuc non sit tua,
 agi: ne possit fieri tua?
 Omnia sunt speranda tibi
 de viva. Quid sæva Dea
 aufert vitam mihi, et
 spem mei tibi? Nec tu
 credideris illum, cui destinor
 uxor, fovere ægra num-
 bro superposita manu. Ille quidem adsidet,
 quantum permittitur ipsi; sed meminit nostrum
 esse torum virginis. Jam quoque videtur
 fuisse nescio quid de me; nam lacrymæ sæpe
 cadunt causa latente. Et blanditur minus
 audacter,

Cum tetigit limen, lacrymas mortisque timorem
 Cernit; & à cultu multa remota suo.
 Projicit ipse suas deductâ fronte coronas, 165
 Spissaque de nitidis tergit amoma comis.
 Et pudet in tristi lætum consurgere turbâ:
 Quique erat in pallâ, transit in ora rubor.
 At mihi (væ miseræ!) torrentur febribus artus:
 Et gravius iusto pallia pondus habent. 170
 Nostraque plorantes video super ora parentes:
 Et, face pro thalami, fax mihi mortis adest.
 Parce laboranti, pictâ Dea læta pharetrâ;
 Daque salutiferam jam mihi fratris opem.
 Turpe tibi est, illum causas depellere lethi; 175
 Te contra titulum mortis habere meæ.
 Numquid, in umbræ fonte cum velles fonte la-
 vari,
 Imprudens vultus ad tua labra tuli?
 Præterine tuas de tot cœlestibus aras?
 Atque tua est nostrâ spreto parente parens? 180
 Nil ego peccavi, nisi quod perjuriam legi;
 Inque parum fausto carmine docta fui.
 Tu quoque pro nobis, si non mentiris amorem,
 Thura feras. profint, quæ nocuere, manus.
 Cur, quæ succenset, quod adhuc tibi pacta puella
 Non tua sit, fieri ne tua possit, agit?
 Omnia de vivâ tibi sunt speranda, quid aufert
 Sæva mihi vitam, spem tibi Diva mei?
 Nec tu credideris illum, cui destinor uxor,
 Ægra superpositâ membra fovere manu. 190
 Adsidet ille quidem, quantum permittitur ipsi:
 Sed meminit nostrum virginis esse torum.
 Et quoque nescio quid de me fuisse videtur.
 Nam lacrymæ causâ sæpe latente cadunt.
 Et minus audacter blanditur, & oscula rara 195
 Ac-

NOTES.

164. Cultu remota suo.] Hymen is always
 supposed to be received with Joy and Glad-
 ness. In entering a House therefore full
 of Tears and Apprehensions, he saw no-
 thing that spoke his usual Reception.

174. Salutiferam fratris opem.] Apollo was
 the Brother of Diana, and the God supposed

to preside over Physick.

177. Numquid in umbræ.] Cydippe
 pleads here her Innocence to Diana, as
 having neither seen her bathing naked in
 a Fountain, like Actæon, nor in any other
 respect offended her.

179. Præ-

sooner did Hymen reach our Gates, than nought was to be seen but Tears, a Dread of my approaching Fate, and every Thing the Reverse of his joyful Rites. Instantly he tears the Crown from off his mournful Forehead, and wipes the rich Effluence from his flowing Tresses. He is ashamed to appear joyful in so disconsolate a Crowd; and the Red that was in his Mantle, mounts into his Face. But my Limbs are wasted by the raging Heat of a Fever, and the Coverings seem to press upon me with double Weight. I see my Parents weeping over me with earnest Looks; and instead of the nuptial, am threatened with the funeral Torch. Compassionate my Sufferings, O Goddesses, that dearest in the painted Bow, and grant me Relief by the Health-restoring Help of your Brother. It is a Reproach upon you, that he should ward off the Causes of Death, while you bear the Blame of my untimely Fate. Did I ever, as you bath'd in a shady Fountain, impertinently gaze at you in your Retirement? Did I neglect to offer Sacrifice to you alone of all the heavenly Powers? Or did my Mother ever treat Latona with Contempt? I have offended in nothing but reading what led me into an unwilling Perjury, and understanding too well the Force of those ensnaring Lines. But do you also Acontius, if the Love you pretend is not mere Dissimulation, offer Incense for me: And let the Hands that have done me so much Hurt, be now employed for my Relief. Why does the Goddess, so much incensed that the Maid promised to your Embraces has not yet fulfill'd her Vow, herself obstruct the Execution of that Promise? Every Thing is to be hop'd for from the Living. Why does the cruel Goddess threaten to take away my Life, and blast all your promising Hopes? Nor would I have you imagine that he to whom I am destin'd for a Wife, is suffered to cherish my sickly Limbs with his gentle Hand. He sits indeed upon my Bed-side, for that much is allow'd him; but he at the same Time remembers that mine is the Bed of a Virgin. Besides too, he seems to be some how sensible of my Coldness, for Tears often fall from him, without any apparent Cause. He caresses me with less

Bold-

N O T E S.

179. *Præteritæ tuas de tot.*] This refers to the Story of Oeneus King of Calydonia, who in sacrificing to the other Deities having neglected Diana, so far provok'd the Resentment of that Goddess, that she sent a Boar to infect his Kingdom.

— *Omentis ultorem spreta per agros,*
Mist aprum—

As our Poet elsewhere expresses it,

180. *Spreta parente parens.*] This refers again to *Nicte*, all whose Children were slain by *Apollo* and *Diana*, because of her Presumption in boasting that she was more fruitful than *Latona*.

181. *Perjuria legi.*] That is, I read over those Verses that led me, not suspecting any such Danger, into Perjury.

189. *Nec tu credideris.*] *Cydippe* now be-

et accipit rara oscula, et
 vocat me suam timido ore.
 Nec miror eam sensisse,
 cum prodar apertis notis.
 Cum ille venit, versor in
 dextrum latus. Nec lo-
 quer, et somnus simulatur
 recto lumine; rejicioque
 manum captantem tactus.
 Ingenit, et suspirat ta-
 cito pectore; habetque me
 offensam, quamvis non me-
 reatur. Hei mihi, quod
 gaudes, et ista voluptas
 juvat te! Hei mihi quod
 sum fassa meus sensus tibi!
 Si lingua foret mihi; tu
 qui tendebas retia mihi,
 eras justius dignus nostra
 ira. Scribis ut liceat tibi
 visere invalidum corpus.
 Es procul a nobis, et ta-
 men nocet inde. Mirabar
 quare Acontius esset nomen
 tui. Habes acumen, quod
 faciat vulnus longe. Certe
 ego ista eminus tuis scrip-
 tis ut jaculo, nondum con-
 vulsi de tali vincere.
 Quid tamen venias huc?
 Sane ut videas miserabile
 corpus, bina tropæa tui
 ingenii? Concidimus macie;
 color est sine sanguine,
 qualem refero mente fuisse
 in tuo pomo. Nec candida
 ora sublucent misto ru-
 bore; forma novi marmo-
 ris solum esse talis. Color
 argenti inter convivia,
 quod tactum frigore ge-
 lidæ aquæ pallet, est ta-
 lis. Si nunc videas me,
 negabis esse visam prius,
 et dices ista nec est peten-
 da mea arte. Remittesque
 fidem promissi, ne sim juncta
 tibi, et cupies Deam non
 meminisse illud. Forsitan
 et facies ut jurem rursus

contraria, mittesque altera verba mihi quæ legam. Sed tamen
 vellem adspiceres prout ipse rogabas, et discas languida membra tuæ sponsæ.

Accipit, & timido me vocat ore suam.
 Nec miror sensisse, notis cum prodar apertis.
 In dextrum versor, cum venit ille, latus.
 Nec loquor, & tecto simulatur lumine somnus;
 Captantem tactus rejicioque manum. 200
 Ingemit, & tacito suspirat pectore: meque
 Offensam quamvis non mereatur, habet.
 Hei mihi, quod gaudes, & te juvat ista voluptas!
 Hei mihi, quod sensus sum tibi fassa meos!
 Si mihi lingua foret; tu nostrâ justius irâ, 205
 Qui mihi tendebas retia, dignus eras.
 Scribis, ut invalidum liceat tibi visere corpus.
 Es procul a nobis: & tamen inde nocet.
 Mirabar, quare tibi nomen Acontius esset:
 Quod faciat longè vulnus, acumen habes. 210
 Certè ego convalui nondum de vulnere tali;
 Ut jaculo, scriptis eminens icta tuis.
 Quid tamen huc venias? anne ut miserabile
 corpus,
 Ingenii videas bina tropæa tui?
 Concidimus macie; color est sine sanguine, qua-
 lem 215
 In pomo refero mente fuisse tuo.
 Candida nec misto sublucent ora rubore,
 Forma novi talis marmoris esse solet.
 Argenti color est inter convivia talis,
 Quod tactum gelidæ frigore pallet aquæ. 220
 Si me nunc videas, visam prius esse negabis:
 Arte nec est, dices, ista petenda meâ:
 Promissique fidem, ne sim tibi juncta, remittes;
 Et cupies illud non meminisse Deam.
 Forsitan & facies, jurem ut contraria rursus;
 Quæque legam, mittes altera verba mihi.
 Sed tamen aspiceres vellem, prout ipse rogabas,
 Et discas sponsæ languida membra tuæ.

Durius

NOTES.

gins to open herself more plainly, and let
 Acontius see that he was not altogether in-
 different to her. She is at Pains here to re-
 move his Jealousies and Fears, and satisfy
 him that his Rival had nothing to boast of

from her Indulgence.

205. *Si mihi lingua foret.* Criticks tell
 us, that there must certainly some Error
 have crept into this Place. The accurate
 Gronovius corrects it, *Si me digna forem*;
 and

Boldness, and but seldom snatches Kisses; when he calls me his *Dear*, it is with a faltering Tongue. Nor do I wonder that he perceives it, when I myself have betray'd it by manifest Signs. If he approaches the Bed, I turn upon my other Side. I refuse to speak, and close my Eyes, as if inclin'd to sleep; or if he offers to touch me with his Hand, reject it with some Warmth. He groans and sighs within himself, and though far from deserving such Usage, observes me cold and averse to him. Ah me, how you rejoice! what Pleasure this Confession gives you! How silly to own thus frankly my Thoughts of him! If I were to speak like myself, you who contriv'd these Snares for me, was far more deserving my Disdain. You write for leave to visit me in my present Sickness. You are far from me, and yet distant as you are, you wound deeply. I wondered with myself how you came to be nam'd Acontius; but find now that you can dart Wounds from afar. 'Tis certain that I have not yet recovered of this Wound, pierc'd from afar by your Letter, as by a Dart. But to what End should you come here? To see my feeble Carcase, the double Trophy of your Ingenuity? I am wasted to a Skeleton, my Colour is become pale, such as I remember to have observed in the Apple you threw at me. My fair Cheeks are no more adorned with a becoming Red, but have rather the Appearance of newly-polish'd Marble; or Silver at a Feast, when deaden'd by pouring upon it cold Water. Were you to see me now, you would deny me to be the same with her you first saw; nor think me worthy to be sought after by so many Artifices. You would gladly release me from the Promise I made of being join'd to you for ever, and wish that the Goddess herself might also cease to exact the Performance. Perhaps too you might endeavour to make me swear the contrary of my former Oath, and toss me another Form of Words, to be in like Manner read over. Yet I could wish that according to your Request you might see me, and learn the feeble Condition of your hop'd-for Bride.

N O T E S.

and is in this approved of by *Heinsius*. If we retain the vulgar Reading, it must be explained in some such Manner as this: *Si mihi lingua foret*. That is, *Si mihi dicere liceret*: If I were allow'd to speak freely, and not restrain'd by a Fear of *Diana's* Resentment.

210. *Acumen habes*.] *Acumen* is a Word frequently of the same Importance with

cuspis. As if she had said, *Tu revera es jaculum*. This therefore bears an Allusion to his Name in its original Signification. For the Greek ἀκοντιστής, is the same as the Latin Word *jaculum*.

214. *Bina tropæa*.] In deceiving her by the Stratagem of the Apple, and in raising against her the Anger of *Diana*: So 'tis commonly interpreted,

Cum sit tibi pectus, Acon-
ti, durius ferro, tu ipse
petas veniam nostris voci-
bus. Ne tamen ignores
qua ope possim revalescere;
queritur a Deo canente
fata Delphis. Is quoque
testis, ut vaga fama susur-
rat, nunc queritur nescio
quam habere fidem ne-
glectam. Deus, et vates,
et mea carmina dicunt hoc:
at nulla carmina desunt
tuo voto. Unde hic favor
tibi? Nisi quod forte no-
va litera est reperta, quæ
lecta capiat magnos Deos.
Teque tenente Deos, ipsa
sequor numen Deorum, de-
que libens victas manus in
tua vota. Fassaque sum
matri fœdera deceptæ lin-
guæ, tenens lumina plena
pudoris fixa humo. Cætera
cura est tua. Hoc quoque
factum est plus virgine,
quod mea charta non ti-
muit loqui tecum. Jam
satis lassavimus inva-
lidos artus calamo, et
ægra manus negat officium
longius. Quid restat ut litera nostra adscribat, nisi quid jam cupio conjungere me tecum?
Vale.

Durius & ferro cum sit tibi pectus, Aconti;
Tu veniam nostris vocibus ipse petas. 230
Ne tamen ignores, ope quâ revalescere possim:
Queritur à Delphis fata canente Deo.
Is quoque nescio quam nunc, ut vaga fama su-
furrat,

Neglectam queritur testis habere fidem.
Hoc Deus & vates, hoc & mea carmina dicunt.
At desunt voto carmina nulla tuo. 236
Unde tibi favor hic? nisi quod nova fortè re-
perta est,

Quæ capiat magnos littera lecta Deos.
Téque tenente Deos, numen sequor ipsa Deorum:
Dóque libens victas in tua vota manus. 240
Fassaque sum matri deceptæ fœdera linguæ,
Lumina fixa tenens plena pudoris humo.
Cætera cura tua est. plus hoc quoque virgine
factum,

Non timuit tecum quod mea charta loqui.
Jam satis invalidos calamo lassavimus artus; 245
Et manus officium longius ægra negat.
Quid, nisi quod cupio me jam conjungere tecum
Restat, ut ascribat littera nostra? Vale.

N O T E S.

232. Delphis.] Delphi, a City of Phœcis, the Oracle of Apollo,
not far from Mount Parnassus, famous for

F I N I S.



Bride. Had you a Heart, Acontius, more hard than Steel, yet could you not forbear addressing the Gods in my Behalf. But not to keep you ignorant of the only Means left to restore me to my Health; Recourse has been had to the God who predicts Futurity at Delphos. He also, as Fame reports, complains of broken Vows. This a God, this a Poet, this even my own Lines proclaim. But nothing of that Kind is wanting to give Force to your Wishes. Whence all this Favour to you? unless perhaps you have found the Secret to bind the Gods themselves by a new Form of Words. If it is so then, that you thus have the Gods propitious, 'tis fit that I submit to their Will; and as they have made you their Choice, make you also mine. I have already acquainted my Mother with the Vow you artfully betrayed me into; keeping my Eyes, full of Shame, fixed all the Time upon the Ground. The rest must be left to your Care: 'Tis even more than becomes a Virgin, that I have thus ventured to make known my Sentiments to you by a Letter. My feeble Fingers are now sufficiently tir'd by the Pen, and my sickly Hand is unable to bear longer Fatigue. What further remains for me to write, unless that it is now my Wish to be for ever thine? Farewel.

N O T E S.

236. *Carmina*.] The Word means either | which had been in some Sense us'd by
Prophecies, Incantations, or Poems, all *Acontius*.

The E N D.



I N D E X.

A.

ABSYRTUS, Son of *Æetes*, and Brother of *Medea*, his unhappy Fate Page 135
Abelous, could assume what Form he pleased 103
 ----- is overcome by *Hercules* ibid.
 ----- the fabulous History of him, with the Solution of it 201
Achilles, an Account of his Spear 30
 ----- by whom, and in what Manner killed 90
 ----- his Resentment for having *Briseis* taken from him ibid.
Acortius, his Epistle to *Cydippe* 260
 ----- The Occasion and Design of it ibid.
Actæon, the Fable of his being transformed into a Stag 270
Æetes, King of *Colchis*, when *Jason* went thither in quest of the *Golden Fleece* 60
Ægyptus, an Account of his fifty Sons 154
Æneas, Son of *Anchises* and *Venus*, what became of him after the Destruction of *Troy* 68, 195
 ----- why the Epithet *Pius* is given him 71
Æolus, his Resentment of the criminal Conversation of his Son and Daughter 116
Agamemnon, the Ambassadors he sent to treat with *Achilles*, who was inflexible 24
 ----- was chosen Captain-General of the *Grecian Troops* 85
 ----- the Occasion of his sacrificing his Daughter *Iphigenia* 144
Alcaeus, a *Lyric Poet*, why the Ancients gave him the *Golden Quill* 169
Alcyon, the Daughter of *Atlas*, an Account of her 254
Alcyon, Wife of *Ceyx*, the Fable of her being transform'd into a Bird 234
Amyntus, Daughter of *Danaus*, an Account of her 254
Andromache, what became of her after the Destruction of *Troy* 83
Andromeda, the Story of *Perseus* and her 169, 239
 ----- is by *Minerva's* Favour enroll'd among the Stars ibid.
Anceus, a monstrous and cruel Giant 99
 ----- in what Manner killed by *Hercules* ibid. 101
Antenor, a *Trojan Chief*, what became of

him after the Destruction of *Troy* 18
Antiochus, Son of *Nestor*, was not slain by *Hector* 4
Antiochus, the remarkable Story of his falling in Love with *Stratonice* his Mother-in-law 165
Apollo, why called *Munitor Trojæ* 55
 ----- why distinguished by the Ensigns of the Harp and Quiver 167
 ----- whence his peculiar Regard for the Laurel 168
Argo, the Name of the Ship in which *Jason* sail'd in quest of the *Golden Fleece* 128
 ----- why so called 59
Argolici, the *Grecian Chiefs*, whence so called 4
Argonauts, whence so called 59
Ariadne, Daughter of *Minos*, and Wife of *Bacchus*, an Account of her 17, 168
 ----- her Epistle to *Teseus* 104
 ----- the Occasion of it ibid.
 ----- is placed in the Heavens as a Constellation 139
Atalanta, by what Artifice overcome in a Race by *Hippomenes* 287
Atreus, the Story of his bloody Revenge on his Brother *Thyestes* 196
 ----- what gave Rise to this Fable ibid.
Auge, Daughter of *Aleus*, King of *Arcadia*, an Account of her 97

B.

BACCHUS, whence called *Oxygius* 109
 ----- why Horns were ascribed to him 145
 ----- the Effect of being touched with his Rod ibid.
Barbites, a musical Instrument, the Nature of it 166
Boreas, the Story of him and *Orythia* 205
Briseis, her Epistle to *Achilles*, and the Occasion of it 22
Bulls, An account of the brazen-footed Bulls that guarded the *Golden Fleece* 58
Bustiris, his great Cruelty 99
 ----- was killed by *Hercules* ibid.

C.

CALISTO, the Fable of her being changed into a Bear 238
Canace, her Epistle to *Macareus* 116
 ----- The Occasion and Design of it ibid.
 Capra,

I N D E X.

Capra, the Goat, a Constellation, whence it had the Epithet *Olenia* 242
Cassandra, Sister of *Paris*, deceives *Apollo* 52
 ----- his Revenge for it *ibid.*
Celene, Daughter of *Atlas*, and one of the *Pleiades* 254
Centauri, who they were 101
 ----- were overcome by *Hercules* *ibid.*
Cephalus, Son of *Deioneus*, an Account of him 39
Ceres, why her Rites were celebrated with Torches 15
Circe, her Resentment against *Scylla* her Rival 137
Crete, famous for its hundred Cities 110
Cressa, Daughter of *Creon* King of *Corinth*, in what Manner killed by *Medea* 67, 141
Cydicpe, her Reply to *Acontius's* Epistle 278
 ----- the Design of it *ibid.*

D.

Danaus, the Reason why he ordered his Daughters to kill their Husbands on their Marriage-night 154
Daphne, why transformed into a Laurel 167
Dedalus, is said to have contrived Wings for himself and his Son *Icarus* 232
 ----- from whence this Fable took its Rise *ibid.*
Deianira, her Epistle to *Hercules* 92
 ----- the Occasion and Design of it *ibid.*
Deiphobus, Son of *Priam*, an Account of him 51
Delphos, a City of *Phocis*, famous for the Oracle of *Apollo* 254
Demophoon, what meant by that Name 513
Diana, why call'd the *Threesfold Goddess* 132
 ----- whence called *Cynthia* 234
 ----- whence *Delia* 269
 ----- her Resentment of *Oeneus's* Neglect of her 291
 ----- why *Niobe's* Children were slain by her and *Apollo* *ibid.*
Dido, Daughter of *Belus*, an Account of her 68
 ----- her Epistle to *Aeneas* *ibid.*
 ----- the Occasion and Design of it *ibid.*
 ----- Her original Name, and the Import of the Word *Dido* 73
 ----- her Stratagem to purchase the Ground on which *Carthage* was built 75
Diomedes, his remarkable Cruelty 98
 ----- was killed by *Hercules* *ibid.*
Delon, Son of *Eumides*, why he was put to Death 6
Dragon, an Account of a Dragon's Teeth which became two Armies of Men 58
 ----- how they were destroyed *ibid.*

E.

ELebra, Daughter of *Atlas*, is translated into Heaven, and made one of the *Pleiades* 193
Endymion, the Story of him and *Cynthia* 172
Entrails, were inspected by the Ancients, in order to foretel future Events 96
Eos, a Word often used by the *Latin* Poets for *Aurora* 26
Eumenides, the *Furies*, why so called 72
Eurystheus, puts *Hercules* upon many dangerous Exploits 93
 ----- his Reason for so doing 97
Eurytus, King of *Euboea*, why killed by *Hercules* 93

F.

Fate, what the Ancients understood by it 5
Flattery, its great Influence on the Fair Sex when well managed 265
Fleece, an Account of the Golden Fleece 56
 ----- by what Means *Jason* obtained it 57

G.

GAnymedes, his remarkable Beauty engaged the Notice of *Jupiter* 195
Geryones, King of *Spain*, whence the Fiction of his having three Bodies took its Rise 100
Glaucus, a Sea-god, falls in Love with *Scylla* 136
 ----- the Consequence of it 137
 ----- the Fable of his being transformed into a Sea-god 240
Greeks, from whence they were called *Danaei* 3
 ----- and from whence *Pelagii* 117
Grief, a true Picture of it 173

H.

HEctor, Son of *Priam*, his Valour the chief Cause that *Troy* held out so long 4, 148
 ----- was killed by *Achilles*, and being fastned to his Chariot Wheels, was dragged thrice round the Walls of *Troy* 5
HEctor and *Andromache* proposed as an Instance of conjugal Happiness 51
Helen, charged with Unfaithfulness by *Oeneus* 53
 ----- was the greatest Beauty of her Time 180
 ----- was enjoyed by *Jupiter* in the Shape of a Swan 181

Q.

Paris's

I N D E X.

----- <i>Paris's</i> Epistle to her	181
----- her Reply to it	208
----- the Design of it	ibid.
<i>Helle</i> , was drowned in crossing the Sea upon a Ram	237
<i>Hellepont</i> , whence it took its Name	63, 237
----- an Account of it	228
<i>Hercules</i> , tho' superior to all other Monsters, was conquered by Love	92
----- there were several Heroes of that Name	94
----- several of his Exploits	97
----- the Story of a poisoned Shirt sent to him by <i>Deianira</i> his Wife	92, 103
<i>Hermione</i> , her Epistle to <i>Orestes</i>	82
----- the Design and Success of it	ibid.
<i>Hera</i> , her Epistle to <i>Leander</i>	244
----- the Design of it	ibid.
----- her untimely Death	259
<i>Hesione</i> , being chained to a Rock to be devoured by a Sea-monster, was delivered by <i>Hercules</i>	266
----- the Consequences of her Father's Treachery	ibid.
<i>Hippodamia</i> , Daughter of <i>Oenomeus</i> King of <i>Pisa</i> , remarkable for her Beauty	88
----- the Law proposed to her Suitors	ibid.
----- how she was gained by <i>Pelops</i>	89, 200
<i>Hippolyte</i> , her curious Girdle seized, and herself made a Captive by <i>Hercules</i>	286
<i>Hippolytus</i> , Son of <i>Theseus</i> , why a Favourite of <i>Diana</i>	279
<i>Hippomenes</i> , the Story of his gaining <i>Atalanta</i> by means of the golden Apples	200
<i>Hospitality</i> , was held very sacred amongst the Ancients	209
<i>Hydra</i> , a Monster with many Heads, by what Means overcome by <i>Hercules</i>	101
<i>Hymenæus</i> , the Son of <i>Bacchus</i> and <i>Venus</i> , and the God of Marriage	13
<i>Hypermethestra</i> , her Epistle to <i>Lyneus</i>	154
----- the Occasion and Design of it	ibid.
<i>Hyppisyle</i> , saves her Father, and marries <i>Jason</i>	56
----- her Epistle to <i>Jason</i>	ibid.
----- the Design of it	57

I.

<i>Jason</i> , the Occasion of his undertaking the Expedition for the golden Fleece	56
----- <i>Hyppisyle's</i> Epistle to him	ibid.
----- by what Means he obtained the golden Fleece	57
----- <i>Medea's</i> Epistle to him	126
<i>Icarus</i> , what occasioned Part of the <i>Ægean</i> Sea to be called after his Name	232
<i>Jalously</i> , is inseparable from Love	ibid.
----- whether strongest or most frequent	

in Men or Women	253
<i>Iseria</i> , Sacrifices offered to the <i>Manes</i> of the Dead	139
<i>Io</i> , the Fable of her being transformed by <i>Jupiter</i> into a Cow	160
<i>Iole</i> , Daughter of <i>Eurytus</i> , her great Influence over <i>Hercules</i>	92, 93
<i>Juno</i> , Daughter of <i>Saturn</i> and Wife of <i>Jupiter</i> , whence called <i>Pronuba</i>	15
----- and whence <i>Lucina</i>	ibid.
----- her Resentment against <i>Jupiter</i> , <i>Alcumena</i> , and <i>Hercules</i>	92, 93
<i>Jupiter</i> and <i>Europa</i> , what gave Rise to the Fable concerning them	38
----- how he deceived <i>Alcumena</i> , and begat <i>Hercules</i>	92

L.

<i>Lacedæmon</i> , from whence so called	3
<i>Laodamia</i> , her Epistle to <i>Protesilaus</i>	143
----- the Occasion and Design of it	ibid.
<i>Lædice</i> , several Nymphs of that Name	255
<i>Leander</i> , her Epistle to <i>Hera</i>	228
----- the Design of it	ibid.
----- his Death	243
<i>Leda</i> , was enjoyed by <i>Jupiter</i> in the Shape of a Swan	88
----- her Offspring in Consequence of this	ibid.
<i>Lemnos</i> , an Island in the <i>Ægean</i> Sea where <i>Hyppisyle</i> reigned	60
----- the Occasion of all the Men in it being killed by their Wives	ibid.
<i>Lotophagus</i> , one that has forgotten his native Country, why so called	177
<i>Lovers-Leap</i> , an Account of it	165
----- attempted by <i>Sappho</i> , who perished in it	ibid.
<i>Lycurgus</i> , King of <i>Thrace</i> , a Contemner of <i>Bacchus</i>	19
<i>Lyneus</i> , having killed <i>Danaus</i> , releases <i>Hypermethestra</i>	163

M.

<i>Macareus</i> , Son of <i>Æolus</i> , the fatal Consequences of his criminal Correspondence with his Sister <i>Canace</i>	116
<i>Marriage</i> , the bad Consequence of unequal Marriages	95
<i>Meander</i> , a River of <i>Asia</i> , remarkable for its many Windings and Turnings	69, 97
<i>Medea</i> , by her Magic Art, procured the Golden Fleece for <i>Jason</i>	57
----- her Device to prevent her Father's overtaking her when she fled with <i>Jason</i>	65, 126, 135
----- what chiefly recommended her to <i>Jason</i>	65
----- her great Cruelty	67
----- her Epistle to <i>Jason</i>	126
----- the	

I N D E X.

---- the Occasion and Design of it *ibid.*
 ---- by what Means she burnt *Cress* and
Cressa 143
Medusa, on what Account her Hair was
 transformed into Snakes 255
Meleager, the Son of *Oeneus* and *Althæa*, an
 Account of him 28, 29
Menelaus, King of *Lacedæmon*, recommends
Paris to *Helen* his Wife 180
Mercury, by what Means he destroyed *Ar-*
gos 160
Minos, the hard Terms imposed upon the
Athenians by him 104
Minotaur, the Nature of that Monster 17
 ----- from whence descended 38
 ----- by whom slain 17, 32
 ----- the fable of the *Minotaur* ex-
 plain'd 111
Monsters, several destroyed by *Hercules* 95

N.

N *Niades*, who they were 177
Neptune, said to have assisted in build-
 ing the Walls of *Troy* 33
Nestor, King of *Pylos*, remarkable for his
 great Age, Wisdom and Experience 5
Niope, the Cause of her being transformed
 into a Stone 271
 ---- why her Children were slain by *Apol-*
lo and *Diana* *ibid.* 291

O.

O *Oebalia*, three Cities of that Name 93
Oenone, her Epistle to *Paris* 44
 ---- the Design of it 45
 ---- her fabulous Pedigree 47
Omphale, her great Influence on *Hercules* 97
 ---- decks herself with the Armour of
Hercules 101
Orestes, by what Means he recovered *Her-*
mione 82
Ormenus, the Occasion of *Hercules*'s going to
 War with him, and killing him 97
Ovid, his Genius particularly turn'd for
 Love-matters 12
 ---- Instances of his ingenious, interesting and
 masterly Way of writing, 13, 17, 20, 27,
 30, 47, 49, 60, 62, 109, 115, 121, 129,
 132, 139, 146, 149, 151, 153, 159,
 173, 175, 179, 202, 213, 219, 223,
 235, 241, 243, 246, 257, 263, 284.
 ---- is accused by some as trifling with
 Words 161, 162

P.

P *Palæmon*, why called *Portunus* 239
Pallos, why often called *Tritonia* 59
Palm-tree, whence the Branches of it came

to be used as Badges of Victory 191
Parcæ, three Sisters, who they were, and
 their different Offices 127
Paris, his Perfidy the Occasion of the *Tro-*
jan War 2
 ---- his Mother *Hecuba*'s remarkable
 Dream when she was with Child of him,
 with the Consequence of it 44, 185
 ---- his Decision of the Golden Apple to
Venus preferable to *Juno* and *Pallas* 48,
 187
 ---- the fatal Consequences of it *ibid.*
 ---- his Epistle to *Helen* 180
 ---- the Design of it *ibid.*
 ---- his Genealogy 212
Pasiphaë, Daughter of *Phæbus*, her Device
 to enjoy a Bull 38, 110
 ---- her great Aversion to Slavery 111
Patroclus was killed by *Hector* in *Achilles*'s
 Armour 4
Pedigree, the Regard due to it 213
Pelægi, whence the *Greeks* so called 93
Pelias, the remarkable Warning he had
 concerning his Death 56
 ---- why cut in Pieces by his three Sis-
 ters 138
Pelops, his Ingratitude 196
Pelta, the Name of a Sort of Target 286
Penelope, her Epistle to *Ulysses* 2
 ---- her Artifice to procure Respite
 from her Lovers 3
 ---- her great Anxiety to hear from
Ulysses 7
 ---- is importuned by her Father to
 marry *Eurydamachus* 8
 ---- her Arguments to persuade *Ulysses*
 speedily to return 9, 11
Phaon, a Youth of exquisite Beauty, occa-
 sioned the Death of *Sappho* 165
Phyllis, Queen of *Thrace*, her Epistle to *De-*
mophoon, complaining of his Breach of
 Faith, and urging his Return to her 10
 ---- the Extent of her Kingdom 19
 ---- different Conjectures concerning her
 Death 21
Phæbus, the Reason why he was expelled
 Heaven for some Time 55
 ---- is said to have assisted in building
 the Walls of *Troy* by his harmonious
 Musick 193
Phædra, the Design of her Epistle to *Hippe-*
lytus 31
Phryxus, Son of *Athamas*, crossed the *Hel-*
lespont upon a Ram 237
 ---- presented the Golden Fleece to
 King *Æetes* 238
Pirithæus, the Occasion of his being killed
 by *Cerberus* 17
Pleiades, or seven Stars, who they were 242
 ---- their supposed Influence *ibid.*
Poplar.

I N D E X.

Poplar, white, why sacred to *Hercules* 98
Prejudice in one's Favour, the Power of it 218
Priamus, King of *Troy* when it was besieged by the *Greeks* 3
Pracustus, a famous Robber, his barbarous Manner of using such as fell into his Hands 16
Prosephone, Wife of *Pluto*, what meant by her knocking at the Gate 282
Protefilaus, was killed as an Oracle had predicted 150
Pygmalion, King of *Tyre*, his Cruelty and Covetousness 68
Pyrrhus, distinguished himself for Valour in the *Grecian* Camp 32
 ----- carried off *Hermione* by Force 82
 ----- is killed by *Orestes* ibid.

R.

Rhesus, King of the *Thracians*, in what manner surprized and killed by *Ulysses* 5
Rhodope, a Mountain of *Thrace*, from whence it had its Name 11

S.

Sappho, her Epistle to *Pheon* 164
 ----- the Design of it ibid.
 ----- an Account of her and her Works ibid.
 ----- was the Author of *Sapphick* Verse, and from her it had its Name 166
Scylla and *Charybdis*, two Rocks in the Sea, the fabulous History of them 136
Scylla, Daughter of *Nisus*, why said to be an Enemy to ungrateful Men 137
Seyron, a famous Robber, was killed by *Thefeus* 16
Sentiments, a remarkable Instance how liable they are to be changed by a Change of Circumstances 133
Sickarus, Priest of *Hercules*, was murdered by *Pygmalion* on account of his Riches 68, 72
 ----- his Ghost appears to his Wife after he was murdered. 74
Sigcra Tellus, the *Trojan* Fields, whence so called 5
Sinis, a Robber, his Cruelty to such as fell into his Hands 16
Specula, the proper Signification of it 229
Styx, a River in *Hell* by which the Gods swore an irrevocable Oath 197
Symplegades, two Islands or Rocks in the Sea, the fabulous History of them 135

----- from whence it probably took its Rise 136

T.

Tantalus, the remarkable fabulous Story of him 196
Telamon, receives *Hefione* as the Prize of his Valour at the Siege of *Troy* 266
Telemachus, by whose Insuffigation he went privately in quest of *Ulysses* his Father 9
Tereus, the remarkable Story of him, *Progne*, and *Philomela* 175
Tesudo, why often u'd to signify a Harp 178
Thefeus, several of his Atchievements 17, 32
 ----- is accused by *Ariadus* of Cruelty and Ingratitude 106
Thefpia, is said to have fifty Daughters debauched in one Night by *Hercules* 97
 ----- why their Offspring were called *Turba Theutrantia* ibid.
Theffaly, whence called *Haemonia* 58
Thetis, a Sea-Goddeff, particularly remarkable for the Whiteness of her Feet 266
Thrace, whence often called *Sitbonia* 118
 ----- why the North-winds called *Thracian* Winds ibid.
Tithoneus, the Occasion of his being transformed into a Grasshopper 195
Tlepolemus, Son of *Hercules*, by whom killed 4
Troy, the ancient Names of, and whence called *Troy* 3
 ----- whence called *Ilium* 145
 ----- what the Destruction of it was owing to 187
Typhæus, a Giant, whom *Jupiter* struck with a Thunder-bolt, threw Mount *Aetna* upon him 167
Tyvo, Daughter of *Salmoneus*, in what Form *Neptune* enjoyed her 254

V.

Venus, whence called *Erycina* 169
 ----- promised *Paris* the Possession of *Helen* 183
Venus, one of the Planets, the different Names it goes by 236

U.

Ulysses, *Homer's* great Character of him 2
 ----- who was his real, and who his supposed Father 9
 ----- the Occasion of *Neptune's* Hatred of him 256
Urbi, why a City was so called 15

F I N I S.



